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MAY, 1923 VOL. XLIII NO. 5

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Are You the Kind of Guest People Like to Invite?



SOME people always feel out of place at a dinner, or a dance, or a party. They are always constrained, always embarrassed. Others are so well-poised and at ease at all times—so able to mingle with the other guests and make themselves agreeable—that hostesses are eager to invite them.

Do you know all the little secrets of being a *likable guest?* Do you know what is expected of you on all occasions—how to make introductions and how to start interesting conversation after the introduction; what to wear to formal functions and to informal functions; how to make every one who comes in contact with you feel calm, at ease? The person with winning manners is always welcome. With the poise and dignity that good manners give, any one can quickly adapt oneself to every environment—can be at all times, with all people, cultured, impressive, well-liked.

Why Some People Always Feel Out of Place

HAVE you ever noticed, at any social function you may have attended, that bad manners instantly distinguish themselves? If a woman is embarrassed, constrained, ill-at-ease, every one knows at once that she is not used to good society. If a man uses his fork in a clumsy manner, or makes incorrect use of the finger-bowl, he can not conceal the fact that he is ill-bred.

No hostess likes to invite to her home a man or woman she knows will make embarrassing mistakes. Those who are always blundering, always doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, are never welcome. They invariably make others feel uncomfortable in their presence.

But the person with winning manners is always welcome. He—or she—knows exactly what to say to the hostess on arrival, how to mingle with the guests, how to create conversation, how to be agreeable, how to do and say the right thing at the right time.

Do You Ever Feel Tongue-Tied Among Strangers?

At a week-end party, recently, one of the guests remarked secretly to the hostess that she had felt positively tongue-tied when she found herself at dinner among men and women she had never met before. "I just didn't know what to talk about," she said. "It made me feel stupid and embarrassed. Every one else seemed to be having such interesting conversations."

If she had known the important little secrets of social conversation, she would never have felt "tongue-tied." She would have known how to create conversation and how to keep it flowing smoothly, pleasantly. She would have known how to make herself agreeable, well-liked.

Do *you* ever feel tongue-tied at a party or a dinner? Do *you* ever wonder what to say after the introduction is made? Do *you* ever feel embarrassed, confused, stifled when you are among strangers?

The greatest value of etiquette is that it enables you to adapt yourself to every environment—gives you a sense of peace and security. It enables you to feel "at home" in all surroundings—to mingle with all people and feel entirely calm, at ease. It protects you from humiliation at the dinner table and in the drawing-room. It gives you a cultured, engaging manner that people recognize and respect.

The Tell-Tale Marks of Bad Manners

There are so many little tell-tale blunders that one can make—as a guest, for instance. Do you know what to say to the hostess when you arrive? Do you know how to acknowledge introductions—whether the form "How do you do?" is correct; whether one may say "Pleased to meet you?" Do you know the correct order of precedence into the dining-room? Do you know whether olives are taken with the fingers or a fork, whether the fork is held in the left hand or the right, whether bread may be bitten into or must be broken into small pieces as eaten?

When you leave, do you know what to say to the hostess? Do you know what is meant by the "bread-and-butter" letter? If you know exactly what to do, say, write and wear at all times, on all occasions, you will never be embarrassed.

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SCOTT AND ZELDA FITZGERALD

¶ Mrs. F. Scott Fitzgerald *started the flapper movement in this country. So says her husband, the best-loved author of the younger generation. His first book,* This Side of Paradise, *was finished when he was twenty-two. He began it at Princeton and wrote portions of it at military camps during the war.* Mr. Fitzgerald *says he wrote it because he was certain that all the young people were going to be killed in the war and he wanted to put on paper a record of the strange life they had led in their time. The novel made an* immediate success. *Since then he has written,* The Beautiful and Damned *and two collections of short stories which are to the* young people *of* this generation *what O. Henry was to the last. All of F. Scott Fitzgerald's new fiction will appear in* HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL.

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HAPGOOD ON *Jew Tailors*

The Mind of Weeks

THERE lies before us an extraordinary document. It is the answer of John W. Weeks, Secretary of War, to an organization known as the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. The dispute is about the degree of national defense that is reasonable in the present circumstances, but the part of Mr. Weeks's answer that interests and even shocks us is the frank relation in his mind of the army to our industrial difficulties. The Women's organization had spoken of illiteracy as a menace much greater than any military menace. Secretary Weeks replies:

"The menace of illiteracy while deplorable in itself is not the only one or even the greatest one from within which we have to face. Strikes, which involve the discomfort and even the lives of our people; massacres similar to the one at Herrin, Illinois; numerous organized groups in our body politic striving for class or sectional advantage; absurd political beliefs oftentimes striking at the very foundation of our form of government, are all sources of more than possible danger against which we must be prepared by an effective system of national defense."

In self-governing democracies it is not customary to think of the army as having for its most important use interference in strikes, in groups seeking "sectional advantage" or holding "absurd political beliefs." However, as Mr. Weeks looks upon interference with political beliefs and with strikes as a major factor in the building up of our army, it is wholesome to have so candid an expression. We recommend his letter to every labor union in the United States.

What is Radical?

IF MR. WEEKS wishes to turn the army loose on political beliefs we suggest that he get after the famous engineer, Steinmetz, the fairly well-known manufacturer, Henry Ford, or the present Senator and late Mayor, James Couzens, of Detroit. All of these prosperous citizens have been expressing opinions that in our boyhood would have been howled at with the most convenient term of obloquy. Usually any reform, of the kind these men advocate, was then called socialism. The terms change from time to time. A look back of twenty years, at almost any period in history, indicates changes that nearly all secretaries of war would have been glad to prevent with armies, if they could.

India

AN AMERICAN official stationed in India sends us a personal letter in which he says: "The surface is rather quiet just now, with the non-coöperation party virtually disintegrated and leaderless; but though the movement in its present form may be doomed, I really think the desire to be freed from foreign rule is growing steadily more intense and is bound to attain its object eventually."

That is the answer. One rising may fail, and then another, but whether Britain can remain in India or not does not in the end depend on force. It depends on whether, before it is too late, she can do what she did at the last moment in Ireland. It depends on whether she can find some plan that is satisfactory to India herself.

Think it out

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-NINE days out of three hundred sixty-five was the average amount of working time for the 663,000 American soft coal operators in 1921. Does this show that private control of key industries is so efficient that it ought not to be questioned?

Angry France

NOT ONLY do French politicians forget Napoleon, apparently, his disastrous plan to cripple Prussia, and his attempt to have the French rule the Continent. They forget much more recent events. They draw no moral (except a silly one) from the history of Alsace-Lorraine. They have learned nothing about why the Austrian empire fell to pieces. If liberals, instead of the imperialistic bloc (le bloc national), were in control at Paris, they might be reflecting on the fact that the mighty British empire, after centuries of effort, had to abandon the attempt to control little Ireland against her will. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

French Motives

WE SPOKE last month of the secret report to Poincaré, recommending that French policy, however economic in pretext, be all based on the plan to split off a piece of Germany and put it under French and Belgian "protection." The French first make the treaty impossible of fulfilment and then use lack of fulfilment as their excuse for imperialism impression. Ray Stannard Baker knows from all of Mr. Wilson's documents what happened at Paris, and he put it thus:

"It is certain that the French from the beginning sought an excuse to invade the Ruhr and squeeze this pulsating heart of the industrial life of Germany."

The French people are as good as other people, and no better. Their leaders have been indulging in lying and scheming that have done a lot toward bringing to nothing the high hopes with which the war was carried along and won. The exalted beliefs of war-time are nearly always phantasms. They certainly were in this last war, and always must be in the new slaughter on the wholesale by poison and machinery.

Inside His Mind

REGARDING the dull brutality with which our political prisoners are treated, various persons are asking us how Mr. Harding's mind is working. For over two years he has sent away from his office delegation after delegation filled with the belief that the President was neither dull nor brutal on the subject. He has, all these months, so expressed himself as to raise hope, and yet not commit him. Why, on so simple an issue, does he pussyfoot? Obviously for the same reason that he is muddling foreign affairs. He is afraid of his shadow. He cannot successfully carry out a plan of foreign relations for fear of being attacked by somebody, and in the same way, in so much smaller a matter as the prisoners, he cannot act with vigor and decision because he fears some soldiers, or some "red-blooded" organization, may bite him.

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and *What an Army Is For*

Lenin

WHAT in history will be the largest figure emerging from the World War? Our own guess is that it will be Wilson, Lloyd-George, or Lenin. Lenin has one advantage over the others. He had no fall from power. His name is spoken today among the peasants of Russia with the reverence with which in other days they referred to the Tsar. The leaders of the French Revolution went down one by one, until the last of them restored the monarchy and then went himself into the discard. During the last war France had many leaders. Italy has passed through several phases. Lloyd-George succeeded in war and failed in peace. Wilson reached the greatest influence in the world and lost it.

Lenin took power when almost no human being believed he could hold it. Through plot and counterplot, through invasion, blockade, and starvation, his judgment remained predominant. The longer his tenure the more solid his leadership. When the problems of war gave way to those of peace his single authority became still more unquestioned.

Individuality

WHAT makes the figure of Lenin stand out so sharply, in addition to his unbending will, is his relentless clearness—that, and his moral integrity. Russia is full of such stories as his refusal to have special food when sick because he would eat only what others had. The most distinctive feature of all is his unshakable moral honesty. What other leader of our time has always told to his followers the truth as he has seen it? What, he asks, was the cause of the discontent of the peasants with the government, after the civil war was over? And he answers: "The masses already felt what we failed to realize. Our demands were far-fetched."

When too much was expected of the foreign concessions he warned his hearers that this was empty talk and that a modest revival through their own industry and the lessons of experience was the only solution. "We have committed many follies and shall commit more." Why? Lack of education. But the follies, according to Lenin, have been less heinous than those committed by the advanced powers that made the war, made the peace of Versailles, and are executing it now. Those advanced powers think words and figures make realities. "The Bolshevik error is that two plus two equals five. The error of our opponents, that two plus two equals a candle."

When England, France, Japan, and the United States backed Kolchak to a fiasco, the folly, to Lenin's mind, was deeper than the folly of his people—the miscalculation more inexcusable, less likely to bring home its own lesson. In such thinking is to be found the greatness of Lenin—along with the character that asked for leniency for those who had sought his life.

Tailors and Art

WHAT caused the success of the Moscow Art Theater in New York? The tickets ran from $5.50 to $1.65. Yet, while many well-to-do people went, and many American actors, the solid basis was the East Side Jews. In the tailor shops through the city thousands and thousands of men and women, working long hours and living in poverty, argued about whether Chekhov came nearer to reality than Gorki, and whether the Tsar Feodor was better played by Moskvin or Kachalov. It is a detail in our complex life, but we refer it to the Ku Klux Klan, the President of Harvard College, and the various elements in the nation that seem worried by the presence of these new citizens, who read better books than Christians, think more about life, and therefore have a different instinct for art.

Acting

THE acting on the New York stage remains far below the plays. Personality counts too much, thorough equipment too little, ensemble acting still less. It is nonsense to talk as if we had ensemble acting in the days of Booth, or in the days of Daly. Booth's companies were always weak, though occasionally padded with other stars. In our college days we played part of the mob in Julius Caesar with Booth and are bigoted on the subject. He was a very great actor but no manager. Daly's was a riot of idiosyncrasy, including the idiosyncrasy of Daly himself. The nearest to the Moscow standard ever reached in this country, to our knowledge, were the Irving Place Company, when Conried was at his best, and two or three of the companies of Minnie Maddern Fiske. The present infatuation of highbrows with scenery and lighting is a natural result of mechanical invention, and has its place, but with time it will stop getting in the way both of drama and of acting. There have been this season a number of able individual performances, one of them by an actor who but a short time ago was playing in Yiddish. Of individual bits of American acting it can be said that David Warfield has played Shylock with such sincerity of feeling, and humble nobility, leaving a figure of the Jew not to be forgotten, and all this in spite of the destruction of the dramatic suspense by changed order of scene and by irrelevant general bustling. John Barrymore's Hamlet, much debated, had the value of interesting thousands of New Yorkers who care nothing for Elizabethan fervor. It varied from night to night, but at its best was the most original, vivid and attractive Hamlet since Booth's.

A Model

THE season's acting was written big when the company from the Moscow Art Theater came over and made other performances seem flat. Greeted in advance by a peal of unrivaled imbecility from that great national institution, the American Defense Society, it arrived, proceeded quietly to its work, and taught New York a lesson which may or may not soon be forgotten. Outside of some supernumeraries, who were gathered in this country, and rehearsed in a week, there was nothing in this company's work that was not too lofty for any kind of reservation. It did not spoil us for our theater—nothing can do that—but it leaves behind a longing, a void, that will not be filled. It is the feeling that one carries back to painting when he has seen Velasquez at Madrid, and to a sculpture salon after Phideas, and to current English after the language of Shakespeare and the authorized version. There has been left behind a memory of what it means to live in an inspired and creative moment.

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¶ *A Typical* Fitzgerald *Story*

Dice, Brassknuckles & Guitar

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

PARTS of New Jersey, as you know, are under water, and other parts are under continual surveillance by the authorities. But here and there lie patches of garden country dotted with old-fashioned frame mansions, which have wide shady porches and a red swing on the lawn. And perhaps, on the widest and shadiest of the porches there is even a hammock left over from the hammock days, stirring gently in a mid-Victorian wind.

When tourists come to such last-century landmarks they stop their cars and gaze for a while and then mutter: "Well, thank God this age is joined on to *some*thing," or else they say: "Well, of course, that house is mostly halls and has a thousand rats and one bathroom, but there's an atmosphere about it——"

The tourist doesn't stay long. He drives on to his Elizabethan villa of pressed cardboard or his early Norman meat-market or his medieval Italian pigeon-coop—because this is the twentieth century and Victorian houses are as unfashionable as the works of Humphry Ward.

He can't see the hammock from the road—but sometimes there's a girl in the hammock. There was this afternoon. She was asleep in it and apparently unaware of the esthetic horrors which surrounded her, the stone statue of Diana, for instance, which grinned idiotically under the sunlight on the lawn.

There was something enormously yellow about the whole scene—there was this sunlight, for instance, that was yellow, and the hammock was of the particularly hideous yellow peculiar to hammocks, and the girl's yellow hair was spread out upon the hammock in a sort of invidious comparison.

She slept with her lips closed and her hands clasped behind her head, as it is proper for young girls to sleep. Her breast rose and fell slightly with no more emphasis than the sway of the hammock's fringe.

Her name, Amanthis, was as old-fashioned as the house she lived in. I regret to say that her mid-Victorian connections ceased abruptly at this point.

Now if this were a moving picture (as, of course, I hope it will some day be) I would take as many thousand feet of her as I was allowed—then I would move the camera up close and show the yellow down on the back of her neck where her hair stopped and the warm color of her cheeks and arms, because I like to think of her sleeping there, as you yourself might have slept, back in your young days. Then I would hire a man named Israel Glucose to write some idiotic line of transition, and switch thereby to another scene that was taking place at no particular spot far down the road.

IN A moving automobile sat a southern gentleman accompanied by his body-servant. He was on his way, after a fashion, to New York but he was somewhat hampered by the fact that the upper and lower portions of his automobile were no longer in exact juxtaposition. In fact from time to time the two riders would dismount, shove the body on to the chassis, corner to corner, and then continue onward, vibrating slightly in involuntary unison with the motor.

Except that it had no door in back the car might have been built early in the mechanical age. It was covered with the mud of eight states and adorned in front by an enormous but defunct motometer and behind by a mangy pennant bearing the legend "Tarleton, Ga." In the dim past someone had begun to paint the hood yellow but unfortunately had been called away when but half through the task.

As the gentleman and his body-servant were passing the house where Amanthis lay beautifully asleep in the hammock, something happened—the body fell off the car. My only apology for stating this so suddenly is that it happened very suddenly indeed. When the noise had died down and the dust had drifted away master and man arose and inspected the two halves.

"Look-a-there," said the gentleman in disgust, "the doggone thing got all separated that time."

"She bust in two," agreed the body-servant.

"Hugo," said the gentleman, after some consideration, "we got to get a hammer an' nails an' *tack* it on."

They glanced up at the Victorian house. On all sides faintly irregular fields stretched away to a faintly irregular unpopulated horizon. There was no choice, so the black Hugo opened the gate and followed his master up a gravel walk, casting only the blasé glances of a confirmed traveler at the red swing and the stone statue of Diana which turned on them a storm-crazed stare.

At the exact moment when they reached the porch Amanthis awoke, sat up suddenly and looked them over.

The gentleman was young, perhaps twenty-four, and his name was Jim Powell. He was dressed in a tight and dusty readymade suit which was evidently expected to take flight at a moment's notice for it was secured to his body by a line of six preposterous buttons.

THERE WERE supernumerary buttons upon the coat-sleeves also and Amanthis could not resist a glance to determine whether or not more buttons ran up the side of his trouser leg. But the trouser bottoms were distinguished only by their shape, which was that of a bell. His vest was cut low, barely restraining an amazing necktie from fluttering in the wind.

He bowed formally, dusting his knees with a thatched straw hat. Simultaneously he smiled, half shutting his faded blue eyes and displaying white and beautifully symmetrical teeth.

"Good evenin'," he said in abandoned Georgian. "My automobile has met with an accident out yonder by your gate. I wondered if it wouldn't be too much to ask you if I could have the use of a hammer and some tacks—nails, for a little while."

Amanthis laughed. For a moment she laughed uncontrollably. Mr. Jim Powell laughed, politely and appreciatively, with her. His body-servant, deep in the throes of colored adolescence, alone preserved a dignified gravity.

"I better introduce who I am, maybe," said the visitor. "My name's Powell. I'm a resident of Tarleton, Georgia. This here nigger's my boy Hugo."

"Your *son!*" The girl stared from one to the other in wild fascination.

"No, he's my body-servant, I guess you'd call it. We call a nigger a boy down yonder."

At this reference to the finer customs of his native soil the boy Hugo put his hands behind his back and looked darkly and superciliously down the lawn.

"Yas'm," he muttered, "I'm a body-servant."

"Where you going in your automobile?" demanded Amanthis.

"Goin' north for the summer."

"Where to?"

The tourist waved his hand with a careless gesture as if to

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¶ *"I better introduce who I am, maybe," said the visitor. "My name's Powell. I'm a resident of Tarleton, Georgia. This here's my boy Hugo."*

indicate the Adirondacks, the Thousand Islands, Newport—but he said:

"We're tryin' New York."

"Have you ever been there before?"

"Never have. But I been to Atlanta lots of times. An' we passed through all kinds of cities this trip. Man!"

He whistled to express the enormous spectacularity of his recent travels.

"Listen," said Amanthis intently, "you better have something to eat. Tell your—your body-servant to go 'round in back and ask the cook to send us out some sandwiches and lemonade. Or maybe you don't drink lemonade—very few people do any more."

Mr. Powell by a circular motion of his finger sped Hugo on the designated mission. Then he seated himself gingerly in a rocking-chair and began revolving his thatched straw hat rapidly in his hands.

"You cer'nly are mighty kind," he told her. "An' if I wanted anything stronger than lemonade I got a bottle of good old corn out in the car. I brought it along because I thought maybe I wouldn't be able to drink the whisky they got up here."

"Listen," she said, "my name's Powell too. Amanthis Powell."

"Say, is that right?" He laughed ecstatically. "Maybe we're kin to each other. I come from mighty good people," he went on. "Pore though. I got some money because my aunt she was using it to keep her in a sanitarium and she died." He paused, presumably out of respect to his late aunt. Then he concluded with brisk nonchalance, "I ain't touched the principal but I got a lot of the income all at once so I thought I'd come north for the summer."

At this point Hugo reappeared on the veranda steps and became audible.

"White lady back there she asked me don't I want eat some too. What I tell her?"

"You tell her yes ma'am if she be so kind," directed his master. And as Hugo retired he confided to Amanthis: "That boy's got no sense at all. He don't want to do nothing without I tell him he can. I brought him up," he added, not without pride.

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When the sandwiches arrived Mr. Powell stood up. He was unaccustomed to white servants and obviously expected an introduction.

"Are you a married lady?" he inquired of Amanthis, when the servant was gone.

"No," she answered, and added from the security of eighteen, "I'm an old maid."

Again he laughed politely.

"You mean you're a society girl."

She shook her head. Mr. Powell noted with embarrassed enthusiasm the particular yellowness of her yellow hair.

"Does this old place look like it?" she said cheerfully. "No, you perceive in me a daughter of the countryside. Color—one hundred percent spontaneous—in the daytime anyhow. Suitors—promising young barbers from the neighboring village with somebody's late hair still clinging to their coat-sleeves."

"Your daddy oughtn't to let you go with a country barber," said the tourist disapprovingly. He considered—— "You ought to be a New York society girl."

"No." Amanthis shook her head sadly. "I'm too good-looking. To be a New York society girl you have to have a long nose and projecting teeth and dress like the actresses did three years ago."

JIM BEGAN to tap his foot rhythmically on the porch and in a moment Amanthis discovered that she was unconsciously doing the same thing.

"Stop!" she commanded, "Don't make me do that."

He looked down at his foot.

"Excuse me," he said humbly. "I don't know—it's just something I do."

This intense discussion was now interrupted by Hugo who appeared on the steps bearing a hammer and a handful of nails.

Mr. Powell arose unwillingly and looked at his watch.

"We got to go, daggone it," he said, frowning heavily. "See here. Wouldn't you *like* to be a New York society girl and go to those dances an' all, like you read about, where they throw gold pieces away?"

She looked at him with a curious expression.

"Don't your folks know some society people?" he went on.

"All I've got's my daddy—and, you see, he's a judge."

"That's too bad," he agreed.

She got herself by some means from the hammock and they went down toward the road, side by side.

"Well, I'll keep my eyes open for you and let you know," he persisted. "A pretty girl like you ought to go round in society. We may be kin to each other, you see, and us Powells ought to stick together."

"What are you going to do in New York?"

They were now almost at the gate and the tourist pointed to the two depressing sectors of his automobile.

"I'm goin' to drive a taxi. This one right here. Only it's got so it busts in two all the time."

"You're going to drive *that* in New York?"

Jim looked at her uncertainly. Such a pretty girl should certainly control the habit of shaking all over upon no provocation at all.

"Yes mamm," he said with dignity.

AMANTHIS watched while they placed the upper half of the car upon the lower half and nailed it severely into place. Then Mr. Powell took the wheel and his body-servant climbed in beside him.

"I'm cer'nly very much obliged to you indeed for your hospitality. Convey my respects to your father."

"I will," she assured him. "Come back and see me, if you don't mind barbers in the room."

He dismissed this unpleasant thought with a gesture.

"Your company would always be charming." He put the car into gear as though to drown out the temerity of his parting speech. "You're the prettiest girl I've seen up north—by far."

Then with a groan and a rattle Mr. Powell of southern Georgia with his own car and his own body-servant and his own ambitions and his own private cloud of dust continued on North for the summer.

She thought she would never see him again. She lay in her hammock, slim and beautiful, opened her left eye slightly to see June come in and then closed it and retired contentedly back into her dreams.

But one day when the midsummer vines had climbed the precarious sides of the red swing on the lawn Mr. Jim Powell of Tarleton, Georgia, came vibrating back into her life. They sat on the wide porch as before.

"I've got a great scheme," he told her.

"Did you drive your taxi like you said?"

"Yes mamm, but the business was right bad. I waited around in front of all those hotels and theaters an' nobody ever got in."

"*No*body?"

"Well, one night there was some drunk fellas they got in, only just as I was gettin' started my automobile came apart. And another night it was rainin' and there wasn't no other taxis and a lady got in because she said she had to go a long ways. But before we got there she made me stop and she got out. She seemed kinda mad and she went walkin' off in the rain. Mighty proud lot of people they got up in New York."

"And so you're going home?" asked Amanthis sympathetically.

"No *mamm*. I got an idea." His blue eyes grew narrow. "Has that barber been around here—with hair on his sleeves?"

"No. He's—he's gone away."

"Well, then, first thing is I want to leave this car of mine here with you, if that's all right. It ain't the right color for a taxi. To pay for its keep I'd like to have you drive it just as much as you want. 'Long as you got a hammer an' nails with you there ain't much bad that can happen——"

"I'll take care of it," interrupted Amanthis, "but where are *you* going?"

"Southampton. It's about the most aristocratic watering trough—watering-place there is around here, so that's where I'm going."

She sat up in amazement.

"What are you going to do there?"

"Listen." He leaned toward her confidentially. "Were you serious about wanting to be a New York society girl?"

"Deadly serious."

"That's all I wanted to know," he said inscrutably. "You just wait here on this porch a couple of weeks and—and sleep. And if any barbers come to see you with hair on their sleeves you tell 'em you're too sleepy to see 'em."

"What then?"

"THEN you'll hear from me. Just tell your old daddy he can do all the judging he wants but you're goin' to do some *dancin'*. Mamm," he continued decisively, "you talk about society! Before one month I'm goin' to have you in more society than you ever saw."

Further than this he would say nothing. His manner conveyed that she was going to be suspended over a perfect pool of gaiety and violently immersed, to an accompaniment of: "Is it gay enough for you, mamm? Shall I let in a little more excitement, mamm?"

"Well," answered Amanthis, lazily considering, "there are few things for which I'd forego the luxury of sleeping through July and August—but if you'll write me a letter I'll—I'll run up to Southampton."

Jim snapped his fingers ecstatically.

"More society," he assured her with all the confidence at his command, "than anybody ever saw."

Three days later a young man wearing a straw hat that might have been cut from the thatched roof of an English cottage rang the doorbell of the enormous and astounding Madison Harlan house at Southampton. He asked the butler if there were any people in the house between the ages of sixteen and twenty. He was informed that Miss Genevieve Harlan and Mr. Ronald Harlan answered that description and thereupon he handed in a most peculiar card and requested in fetching Georgian that it be brought to their attention.

As a result he was closeted for almost an hour with Mr. Ronald Harlan (who was a student at the Hillkiss School) and Miss Genevieve Harlan (who was not uncelebrated at Southampton dances). When he left he bore a short note in Miss Harlan's handwriting which he presented together with his peculiar card at the next large estate. It happened to be that of the Clifton Garneaus. Here, as if by magic, the same audience was granted him.

He went on—it was a hot day, and men who could not afford to do so were carrying their coats on the public highway, but Jim, a native of southernmost Georgia was as fresh and cool at the last house as at the first. He visited ten houses that day. Anyone following him in his course might have taken him to be some curiously gifted book-agent with a much sought-after volume as his stock in trade.

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There was something in his unexpected demand for the adolescent members of the family which made hardened butlers lose their critical acumen. As he left each house a close observer might have seen that fascinated eyes followed him to the door and excited voices whispered something which hinted at a future meeting.

The second day he visited twelve houses. Southampton has grown enormously—he might have kept on his round for a week and never seen the same butler twice—but it was only the palatial, the amazing houses which intrigued him.

On the third day he did a thing that many people have been told to do and few have done—he hired a hall. Perhaps the sixteen-to-twenty-year-old people in the enormous houses had told him to. The hall he hired had once been "Mr. Snorkey's Private Gymnasium for Gentlemen." It was situated over a garage on the south edge of Southampton and in the days of its prosperity had been, I regret to say, a place where gentlemen could, under Mr. Snorkey's direction, work off the effects of the night before. It was now abandoned—Mr. Snorkey had given up and gone away and died.

We will now skip three weeks during which time we may assume that the project which had to do with hiring a hall and visiting the two dozen largest houses in Southampton got under way.

The day to which we will skip was the July day on which Mr. James Powell sent a wire to Miss Amanthis Powell saying that if she still aspired to the gaiety of the highest society she should set out for Southampton by the earliest possible train. He himself would meet her at the station.

Jim was no longer a man of leisure so when she failed to arrive



¶ *James Powell's school of "Dice, Brassknuckles and Guitar" presented itself as a sort of animated afternoon tea.*

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at the time her wire had promised he grew restless. He supposed she was coming on a later train, turned to go back to his—his project—and met her entering the station from the street side.

"Why, how did you——"

"Well," said Amanthis, "I arrived this morning instead, and I didn't want to bother you so I found a respectable, not to say dull, boarding-house on the Ocean Road."

She was quite different from the indolent Amanthis of the porch hammock, he thought. She wore a suit of robins' egg blue and a rakish young hat with a curling feather—she was attired not unlike those young ladies between sixteen and twenty who of late were absorbing his attention. Yes, she would do very well.

He bowed her profoundly into a taxicab and got in beside her.

"Isn't it about time you told me your scheme?" she suggested.

"Well, it's about these society girls up here." He waved his hand airily. "I know 'em all."

"Where are they?"

"Right now they're with Hugo. You remember—that's my body-servant."

"With Hugo!" Her eyes widened. "Why? What's it all about?"

"Well, I got—I got sort of a school, I guess you'd call it."

"A school?"

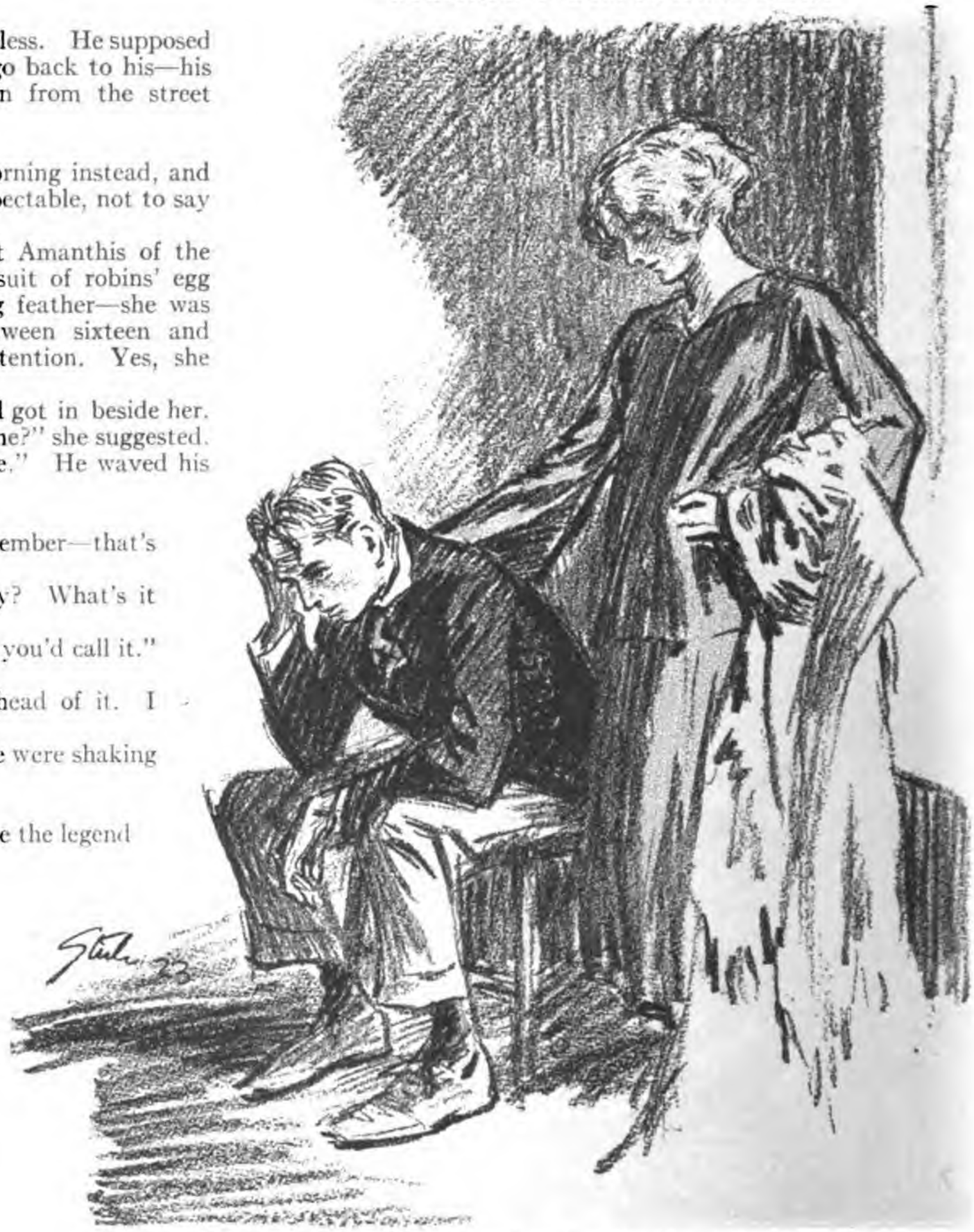
"It's a sort of Academy. And I'm the head of it. I invented it."

He flipped a card from his case as though he were shaking down a thermometer.

"Look."

She took the card. In large lettering it bore the legend

JAMES POWELL; J. M.
"Dice, Brassknuckles and Guitar"



¶ *Amanthis laid her hand softly on Jim's shoulder. "I understand," she said. "You're better than all of them put together, Jim."*

SHE STARED in amazement.

"Dice, Brassknuckles and Guitar?" she repeated in awe.

"Yes mamm."

"What does it mean? What——do you *sell* 'em?"

"No mamm, I teach 'em. It's a profession."

"Dice, Brassknuckles and Guitar? What's the J. M.?"

"That stands for Jazz Master."

"But what *is* it? What's it about?"

"Well, you see, it's like this. One night when I was in New York I got talkin' to a young fella who was drunk. He was one of my fares. And he'd taken some society girl somewhere and lost her."

"*Lost* her?"

"Yes mamm. He forgot her, I guess. And he was right worried. Well, I got to thinkin' that these girls nowadays—these society girls—they lead a sort of dangerous life and my course of study offers a means of protection against these dangers."

"You teach 'em to use brassknuckles?"

"Yes mamm, if necessary. Look here, you take a girl and she goes into some café where she's got no business to go. Well then, her escort he gets a little too much to drink an' he goes to sleep an' then some other fella comes up and says 'Hello, sweet mamma' or whatever one of those mashers says up here. What does she do? She can't scream, on account of no real lady'll scream nowadays—no—She just reaches down in her pocket and slips her fingers into a pair of Powell's defensive brassknuckles, debutante's size, executes what I call the Society Hook, and *Wham!* that big fella's on his way to the cellar."

"Well—what—what's the guitar for?" whispered the awed Amanthis. "Do they have to knock somebody over with the guitar?"

"No, *mamm!*" exclaimed Jim in horror. "No mamm. In my course no lady would be taught to raise a guitar against anybody. I teach 'em to play. Shucks! you ought to hear 'em. Why, when I've given 'em two lessons you'd think some of 'em was colored."

"And the dice?"

"Dice? I'm related to a dice. My grandfather was a dice. I teach 'em how to make those dice perform. I protect pocket-book as well as person."

"Did you——Have you got many pupils?"

"Mamm I got all the really nice, rich people in the place. What I told you ain't all. I teach lots of things. I teach 'em the jellyroll—and the Mississippi Sunrise. Why, there was one girl she came to me and said she wanted to learn how to snap her fingers. I mean *really* snap 'em—like they do. She said she never could snap her fingers since she was little. I gave her two lessons and now *Wham!* Her daddy says he's goin' to leave home."

"When do you have it?" demanded the weak and shaken Amanthis.

"Three times a week. We're goin' there right now."

"And where do I fit in?"

"Well, you'll just be one of the pupils. I got it fixed up that you come from very high-tone people down in New Jersey. I didn't tell 'em your daddy was a judge——I told 'em he was the man that had the patent on lump sugar."

She gasped.

"So all you got to do," he went on, "is to pretend you never saw no barber."

They were now at the south end of the village and Amanthis saw a row of cars parked in front of a two-story building. The cars were all low, long, rakish and of a brilliant hue. They were the sort of car that is manufactured to solve the millionaire's problem on his son's eighteenth birthday.

Then Amanthis was ascending a narrow stairs to the second story. Here, painted on a door from which came the sounds of music and laughter were the words:

JAMES POWELL; J. M.
"Dice, Brassknuckles and Guitar"
Mon.—Wed.—Fri.
Hours 3-5 P. M.

"Now if you'll just step this way——" said the Principal, pushing open the door.

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Amanthis found herself in a long, bright room, populated with girls and men of about her own age. The scene presented itself to her at first as a sort of animated afternoon tea but after a moment she began to see, here and there, a motive and a pattern to the proceedings.

The students were scattered into groups, sitting, kneeling, standing, but all rapaciously intent on the subjects which engrossed them. From six young ladies gathered in a ring around some indistinguishable objects came a medley of cries and exclamations—plaintive, pleading, supplicating, exhorting, imploring and lamenting—their voices serving as tenor to an undertone of mysterious clatters.

Next to this group, four young men were surrounding an adolescent black, who proved to be none other than Mr. Powell's late body-servant. The young men were roaring at Hugo apparently unrelated phrases, expressing a wide gamut of emotion. Now their voices rose to a sort of clamor, now they spoke softly and gently, with mellow implication. Every little while Hugo would answer them with words of approbation, correction or disapproval.

"What are they doing?" whispered Amanthis to Jim.

"That there's a course in southern accent. Lot of young men up here want to learn southern accent—so we teach it—Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Eastern Shore, Ole Virginian. Some of 'em even want straight nigger—for song purposes."

They walked around among the groups. Some girls with metal knuckles were furiously insulting two punching bags on each of which was painted the leering, winking face of a "masher." A mixed group, led by a banjo tom-tom, were rolling harmonic syllables from their guitars. There were couples dancing flat-footed in the corner to a phonograph record made by Rastus Muldoon's Savannah Band; there were couples stalking a slow Chicago with a Memphis Side-swoop solemnly around the room.

"ARE THERE any rules?" asked Amanthis.

Jim considered.

"Well," he answered finally, "they can't smoke unless they're over sixteen, and the boys have got to shoot square dice and I don't let 'em bring liquor into the Academy."

"I see."

"And now, Miss Powell, if you're ready I'll ask you to take off your hat and go over and join Miss Genevieve Harlan at that punching bag in the corner." He [*Continued on page 145*]



¶ *"Watch out!" Jim gasped. "Somebody's coming out and see us!" "Nobody's coming out," Amanthis answered.*

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The INSIDE Story of DO



¶ *Lizzie Barlow, the heroine of the diary reproduced on the opposite page, was found by the Hearst Investigator in a Louisville lodging-house. The keeper had maintained this room as a retreat where ladies, rich and poor, might use their needles.*

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PE In This Country

By Sidney Howard

¶ This series has been one of the most thrilling ever published. The facts and documents could have been obtained only by melodramatic investigations in the Underworld. This month Mr. Howard gives a constructive turn to the story. With the human interest goes an indication of the steps needed to grapple with the problem

I HAVE a diary which a lad wrote in Louisville. He gave it up to the federal agents when they came to arrest him. They found him so sick they had not the heart to take him away. I have read and re-read its pages and they are as vivid and as terrible as anything by Gorki. Because I want for once and for all time to explode the mythology of the pleasures of dope, I run through their misery. Biographically, you start him as the ne'er-do-well son of a Texas rancher. The diary describes the state to which dope has reduced his wife and him in the fourth year of their marriage and the twenty-fifth of his life.

"The same sight greets our eyes day after day, in this room. Everything on the floor, paper bags, maybe some dirty clothes, match-sticks, and, when the matches run out, Lizzie lights the papers at the lamp and throws them on the floor. It's a wonder we don't burn up. The landlord wants money for the holes we burned in his blanket. He's awful mad because we can't pay up this week. . . .

"Lizzie came in a few minutes ago. She had borrowed a dollar and done without something to eat and bought her C. How she can't see what it has done and is still doing to us is over my head. About three hours out of every twenty-four is all she has her right sense. As soon as she opens her eyes she is looking for some C. The M. is bad enough, but a person can quit C. and suffer no pain. Anyone who ever used it will tell you that. The desire for it is as bad as suffering almost, but that is not long. It is like waiting for the dinner bell to ring when you are hungry. . . .

"All Lizzie needs is one good 'bang' and it's unbelievable the things she gets in her head. She puts all her junk down her stocking or hides it on her anywhere. When she takes it out again she starts to rave. 'Somebody has switched packages on her; she had more stuff than that.' When I ask her how anyone could come in with the door locked, she says: 'There are holes in the wall and a person can reach through them.' Then she looks all around the walls for the holes. . . .

"Now I do have to stay in the room. I have not been out for two days. Lizzie hocked her shoes today and has to wear mine. It's lucky they're so small. I cut up the other old pair she was wearing last week, so she wouldn't have anything to put on when she wanted to go out after C. . . .

"I paid the rent today. I only paid $3.50 Lizzie got my last three bucks for C. The landlord asked

8 p.m. Wizzie came in a few minuets ago and usual she had borrowed a dollar and done without something to eat. and bought "C"- how she cant see What it has done and still doing to us-it is over my head. about two or three hours out of every 24

twentyfour is all. that she has her right sence. as soon as she opens her eye's she is looking for some "C" the "M" is bad enough. but a person can quite "C" and suffer no pain although the Doctor's tell us you can gethooked but any addict thathas used it will tell us that you can't experience is the best teacher the desire is as bad as sufferng almost. but

¶ These two pages of the diary of a drug addict, printed in red ink by the sufferer, are as vivid and terrible as anything by Gorki.

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me if I didn't want the gas. I told him I had decided not to use it any more. . . .

"I have been up all night and still I can't go to sleep. It must be because I have such a habit. I'm so sick today. B. gave me some stuff and fixed me up for a while. The King is just out of the city workhouse and he came to see me. I knew what he wanted before I opened the door. . . .

"There is only one reason why any one of them ever comes around and that is to bum a shot. I was awful sorry, I told the King, but I could not stake him. It is against my policy to have the name of being the one to give a man the first shot when he has just been cured and looks so good and fat. He said he intended getting hooked up again anyway. Who he got it from or where he got it, he would have nobody but himself to blame. . . .

"I ran across two old editions of the encyclopedia in the wash-room. They were published in 1887, but that doesn't make no difference to me. I have always wanted a whole set. . . .

"I found Liz in the sitting-room performing before an audience, gaping wide-mouthed at her. It seemed that someone had sold her a capsule of C. and she thought they had given her something to kill her. She was going to get the police. I tried to tell her the hoosiers would point her out as a dopefiend, but the last I saw of her she was beating it up the street with her needle in her hand, holding it out at arm's length as though it would bite her. . . .

"Lizzie is gone out with my shoes again. I had to look through the ashcan for an old pair somebody threw there. They weren't much good. She went out that way and has been gone all night and all day. I thought for a while it was just the C. and that she wasn't responsible. Lately I have come to the conclusion that she has really lost her mind from that C. It's too bad. . . .

"I HAD TO sweep the leaves up twice today from in front of the door. The tree they are falling from looks as though it hadn't started to shed. It's hard on me, feeling like I do. A friend of mine wanted to bum a shot from me. I told him I couldn't stake him, but he followed me in. If I would have had any to spare at all, it would have been different. . . .

"When he saw me take it and called me the name he did—he has one leg off, but it would be all the same to me if he had both off—he was placing himself in a real man's place and he had to take the results. I'm glad now I missed his head with the bottle I threw at him. I fixed his cuts up with iodine and peroxide. . . .

"I can't get it out of Lizzie's head that the room is all over spiders. . . .

"I am lost tonight. I can't keep still and everything I try to do don't seem right. I suppose it's the Xmas spirit everywhere we turn and our Xmas ain't much to what we could have. But life is what you make it and it is your own fault and the days are the same as they were six months ago, not a bit different. There are some things we will always remember out of this year. Negro Shack and Mildred have died from using too much C. And still we continue to use it. Perhaps next year things will be different and maybe we can make up for the past. Things are beginning to look much brighter. Lizzie ain't using so much C. and I'm cutting down on M. But my air castles never stand long. . . .

"Lizzie met a young fellow over the street. He wanted to borrow a needle. She told him if he wanted to walk over to the room she would lend him mine. After a few minutes they recognized each other as kid playmates. He kept Liz's mind off the spiders and gave me a shot which I needed terrible. . . .

"It will soon be five months that we have lived in this dungeon, paying $3.50 a week. Liz was industrious this morning. She didn't go back to bed once after breakfast but cleaned up the place for the second time it has been cleaned since we came. . . .

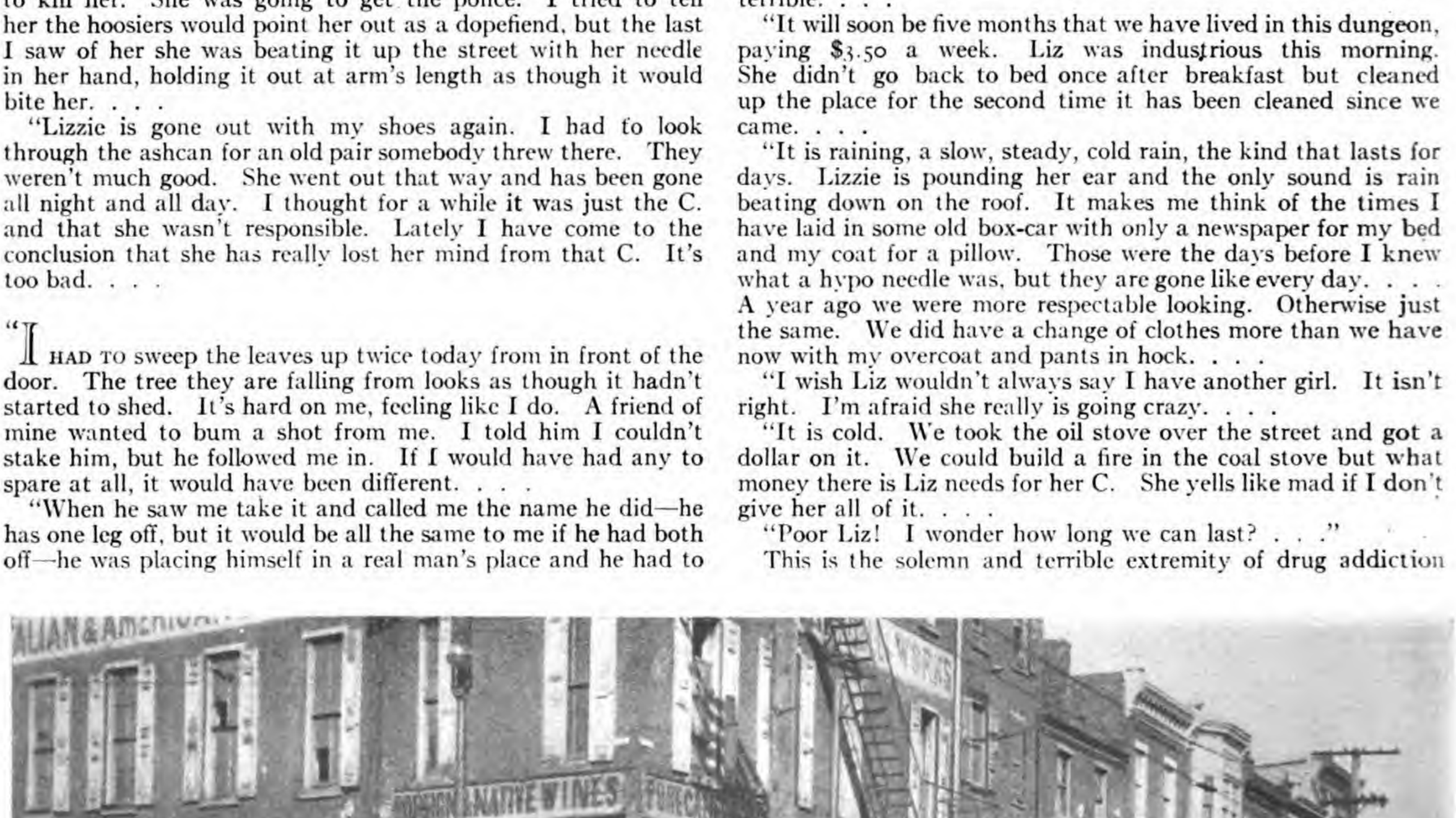
"It is raining, a slow, steady, cold rain, the kind that lasts for days. Lizzie is pounding her ear and the only sound is rain beating down on the roof. It makes me think of the times I have laid in some old box-car with only a newspaper for my bed and my coat for a pillow. Those were the days before I knew what a hypo needle was, but they are gone like every day. . . . A year ago we were more respectable looking. Otherwise just the same. We did have a change of clothes more than we have now with my overcoat and pants in hock. . . .

"I wish Liz wouldn't always say I have another girl. It isn't right. I'm afraid she really is going crazy. . . .

"It is cold. We took the oil stove over the street and got a dollar on it. We could build a fire in the coal stove but what money there is Liz needs for her C. She yells like mad if I don't give her all of it. . . .

"Poor Liz! I wonder how long we can last? . . ."

This is the solemn and terrible extremity of drug addiction



¶ *Sooner or later all big dope pedlers do business at Eighth and Vine Streets, Philadelphia. It is the biggest street curb in the country.*

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¶ *A monthly shipment of dope from New York City by the Federal narcotic agents.*

which, in these last few years, has become such a burning menace to our country. What are we going to do about it?

For six months, now, I have been investigating dope. I have set down a good many facts about it, made a few mistakes, added materially to my personal education. I have carried a gun most of the time and stayed up very late very often and gone in and out of quite a few highly disreputable and romantic establishments and arraigned a considerable number of criminals, both official and amateur.

In the beginning dope seemed all sensation. After I had studied it for a time and puzzled over its various causes and manifestations, it defined itself more prosaically. Now I find myself at a point where I must foreswear melodrama for brass tacks. In the course of six months, dope has lost romance and gained importance.

Not more than one-fifth of all our million odd users of habit-forming narcotic drugs can fairly be identified with the criminal class. The remainder belong to the general ranks of the respectable. Some of these stumble very near the ragged edge, to be sure. But many more go wholly unsuspected, walk as steadily and as erectly as you or I, seeking only to protect their names from the stigma you or I would place upon them should we learn their secret. *Over half of our addicted population owes its plight to the circumstance or ignorance of medical treatment.* This is the real and appalling importance of the dope problem.

Dr. Alexander Lambert gives me figures from the records of the Charles B. Towns Hospital for the treatment of narcotic drug addiction. Here are eleven hundred and some addicted male patients who received treatment in the course of a year. Of that number exactly ninety-six are listed as members of the Underworld while four hundred are doctors. The remainder is pretty evenly distributed between butcher, baker and candle-stick-maker.

When policemen tell me that dope is a police problem because seventy-five percent of all addicts have criminal records, I show them this group of ninety-six criminal types against better than a thousand respectable unfortunates most of whom have become addicted through unskilled or unavoidable medical treatment. When they reply that Dr. Lambert has taken his figures from the population of an expensive and restricted institution, I answer that they have taken theirs from the population of a jail and that Dr. Lambert's are soundly substantiated by all the scientific narcotic authorities and by all the records of the few efficient and scientific public narcotic clinics. When they cite their analyses of the roll-call of seven thousand who were registered as addicts by the skin specialist who directed the disastrous career of the New York City narcotic clinic, I point out the very simple psychological truism that the addict is no more proud of his addiction than any slave is of his slavery, and that he will hold back from its registration and advertisement just as long as he has a dollar with which to buy his drug.

You cannot, I repeat, eliminate dope by criminal prosecution alone. I submit this eight hundred thousand odd non-criminal addicts as proof positive of the futility of criminal prosecution as the single weapon against dope. The arresting of the criminals of the illicit traffic is certainly an important process at the present time. But it can have no more bearing upon the ultimate solution of the social problem involved than a pail of whitewash would have upon a case of measles.

The existence of the pedler is no more than an automatic economic response to a great market from which the legitimate supply has been cut off by law. The authorities in charge of enforcing anti-narcotic legislation denied the doctor's right to prescribe narcotics to narcotic addicts except in the treatment of incurable diseases or for the aged and infirm. Unquestionably the blatant misdemeanors of many doctors justified this regulation. None the less, it is very certain that addiction grows and spreads more rapidly with drugs in the hands of the greedy pedler than ever it did in the days of promiscuous doctors' prescriptions. I am not interested in any solution which is no better than the lesser of two evils. The thing, so viewed, is simply a vicious circle from pedlers to doctors and back to pedlers again.

But the futility of criminal prosecution holds none the less. For after all the pedlers have been arrested and after the Underworld has been cleansed to be a haven of nice, clean, hundred percent American crime, there will still be the addict, a social liability for which the law makes no provision. And after all the doctors have been put in order, there will still be addiction,

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¶ *L. G. Nutt, director-in-chief of the Federal narcotic force, in his laboratory at Washington.*



¶ *Warden Barr of Riker's Island, New York, doesn't think much of curing drug addicts.*

a social disease upon which the medical profession possesses much data which it consistently misinterprets.

It appears, therefore, that, in the end, the dope problem boils down to two quite clearly divided human elements. A group of criminal defectives who begin and pursue dope as physical indulgence. Another group, more than half women, confined to no class of society, four times larger than the first, innocently victimized through bad medication, bad company, bad judgment and bad luck.

The first group I readily abandon to the police whose proper province it is. The second is guilty of no wilful misdemeanor and is deserving of consideration and redemption. The addict of the second group is the one real issue of the dope problem.

Now I do not say that, of the eight hundred thousand non-criminal addicts, a good many may not be brought to crime by the insatiable and incessant demands of addiction. It is probably true that the word "junker" has grown out of the underground connection between the addict's desperate petty larceny and the junk dealer's ready cash. I admit this and still deny Commissioner Simon's criminal three quarters. The man who steals bread when he is hungry is not necessarily of the congenitally criminal. The man who steals an automobile tire to buy the drug without which he is sick unto death is only technically a criminal. The man whose criminal record holds nothing more violent than previous arrest for illegal possession of a drug for which his craving has not been cured is no criminal at all.

And "dopefiend" is an easy word and police rigor relieves us of a weight of responsibility. The law lumps all addicts together. The medical profession too often ignores addiction. I doubt if a single medical curriculum in the country devotes an hour of its students' time to this preëminently medical question. I know that not a single law, federal, state or municipal, is adequately equipped to cope with it.

Here is human energy become social liability—human energy, still, by all intelligent medical verdict, very largely redeemable through cure; social liability certainly crying for rehabilitation. What are we going to do with such a letter as this one which comes out of the very large non-criminal majority?

"My father is addicted to the morphin habit. Forty years ago he had an accident which nearly cost him his life. His mother spent thousands of dollars to save him and for two years he almost lived on morphin which the doctor gave him without his knowledge. There came a time when this doctor packed up and went away and another doctor was called and examined my father and told them what the trouble was.

"My father has been using morphin almost all his life. These sanitariums where they cure people with the drug habit didn't help him any. He has put up one of the gamest fights I ever knew, and I have seen quite a few, for he is not one of those who take dope to make them feel good or anything like that. It has been his medicine for forty years and his body cannot do without it.





¶ *These photographs illustrate the effect of an enforced cure upon a confirmed addict. The real significance of the right hand picture is that the improved appearance is no proof that the addict is cured. A man like this may leave the best of cures as eager as ever for his drug.*

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"When I was in France they passed a law which prohibited doctors from giving him morphin. The doctors said he would die and the inspector said that it was one of the saddest cases he had ever heard of. After a while he was granted so much a week with the doctor's prescription, but the quantity is so low that it is impossible for him to get along. I have heard of suffering buddies, cut up and shot and gassed, but that is nothing like what it is every day for my father and I don't want to lose him this way.

"After a man has committed a crime of some kind and done his time in the penitentiary, don't they pardon him when he grows old? My father has not committed any crime of any kind and he has been confined for forty years in a worse prison than any you ever saw built out of bricks and iron bars. Why can't he have his pardon by getting his medicine as he needs it? Why isn't there some place where he can get this cursed morphin legally for the rest of his life without having to struggle only to die in the end?"

THERE IS NO such place because prohibitory legislation in America always does over-reach its goal. If the Congressman to whom that letter was written answered it honestly, he can only have bid the father be of such good cheer as a labeled dope-fiend may be and commend himself to the mercies of the pedlers and the subsequent comforts of a city jail. Neither the law nor the doctors will do anything for him.

As for the doctors, they are either cowards of necessity or opportunists by profession. They know nothing. They have done nothing. They will dare nothing. Except the few whose consciences are not above paying the income tax on quackery.

I doubt if we have more than twenty doctors in the whole country whose experience with drug addiction has been thorough enough or honest enough to rate them as authorities on the subject. And the service which they might render is prevented by preposterously exaggerated regulation.

This boy's father is typical, an average case of average drug experience. He is one of the three thousand arrested annually by the New York police.

Chaos it is and chaos it will remain until we have nationally faced the music for a better reason than the collecting of internal revenue.

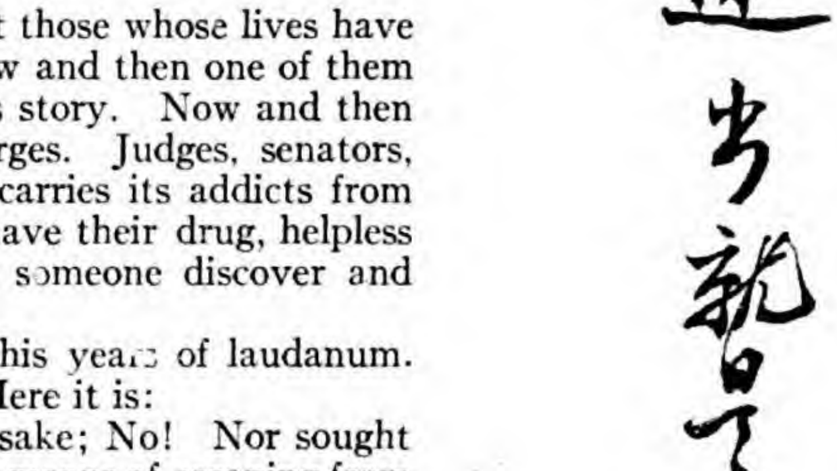
It would not be fair play for me to list those whose lives have been ruined and impaired by dope. Now and then one of them is caught in the day's news and tells his story. Now and then one dies tragically and the truth emerges. Judges, senators, artists, clergymen—no profession but carries its addicts from cure to cure, able to work while they have their drug, helpless wrecks without it, green with terror lest someone discover and discredit them.

Coleridge, dying, left one memoir of his years of laudanum. His friends found it in his notebooks. Here it is:

"I have never loved evil for its own sake; No! Nor sought pleasure for its own sake but, only as the means of escaping from pain that coiled around my mental powers as a serpent coils around the body and wings of an eagle. My sole sensuality was not to be in pain."

Would you have named Coleridge a dopefiend and jostled him off to the city jail? That boy's letter and Coleridge's brief memoir articulate the real dope problem. What are we going to do about it?

We must turn our minds to preventing any further increase in their numbers and to ministering as we can to their present needs.



¶ *Here is the opium ring of New York's Chinatown doing business with St. Louis and Atlanta, stocking "smoke" joints and directing Tong Wars.*

Why do men become addicts? They know that they are beaten before they start. Why do they start? There is a fairy tale that every addict creates ten new ones. That is newspaper tommy rot. Dr. Lambert can answer the question. From his 1132 male addict patients, 244 are set aside in the column "Social and Bad Company." Overwork accounts for 177, general sickness for 137 more and the remainder is distributed between operations, accidents, neurasthenia and the itemized list of the more ordinary painful diseases.

Mind you, we are talking only of the opiates now. Cocain has nothing to do with the question. It is pure depravity, terrible in its effect and inexcusable in its indulgence. It produces no dependence. Only wild stimulation and physical devastation. Every cocain user I have ever known has told me that it is less hard to break off cocain than to break off cigarettes.

Cocain is specifically the degenerate's affair. An old and retired bank burglar complained to me only the other day of the dreadful effect of cocain upon the members of his former profession. "Why even bank robbing is showing it," he said, and made, from his point of view, what seems to me a highly significant observation. "In my day you went into a bank with maybe a shot of liquor under your belt to steady your nerves. If the watchman came around, you were ready for him and you clouted him one and tied him up and left him there until someone found him in the morning. [*Continued on page 134*]

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The TEMPTRESS

By Blasco Ibañez

¶ *A New Novel by the Author of The Four Horsemen*



¶ *Alone with Elena, Canterac began to talk in an impassioned manner of his great love for her.*

Illustrations by Walt Louderback

¶ *Synopsis of Previous Instalments.*

THE Marquis de Torre Bianca, last of the old aristocratic but impoverished Italian family of that name, was in a desperate plight when his old friend, Robledo, arrived in Paris suddenly from South America, where he had been engaged in some big construction work.

The Marquis's beautiful and extravagant wife, Elena, was demanding luxuries which they could not afford, he told Robledo, and the only thing that was tiding them over was the kindness of Fontenoy, a rich banker, friend of his wife's family, who had made him a director in some foreign land development projects. The Marquis knew nothing about the business—all that was required of him was his signature in exchange for which he received a handsome salary. Robledo could scarcely conceal his amazement at this irregular business arrangement.

Elena deliberately set out to fascinate her husband's friend, but despite the Marquis's faith in her, Robledo sensed something mysterious about her at once. A few days later they were all confounded with the news that Fontenoy had committed suicide. He had been accused of swindling and everyone connected with him would be dragged into the sordid affair. Robledo swiftly determined to take the Marquis back to South America with him at once; but the parasitic Elena was to be left in Paris. The Marquis, however, would not hear of going without her so they left Paris in a day or two with Elena expecting great things from her venture into unknown lands.

Deep was her disappointment at what she found in the isolated South American Settlement. She began wearing her Paris evening gowns at dinner, and Robledo could see just what a disturbing element she was to become. The men began dressing up after dinner and calling on her. Two of them, Canterac and Pirovani were bitter rivals from the start. Pirovani offered Elena his beautiful house and much against the Marquis's wishes, she accepted it. Tiring of these two jealous men Elena turned her attention to young Richard Watson, Robledo's assistant, as soon as she discovered he had been paying attention to a girl from a nearby ranch.

¶ *The Story Continues:*

THE DAY set for Canterac's great surprise party to the Marquise had arrived. Under Moreno's direction the workmen set up the last trees in the level space near the river.

Groups of curiosity seekers were already admiring from afar the Frenchman's improvisation of a wood. From Fuerte Sarmiento and from as far as the capital of the territory of Neuquen sightseers were arriving, attracted by the novelty of the fiesta that was to be given at La Presa. Some workmen were still busy swinging ropes of vines from tree to tree, and nailing up clusters of banners.

Among the spectators on the other side of the wire enclosure were several gauchos, among them the notorious Manos Duras, who after the trouble at the boliche had quietly returned to the settlement in order to offer the explanations he thought adequate. He did not for a moment deny that some of those who had provoked the affair were friends of his, but they were all older and more experienced men than he, so he couldn't very well be responsible for their acts. He wasn't their father. When the row occurred he was far away from the settlement. What was the idea anyway in trying to implicate him in things for which he was not to blame?

The comisario had to content himself with these explanations; the proprietor of the boliche also made haste to accept them, in the belief that it was better to number the gaucho among one's friends than one's enemies. And now Manos Duras stood contemplating with a somewhat mocking stare the preparations for the garden-party. The other gauchos, as silent as he, seemed to be laughing to themselves at all the goings-on. Those gringoes, carrying trees away from the spot where God had planted them . . . and for a woman!

The inhabitants of La Presa were more outspoken in their comments. In fact some were quite vociferous about them, and

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¶ *After the tragedy Watson accompanied the seconds while they transported the victim's body to a dilapidated ranch house.*

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the better dressed of the women expressed themselves very freely on the subject of the Marquise.

"That great big doll . . . ! What she gets the men to do for her!"

To console herself one of them maliciously alluded to the Marquis.

"And to think that he's likely to come along this afternoon with his wife's lovers! Would you believe that a man could be so blind? No, they must both be in the game. . . ."

Celinda Rojas rode her horse past the different groups; and she too looked resentfully at the hastily improvised park. Then, perhaps so as not to hear the scandalous remarks of the woman, she made off toward the town.

The crowd was fast increasing. An orchestra, composed of a few Italians, who lived near Neuquen, began to scatter the air with the strident notes of their brass instruments.

Elena meanwhile, most elegantly dressed for the party, was sitting in the drawing-room at home; and she was frowning.

"Such things as this happen to no one but me," she was thinking. "Why in the world should this news get here today, and just before the garden-party? And yet some people don't believe in Fate!"

That day happened to be one of those on which the train came down from Buenos Aires bringing the mail. A short time after it had reached the house Torre Bianca, his face white and full of consternation, came to his wife's room to show her a letter.

"Look Elena. . . . This is from our family lawyer. . . ."

A glance at the sheet he held out to her showed her what the letter was. It announced the death of Federigo's mother.

"Ever since you went away to America, your mother's health has been very bad. We all of us knew that the end might come at any moment. She was thinking of you when she died. We heard her speak your name even after we thought she would never say another word.

"We enclose a few particulars about the estate which unfortunately. . . ."

ELENA stopped reading to look with inquiring eyes at her husband. But he stood with his head sunk between his shoulders, as though stricken himself by the news. She hesitated about speaking; but as the time passed and he still stood brooding in silence, she said slowly:

"I suppose that this news, which really can't have been so unexpected—you remember you said several times that you feared this must happen soon—isn't going to keep us from going into the garden fête?"

Torre Bianca raised his eyes and looked at her in amazement.

"What are you saying? Don't you understand that it is my mother who has died?"

Elena pretended to be somewhat embarrassed. She drew near to her husband, and said in a melting voice, while she caressed his cheek:

"After all, dear, one must have a certain regard for social conventions. No one knows about this yet. Just pretend that the letter hasn't arrived yet and that you received it in day after tomorrow's mail. Yes, that is the best way to manage it. You don't know this sad news yet, and you are coming with me this afternoon."

The Marquis indicated that he did not agree with her. Then he raised a hand to his eyes and leaning one elbow on his knees he groaned softly to himself:

"She was my mother . . . poor old loving mother. . . ."

They were both silent for a long time. As though unwilling to let his wife see the grief he felt, the Marquis took refuge in the adjoining room. Elena, scowling to herself, and in a thoroughly bad humor, could hear him walking to and fro on the other side of the door; and every now and then she heard him groan. Finally she opened the door through which the Marquis had disappeared.

"You had better stay here, Federigo. Don't worry about me. I'll go alone and make up an excuse for your absence. I'll see you later then, alma mia! Of course you know that the only reason why I am leaving you now is so as not to hurt our friends' feelings. Oh, what a bore these social obligations are!"

It was strange to hear the gently pitying tones of her voice when at the same time the corners of her mouth were tense and twisted with anger.

She put on her hat and went out. In front of the house there was a small four-wheeled cart in charge of a half-breed who was asleep on the driver's seat.

Elena was thinking now of her admirers who must by this time be impatiently looking for her. They had refrained from coming to get her, inasmuch as the day before she had announced to them that she wished to arrive at the party with no other escort than her husband.

As she turned away from the house and approached the cart, she heard a sound of galloping hoofs. A rider suddenly appeared from one of the adjoining narrow streets. It was Celinda Duras.

ELENA, by a kind of intuition, like the instinctive alarm of an animal when something hostile is approaching it, guessed that it was she who was coming before she saw her. Without waiting for the horse to stop, the reckless young rider slipped out of the saddle to the ground. Then, with the slow gait of one who has not walked for some hours and is surprised by the strange hard feel of the ground she approached Elena.

"Señora, a word with you, only one!"

She stepped in between Elena and the cart, cutting her off.

In spite of her cold hauteur Elena was startled by the girl's hostile eyes. However she tried to preserve her impressive calm, and with a gesture seemed to inquire:

"Can it really be me you want?"

Celinda, quick enough to understand her, replied with a nod. As the Marquise lifted her hand, in an affectation of queenliness giving the girl permission to speak, Celinda asked in a tone that was sharp and resonant with hate:

"Haven't you enough with all these men you are driving mad? Do you have to take away those who belong to other women too?"

Elena offered nothing by way of reply but a withering glance that swept the girl from head to foot. Surely she was sufficiently superior to crush the impudent young thing with a look.

"I don't know you," Elena was forced to say as the girl still barred her passage. "Besides there are such differences in rank and education separating us that it is useless for me to try to talk to you."

She then tried to brush Celinda aside, but the girl, irritated beyond bearing by her contemptuous glance, raised the small riding-whip she held in her left hand.

"You devil in skirts!"

She aimed a blow at Elena's face; but the latter defended herself promptly, clutching at her assailant's arm. The older woman was intensely pale, and her eyes had grown larger with amazement, while a feline light gleamed in her pupils. Then she said in a voice that was slightly hoarse: "That will do! Don't trouble. . . . I'll consider the blow as given . . . and I shan't forget the gift! I'll return something equivalent when the proper time comes. . . ."

She let go her grip of Celinda's arm. The girl seemed to have poured out all her rage. With arms hanging limp, she stood motionless, as though repenting of her attack on her enemy.

Elena made good use of this momentary respite, and climbed into the cart.

As soon as they had progressed beyond the limits of the town, Elena caught sight of the park and the crowd streaming around it. A rider was cantering in the opposite direction as though coming back from the party. With a great sweep of his hat he saluted her. Elena recognized Manos Duras, and smiled mechanically in response to his greeting. Then, without seriously taking account of what she was doing, she beckoned to him. The gaucho instantly swung his horse around and rode up to the cart, following alongside.

"How are you, señora? Why are you so pale?"

Elena made an effort to regain her serenity. She must still bear the traces of her recent violent emotions, and she wanted to reach the fiesta tranquil and smiling. No one must divine the insult she had just received.

AS THOUGH eager to put an end as quickly as possible to her conversation with Manos Duras she asked him gaily:

"You told me one day that you admired me and that you were ready to do anything I might ask you, no matter how terrible."

Manos Duras again raised his hand to his hat in salutation, and smiled, showing his sharp wolf's teeth.

"Command what you will, señora. Shall I kill someone for you?"

As he spoke he looked at her with eyes in which glittered a wolfish desire. Elena pretended to shrink back in alarm from what his words suggested.

"Kill! Oh no! What do you take me for? On the contrary the favor I ask of you ought to be one you take pleasure in

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"Command what you will, señora," said Manos Duras, gallantly. "Shall I kill someone for you?"

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granting. Well, we'll talk it over. I'll let you know when I need you——"

As the gaucho lingered over his farewells, she indicated with a vigorous gesture that he must leave her. They were now near the site of the *park* and it would scarcely do for the Marquise to arrive without her husband and with such an escort.

Manos Duras reined in his horse to watch the cart roll down the road. For some minutes his eyes followed that most extraordinary and fascinating of all the women he had ever encountered. Then, as she passed out of sight, his submissive watch dog's expression changed to one of harsh aggressiveness.

The guests were entering the artificial park in full view of the envious populace. The guests were for the most part Spanish and Italian merchants from the nearest small towns. Also the foremen and machinists of the works were arriving with their wives, arrayed in the clothes that they kept packed away for their excursions to Bahia Blanca or Buenos Aires.

Robledo was wandering through the short avenues of the park, looking ironically about at Canterac's absurd creation. Moreno was pointing out with a good deal of pride the particularly admirable features of that part of the work which he had attended to himself.

"The handsomest part of it all is a kind of summer house or shrine of flowers at the end of the arbor. Undoubtedly the captain will try to carry off the lady and keep her there awhile, but she's clever enough, she'll know how to get away when she wants to." Suddenly he sped away, mumbling excuses, in the direction of the entrance park. Elena was arriving!

And, just as he ran, so did the others; but, after greeting them all, she quite frankly showed her preference for Watson, who had, with a somewhat more dignified pace, also gone to meet her. Even while she talked to the others she did not cease looking at the youth with caressing glances. Robledo, watching the group from afar, was immediately aware of the preference Elena was betraying for his young partner.

ANNOYED by this discovery, he drew near to pay his respects to the guest of honor.

Finally Canterac, who, as the creator of the fiesta, assumed an overwhelming superiority, interposed, and separating Elena from the others, offered her his arm. He must show her all the beauties of his park. . . . Robledo took advantage of this diversion to lead Watson away under the trees. Scarcely were they alone when, in a fatherly tone, and with a slight nod toward the woman who was walking away down the path, leaning on Canterac's arm, he said:

"Take care, Richard, my boy! This Circe of ours is trying to subdue you too to her enchantments."

But Watson, who had always listened deferentially to his partner up to the present, now looked haughtily at him.

"I am old enough to know how to take care of myself," he replied dryly. "And when I want advice I shall ask for it."

Muttering a few words that Robledo could not make out, young Watson turned his back on him and left him.

Robledo was startled by the boy's manner. Then he grew indignant.

"This woman again! She goes too far . . . robbing me of my best friend. . . ."

The most interesting part of the fiesta as far as the majority of the guests were concerned, was about to begin. On the tables, made of boards laid on small wooden horses, and covered with recently laundered tablecloths, the choicest and rarest delicacies were being assembled.

Most extraordinary of all were the drinks. Only a few gringoes, those who were natives of the so-called Latin countries, paid any attention to the bottles of dusky wine. The popping of champagne corks resounded continuously. And many were there who tossed off the sparkling wines as though they were water.

The Frenchman, with Elena on his arm, was walking under the trees, or stopping to point out the largest of them to his companion.

"This is scarcely the park of Versailles, bella marquesa," he was saying, imitating the gallantry of past centuries. "But, however humble it may be, it represents the great interest that one man here takes in making himself agreeable to you."

Pirovani, pretending to be absorbed in his thoughts, was following them from a moderate distance. He could not conceal how much this garden fête, conceived and executed by his rival as it was, annoyed him. He had to acknowledge that he would never have been able to think of anything like this. It only proved what an advantage it was to have had an education. . . .

His hands turned cold and all his blood seemed to rush to his heart when he saw the couple he was following disappear in an arbor of dense foliage at the far end of a tree bordered avenue. This was Moreno's "shrine of flowers."

"Now the queen can sit on her throne," said Canterac. And he pointed to a rustic bench which had a kind of canopy over it, made of garlands of foliage and paper flowers.

Excited by finding himself alone with the Marquise, the engineer began to talk in an impassioned manner of his love for her and of the sacrifices he was ready to make for her.

She sat down on the rustic bench with the engineer by her side but, although still wearing a provocative smile, she seemed a trifle uneasy. Canterac seized both her hands, and leaned over toward her mouth. Elena, on her guard, eluded him, and struggled to free her hands from his grasp.

THIS struggle was going on when Pirovani appeared at the entrance to the bower. But neither of its two occupants could see him. The contest continued, Canterac bent on reaching the Marquise's lips. Elena, unmindful now of her coquettish pruderies, violently repulsed him.

Pirovani thought it the moment to intervene. At sight of him Canterac let go his hold of Elena and stood up. While the Marquise picked up her hairpins and straightened her hat, the two men glared at one another. Finally the Italian spoke.

"You seem in great haste," he remarked sarcastically, "to collect your pay for what the party has cost you."

To Canterac it seemed so incredible that the contractor should dare insult him to his face, and in the costly park that was his own invention, that he remained speechless for several seconds. Then his anger, the anger of the man accustomed to commanding and obedience, broke out in a cold blinding flash.

"What right have *you* to speak to *me*? . . . I ought to have known better than to have invited an ignorant immigrant, who has made his money God knows how. . . ."

Pirovani became furious, raging with hot anger at receiving such an insult, and before Elena. And, as the violence within him clamored for satisfaction, by way of reply he threw himself upon the engineer and struck him a heavy blow. In a flash the two men had come to grips and were bending backward and forward in desperate attempts to gain the advantage: and Elena, her serenity quite gone, was now uttering cries of alarm.

There was a general rush toward the bower, Robledo and Watson arriving first, and together. The engineer and the contractor, tightly grasping one another, were rolling on the floor.

Some of the men finally succeeded in separating the two assailants. Watson, with utter contempt for both of them, rushed to the Marquise and stood in an attitude of defense before her as though she were menaced by some danger.

Robledo looked at the two rivals. Each one of them from the midst of the group that had gathered round him was insulting the other, eyes bloodshot, tongues thick and stammering with rage. Then he turned to look at the Marquise, who was sighing and exclaiming like a child, while she leaned against Richard Watson.

"Now we're in for it," muttered Robledo to himself. "There'll be murder done yet for that woman!" and without looking again at Watson he turned away.

WATSON and Robledo finished their supper in silence. Their thoughts were still busy with what had occurred a few hours earlier in the park of Canterac's invention. An invisible wall seemed to have risen between them.

Watson got up from the table with a few mumbled words, and picked up his hat.

"So, he's going to see her," thought Robledo. "He is restless if he can't be by her side."

Watson found Elena in the drawing-room. She seemed to be expecting him.

He was about to sit down in an armchair but she would have none of it.

"No, no, here beside me—so no one will hear us."

And he sat down on the sofa beside her.

She was pale, and there was a hard expression in her eyes, as though she were still in the grip of recent and very disagreeable experiences. The fist-fight between Pirovani and Canterac now occupied second place in her thoughts. The thing that was in the very forefront of her mind was the image of Celinda with her

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¶ *The gauchos seemed to be silently laughing at all the goings-on. Those gringoes carrying trees away from the spot where God planted them—and for a woman!*

upraised whip. At that image she trembled with anger.

But Watson's punctual arrival made her forget her resentment. He was glad to grant her request that he spend the evening with her. . . .

With a sudden softening in her voice she went on:

"How grateful I am for your having come! I fairly shook with terror at the thought of spending these hours alone. I am so frightfully bored here! That is why I begged you when we parted this afternoon not to leave me all alone. . . ."

And she caught up Watson's hand, and looked at him with a caress in her eyes.

The young man was agreeably flattered by her glances, but at once there arose in his mind a memory of what had happened earlier that day.

"What were those men fighting about? Was it about you?"

She did not answer at once; finally, looking away, she said with a kind of surrender:

"Perhaps. But I despise them both. You are the only man here I care about, Richard."

She laid her hands on his shoulders; and with a feline undulation she brought her face close to his.

"I suspect," she murmured, "I suspect that we two are going to go beyond the limits of friendship. . . ."

Stimulated by the novelty of being alone with one another, they became conscious of the daring and vehement desire burning hotly within them. In a few short minutes they were going to cover a distance that in his inexperience he thought would have required several long days' journey. She, meanwhile, thought of the young Amazon whose riding-whip had almost struck her in the face. Her outraged vanity, and her desire for vengeance, made her decide upon a cynical course of action.

To Watson, since the moment when two men had tried to kill one another for her sake, this woman seemed all the more beautiful and desirable. A feeling of male pride and sex vanity mingled with the emotions that Elena's words and the contact with her graceful body were arousing in him.

THE HANDS on his shoulders had imperceptibly crept closer and closer together. They met, and the young American felt himself imprisoned by two beautiful arms. Something awakened in his thoughts, like a little flame in a dying fire.

He thought he saw before him the sad, noble face of his comrade, Torre Bianca, and he tried to shake his head and draw back, pushing Elena away. . . . He couldn't betray his friend. . . . It was unworthy of him to act in this fashion, under Torre Bianca's own roof. Then he saw himself and Celinda riding happily along together. Again he tried to move his head "No!"; he blinked and looked profoundly distressed, trying to defend himself, and at the same time certain that he would be unable to do so.

"Poor little Celinda!" he thought.

The arms wound around his neck pressed gently against him, drawing his head slowly toward Elena's face; her hungry lips

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were close to his. Then their mouths met, and Richard thought the kiss would never end.

He trembled at what her mouth revealed; shudders ran down his back.

Suddenly from the other side of the door came a vigorous knocking. Sebastiana was pounding away on the bare boards with her knuckles, in this fashion asking permission to enter, for the half-breed was too well-trained to come in without announcing her intention. When, finally, her head appeared between the two wooden slides of the door, she said, lowering her malicious eyes:

"My old boss, Don Pirovani, wants to see the Marquise. He seems to be in a hurry."

Richard stood up to go. Elena gave him to understand that she would get rid of the intruder in short order. But the young man had regained his composure, and, aware of the peril he had just escaped, he asked for nothing better than to make use of the opportunity to get away. At the door he almost fell over the contractor who came in. Watson shook hands with him and hurried away.

Elena scarcely took the trouble to hide her anger at this inopportune call, and received the Italian with quite obvious ill-humor.

She remained standing to indicate that his stay was to be a short one, but preoccupied by his own troubles, he asked if he might sit down, and before Elena could reply, he sank into a chair.

"My husband is ill," she said, "and I must look after him. It isn't anything to worry about, just an unfortunate occurrence in his family. But now let's talk about you. What brings you here at this hour?"

Pirovani delayed answering, in order to make his words more impressive when he did finally utter them.

"The Señor Canterac says that after what happened this afternoon we must have a duel to the death."

Elena was thinking only of Watson, and this man's arrival, putting the young American to flight, made her tremble with nervousness. But for his news, she had only a slight shrug. It really didn't interest her! Then she tried to conceal her indifference by saying:

"I DON'T SEE anything so strange about that. If I were a man I would do the same."

Pirovani, who up to that time had been uncertain as to how he felt about Canterac's challenge, got up with an air of tremendous resolution.

"Then," he said, "if you think it is all right, there is nothing more to be said. I'll fight with the Frenchman, and I'll fight with half the world if necessary, so that you'll be convinced that I am worthy of your esteem."

As he spoke he took Elena's hand. But it lay so inert in his own that he was discouraged, and let go of it. She looked wearily toward the interior of the house where her husband was, indicating to Pirovani that he was to take his leave, and he made haste to obey.

When he left his former house Pirovani went to see Robledo whom he found reading a book that was propped up against the kerosene lamp in the center of the table.

"I am fighting a duel to the death with Captain Canterac and I want you and Moreno to be my seconds."

Robledo broke out into exclamations of scandalized impatience.

"But what do you take me for? Do you think that I am going in for any of your nonsense, and make a fool of myself just to keep you company?"

And he went on with a vigorous tirade against Pirovani's absurd request, the latter nodding obstinately all the while. He was determined to face everything now after what Elena had said.

Finally Robledo grew tired of his useless protests.

"I see that I might as well give up my attempts to knock a little common sense into you. Very well; I'll consent to acting as your representative, but on condition that the affair be settled by reason and not by a duel."

"No," answered Pirovani, "I wish to have a duel . . . and to the death. I am not a coward and I didn't come here to find a way out."

Convinced finally that nothing was to be gained by further argument, Pirovani went away and betook himself to Moreno's.

The next day, early in the morning, Don Carlos Rojas, standing in the doorway of his ranch house, saw a rider approaching. It was Moreno.

They both went into the room used as a parlor and office, and while a small servant prepared the maté Moreno caught a glimpse through a doorway of the rancher's daughter, Celinda, sitting in a wicker chair; she looked worried and unhappy, and in her feminine dress seemed to have lost the joyous, rebellious audacity which she always seemed to possess when she wore boy's clothes.

Moreno bowed to her from the room where he sat and she acknowledged his salutation with a sad little smile.

"There, you see! She's not herself at all, not the same girl any more. Anyone would think she was sick. That's the way it is with young people!"

Celinda shook her head. Sick? Oh, no, that wasn't it. . . . Then she left the room so that her father and his guest might speak more freely together.

WHEN THEY had sipped their first cup of maté Rojas offered Moreno a cigar "so that he would have something to puff at"; then lighting his own, he prepared to listen.

"Don Carlos," said Moreno, "as a young fellow you had a good deal to do with firearms. When I was in Buenos Aires I had heard that you'd fought in several duels on account of women."

Rojas looked cautiously about to see whether his daughter happened to be within earshot. Then he smiled with all the fatuous vanity of a man well on in years, at the memory of the bold, wild follies of his youth, and said, with an affectation of modesty:

"Bah! Nobody remembers that now! Boyish pranks . . . they don't do that sort of thing these days."

"Canterac and Pirovani are fighting a duel tomorrow. They are going to shoot to kill."

Don Carlos was frankly amazed.

"The captain," said Moreno, "has arranged with the Marquis de Torre Bianca and the gringo Watson to be his seconds. As they're both of them his colleagues they can't very well refuse."

"Pirovani has only one second so far. That is myself," Moreno continued. "I came to ask you to help us out, Don Rojas. You know how to act in this sort of affair. I wish you'd serve with me as a second for our Italian friend."

But the rancher protested vehemently.

"Drop all this fool business, man! Why should I get mixed up in the squabbles of these people?"

But Moreno was not to be put off so easily, and several minutes of heated argument followed. Finally the rancher gave some signs of abandoning his first position.

"Well then, I'll do what you want."

Then he smiled slyly, slapping Moreno on the leg, and asked him, lowering his voice:

"And why do they want to kill one another? Sure as I breathe, that Marquise has something to do with it . . . she seems to drive all the men around her crazy. . . ."

Moreno assumed a mysterious expression, at the same time raising his finger to his lips to impress Rojas with the need for caution.

"Careful, Don Carlos! Remember that the Marquis will be acting with us as a second in this duel. . . . Perhaps even, as an expert in this sort of thing he will manage the whole affair."

The rancher began to laugh, again slapping his friend on the leg.

"That's a pretty thing, eh? So the husband is going to superintend the duel!"

Then he added gravely:

"Yes, I'll act as second. This is better than a play in Buenos Aires."

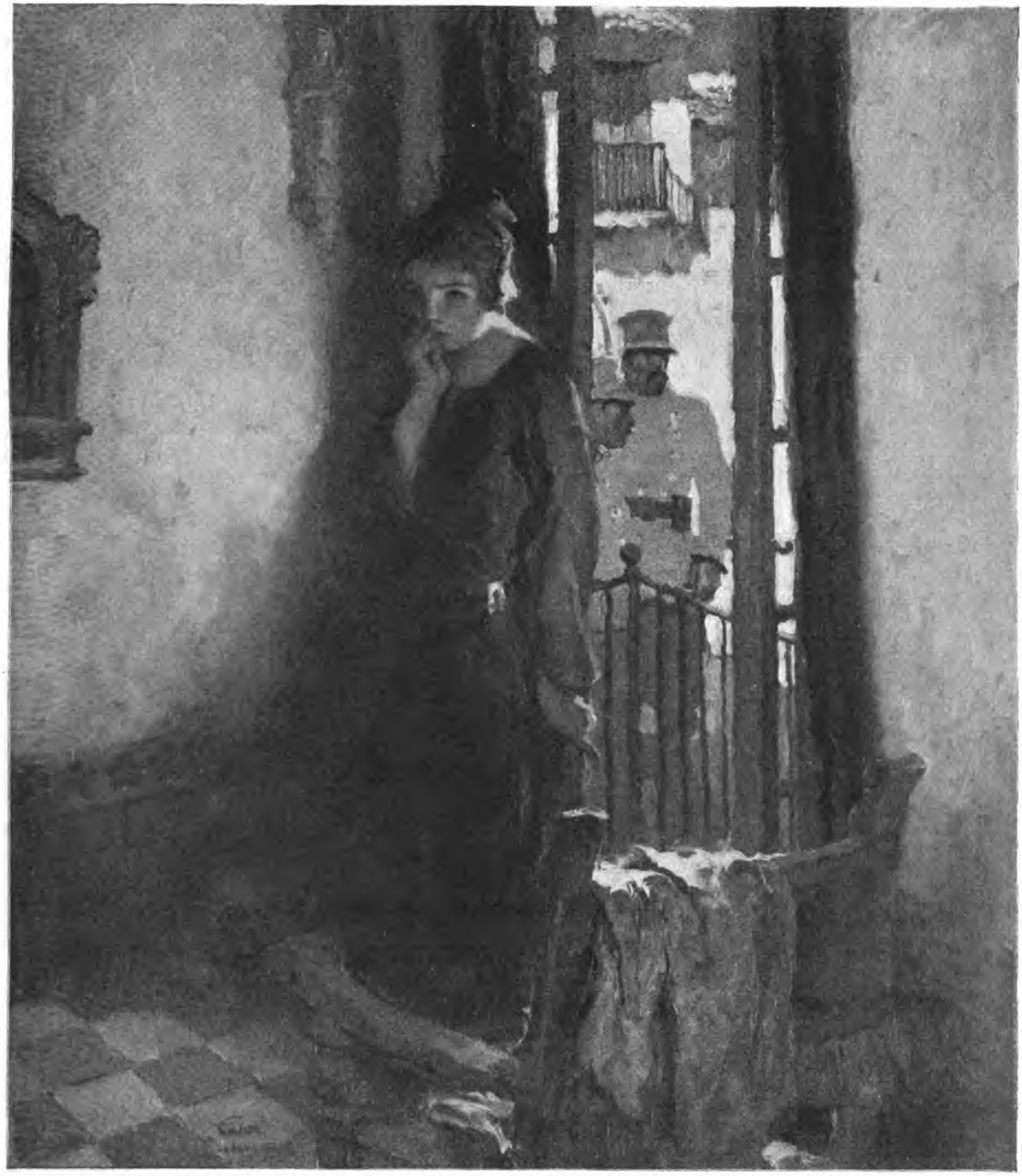
In the early afternoon, after lunching at the ranch, Moreno returned to the settlement; he dismounted in front of Pirovani's house.

TORRE BIANCA was walking up and down in the room he used as an office. He was in mourning and looked even more unhappy and discouraged than usual. In his pacing back and forth he stopped every now and then beside a table on which was an open case containing a brace of revolvers.

After a ceremonious salutation Moreno hastened to assure him that he had found another second and that he came fully authorized by him to discuss the preparations for the duel. The Marquis acknowledged his speech with a bow, and showed him the case of weapons.

"I brought them from Europe. They have played a part in several affairs at least as serious as this one. We have no others and they will have to be found acceptable by both parties."

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¶ Never in the course of her complicated history had Elena faced such an awful situation. Not only had that mob dared to openly criticize her but now right under her window they dared to place a guard.

The Marquis went on talking with a courtly dignity which deeply impressed Moreno.

"As neither of the two parties wishes to give any explanation, and as the offense is unquestionably serious, the duel will have to be to the death. Don't you agree with me?"

Moreno had assumed a portentously solemn expression just as soon as he perceived how serious this conversation was to be, and now he silently nodded his approbation.

"Tonight," the Marquis continued, "all four seconds are to meet at Watson's place to put the conditions into writing, and tomorrow as soon as it is light, the duel will take place."

Pirovani's representative called attention to the fact that Don Carlos Rojas would not be able to be present at this meeting because he had that afternoon set out for Fuerte Sarmiento in search of a doctor for the duel. But his friend had authorized him to subscribe to any conditions that might be set down. Whereupon the two seconds considered the interview at an end.

Sunrise; a meadow overgrown with fine grass, along the river bank; at the far end some old willows, their roots half exposed to the air. Slowly dying, they lay across the stream and it seemed as though at any moment they might fall into it.

A gloomy spot at best; and it was here that Elena's friends had elected to fight their duel.

Pirovani arrived first, escorted by [*Continued on page 112*]

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¶ *Inside Stuff by the Author of Friend* AL

In Regards to Geniuses

By Ring Lardner

Illustrations by *James Montgomery Flagg*



¶ *Irvin Cobb was born in Eskimo. He does all his writing outdoors dressed in heavy underwear and has always got a cartoon of gumdrops nearby.*

IT SEEMS like the reading public has developed a good deal of curiosity in regards to the personal habits, appearance and etc. of authors, play writers and artists of all kinds and not hardly a day passes but what all the editors' mail is cluttered up with letters from readers demanding to know what does so and so look like and what is their peculiarities and are they married and what not.

The editors gets pretty sick of answering these kind of letters personly and it has been suggested that I should devote my article this mo. to disgusting the various geniuses who I have came in contact with same so this article will kind of take my readers behind the scenes you might say and give them a inside into the personal life and hobbies of some of the men and women whose name is on every tongue.

Will state at this junction that they's no man better qualified than myself to write this kind of a article as all the prominent geniuses of the day treats me practically as a equal and keeps open house as far as I am conserned a specially when it is time to go home.

One of the rising young writers of today is Irvin S. Cobb famous for his stories of the frozen north. It may not be genally known but Mr. Cobb was born in Eskimo and has many of the characteristics of these queer people. He does all his writing outdoors dressed in heavy underwear and has always got a cartoon of gumdrops nearby. At meal times he eats nothing but Eskimo pie and frozen fish. This however don't apply to his stories in regards to hospitals which he cannot write unless surrounded by ether fumes. Mr. Cobb sets a good table but is never happy except when amongst his books of which he has a complete set. His favorite hobby is going after hickory nuts and when he goes after a hickory nut he sure goes after it.

Another prominent writer of the younger set is F. Scott Fitzgerald. Mr. Fitzgerald sprung into fame with his novel "This Side of Paradise" which he turned out when only three years old and wrote the entire book with one hand. Mr. Fitzgerald never shaves while at work on his novels and looks very funny along towards the last five or six chapters. His hobby is leashing high bred dogs and when not engaged on a book or a story, can be seen most any day on the streets of Great Neck leashing high bred dogs of which there is a great number. He cannot bear to see any of them untied.

No list of authors of this school would be complete without including Geo. Ade. Mr. Ade is a Kansas boy and his friends call him the Jayhawker. He writes his stories on a adding machine and once he starts a story or article he never stops until he is through except to play jack straws. Mr. Ade has now came to the pt. where the editors must allow him to sign his own name to his articles and he expects to soon branch out into the play writing game and much is expected of this boy.

The dean of writers of this class is Clarence Budington

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Kelland. Mr. Kelland is a Vermont boy and his friends call him the Granite Stone state though he can write in any state. Mr. Kelland writes with a non-refillable fountain pen and if his story ain't finished with one filling he is out of luck. Mr. Kelland rides a indoor bicycle and there is a traffic policeman stationed in every room in his house and he boasts that there has not been a accident in 20 yrs. His favorite hobby is changing tires and replacing divots.

AMONGST the poets now writing for newspapers and magazines, pretty near all of them has peculiar habits. Edgar Guest cannot write his best unless there is a sawmill outside his window. James J. Montague fashions most of his verse while climbing trees. He is a Dakota boy and his friends call him the Colonel. Berton Braley and Damon Runyon beat drums as they write. They are both Michigan boys.

We will now shift for the nonce from writers to artists. Readers of the magazines is no doubt familiar with the work of Dean Cornwell but may be ignorant in regards to his personal habits. Mr. Cornwell scratches his pictures on cut glass with a soup bone. He is a Pennsylvania boy and his close friends call him Keystone Cornwell on acct. of coming from Pennsylvania. His home is a Mecca for goldfish of all kinds and a great many people visits his home every day clamoring for a sight of the different goldfish though Mr. Cornwell is not yet twelve years old.

Another artist of this school is James M. Preston. Mr. Preston is a native of New Jersey and has been aptly nicknamed the Skeeter. While his regular profession is illustrating, his favorite hobby is detective work and when there is a big crime committed, Mr. Preston is amongst the first to wonder who did it. Mr. Preston draws his pictures on stiff bosom shirts and when his friends goes to parties with him they are always careful to wear old shirts as there is no telling when he will take a notion to draw a picture on their shirt front.

One of the younger artists of this class is Arthur William Brown. Mr. Brown draws pictures for a living but his real hobby is politics. Mr. Brown is a Texas boy and ran for governor of Texas when three yrs. old but was defeated by an older man. Mr. Brown does his best work when dogs are barking nearby.

We will now pass from the artists to the writers and producers of plays or disciples of Terpsichore. Amongst the most successful of these kind of people in late yrs. has been John Golden and Winchell Smith who brags that their productions is all clean. A great many people seems to be curious in regards to how these 2 men keeps up their record for not producing nothing only clean plays and a brief acct. of their methods may not be out of the way. When the manuscript of a play reaches Mr. Golden's office his first step is to have every page of the manuscript soaked in a strong solution of lysol. Then Mr. Smith is called in and they both wash their hands. The next step is the mutual donning of rubber gloves and no lines of the play comes in contact with the bare hands.

When the play has been read both men takes a bath and puts on a complete change of clothing. Then they send out to a drug store and get a couple of clean sponges and throw them back and forth until tired out. During rehearsals of the play they both carry a clean handkerchief. Mr. Golden is a native of California which they have recently nicknamed the Golden State.

RECENT N. Y. successes has been scored by a couple of new play writers Marc Connelly and Geo. Kaufman. These men works together on plays and their system is for one of them to write a wd. and then fold the paper over so as the other cannot see what he has wrote but has got to write the next wd. without knowing what the last wd. was, like in the old parlor game of Consequences. In this way the 2 boys always manages to have a play full of surprises. They both do their best writing bare footed.

In conclusion my readers might like a wd. or two in regards to my own method of working. I am a Michigan boy and cannot do my best work unless the room is full of live wolverines. While working I am always under a big nervous strain and after writing a article I get my relaxation by whipping one or more of the children. Then I am ready for another article. My favorite hobbies is trying to get a telephone number that is not listed in the book and opening canned fruit. I would not advice no young man to go into the writing as there is too many of them.

Dean Cornwell scratches his pictures on cut glass with a soup bone. His home is a Mecca for goldfish of all kinds though Mr. Cornwell is not yet twelve years old.

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A story which shows the things a woman remembers, the score written in her heart for payment—some day

DIAM

By Grace

Illustrations by

MINNIE O'REILLY came out of a convent and marched straight into the city room of the Star. She had an impudent Irish nose and a reckless mouth. But her eyes were something quite different. Very large and round in those days when everything amazed and thrilled her, they were also as mysterious as a night sky.

These eyes must have temporarily paralyzed the doorman, for she walked freely into the city room and with the luck that was ever afterwards to be her slave, she wandered up to the desk of the assistant editor, Larry Black.

"Good morning," she said cheerfully. "I have come to be a reporter, please. I have always thought I should like the life."

"My Gawd!" murmured Larry Black. Then unexpectedly to himself he chuckled. There was something so distractingly ingenuous about that beam in her eyes. The day before he had had a joke played on him by Pete Sims, the sporting editor, so now he said, pointing, "Skip over to that long, pea-green fella in the corner, sister. Tell him you want that assignment he promised you last night at the Purple Pup."

Minnie O'Reilly started to say, "But I never——" and then her eyes began to dance. "Thank you!" She walked in and out among the desks until she came to the one where Sims lopped over a pile of pink sheets. By this time half a dozen men were watching her. They saw Sims uncurl himself, stare under his green shade. They caught a word or two of conversation.

"Ever seen a ball game?"

"No, but I should like to"—cheerily.

Then they saw Sims solemnly scribbling on a card. "Go out to the game this afternoon and present this at the reporters' box. I don't doubt you'll make a first-class assistant to me—and the boys will explain everything to you nicely."

He was passing on the joke. But Minnie O'Reilly was in awful earnest. In the reporters' box at the ball game that afternoon she was almost a riot. Her eyes were wide and bewildered, her face pink with concentration as she listened to the explanations they all jostled at her elbow to give her. And afterwards she rushed back to the city room, demanded a desk and began to write furiously.

Sims grew more and more uneasy as he watched her. But

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¶ *Diamond Carrie in her will told with words of hate and irony—"I have to thank Coogan for his protection in keeping my place open when he was closing the Barbary Coast. I paid him $600 for this valuable service."*

ONDS

Sartwell Mason

F. R. *Gruger*

when he had glanced at her copy he hastily led Larry Black behind the water cooler. There they could be seen writhing strangely, but in a moment Black stuck his head out and yelled "Copy!" And Minnie O'Reilly had become a newspaper woman.

From that day, two or three times a week, the town chuckled over columns headed: "Minnie O'Reilly Sees the Game"; "Minnie O'Reilly at the Aldermen's Ball"; "Minnie O'Reilly Meets the Mayor."

This was San Francisco of the late nineties. Gay and corrupt and wide open. The sensational newspaper's paradise. There was a vigorous crudeness in the gathering and the dishing up of news, and anything went that would add a piquant sauce to the daily fare. Also the feminine slant had not then been commercialized, and Minnie O'Reilly became the first "sob sister," the first to have her picture at the head of a column with her dashing schoolgirl signature underneath. It was discovered that her unsophistication made something droll out of the most hackneyed subject, and by the time she lost it she had developed a shrewd and dramatic nose for news.

Thus it was entirely natural that when in that reeking section known as the Barbary Coast a young girl killed herself it was thought a rather striking idea to send Minnie O'Reilly to her funeral. The girl was called the English Lily because she was white and tall and came from Manchester.

"See if you can get some good stuff out of the other girls there," said Larry Black. "But especially I want you to watch Diamond Carrie."

"Diamond Carrie?"

"Yep—Dowager Empress of the Coast, you know. Famous from Seattle to San Diego. It was in her house that girl killed herself. You'll pick up the funeral procession there."

The Barbary Coast was choked that day with the glossy black horses of the most expensive undertaker in the city, as if this funeral was Diamond Carrie's gesture of defiance. Minnie O'Reilly found herself placed in a carriage at the head of the procession. Opposite her sat a commanding, stony figure—Diamond Carrie.

Facing each other, they started on their ride. The streets were lined with eyes, staring as they might stare at a political procession or a Chinese New-year's parade. They gazed with a devouring curiosity at the girls in the long tail of carriages, but most of all they stared at Diamond Carrie. She sat rigid, looking ahead of her at the hearse in which flowers were heaped so high behind the glass the small coffin could not be seen. She wore a glossy black satin dress and her diamond necklace.

Minnie O'Reilly stared at the necklace, and it seemed to her the most cruel thing she had ever looked at. She looked away from it

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and found the eyes of the woman opposite hostilely gazing at her.

"Don't you like my diamonds?" asked Carrie, her lip curling.

"They—they're very pretty," faltered Minnie O'Reilly. "But wouldn't they be safer in a bank?"

A curious and triumphant smile lifted the upper lip of the woman opposite. "Safer, mebbe. But I like to have these rocks right where they can remind me what I'm going to do with 'em some day."

After which a silence fell between them. Minnie longed to ask what she was going to do with the necklace, but she did not dare. Diamond Carrie was a person one did not lightly question.

MINNIE O'REILLY sat in her corner of the seat opposite and, between her long lashes, she studied the face of Diamond Carrie. She had the spiritual intuition of the Irish, and it was quickened now by emotion. For it seemed to her the saddest thing she had ever experienced, this glossy funeral of a lost girl. And all at once to her own astonishment she found herself leaning forward, her hand touching the knee of the woman opposite.

"I'm sorry you're lonesome," was what she said.

A flame seemed to flicker up behind the blank windows of the woman's eyes. "How did you know?" she whispered.

"I just—knew."

After that she talked a little to Minnie O'Reilly. She told her in a matter-of-fact way about the English Lily. A decent straight girl, she called her, whom luck had been against. She had been terribly in love with a man in Hull, the first mate of a boat. But he had deserted her and she had come to America. Then one day the man's ship had touched at San Francisco. In the Barbary Coast the girl had met him face to face.

"I guess she couldn't stand it any more, after that," said Diamond Carrie. "She come back to the house, and it was only a few minutes after she had shut her door that I heard the shot. You can put that in the paper, if you want to. But," she added, her lip curling, "remember, it ain't funny."

Minnie O'Reilly's eyes were full of tears which kept on welling as fast as she could wipe them away. Diamond Carrie studied her shrewdly. Then, as if on some unusual impulse, she leaned forward and patted Minnie's arm. "Tell you what, my dear," she whispered, "one of these days I'll give you a beat—a scoop. That's what the boys call it, ain't it? When you get a piece of news ahead of any other paper?"

"A scoop!" cried Minnie, eager at the thought. "Can't you give it to me now?"

Diamond Carrie shook her head and gave again her short, hard laugh. "No, the time ain't ripe yet. But don't you be afraid. I won't forget. I'll send for you when the right time comes. And when I send, you come. You understand? You come, no matter when or where."

"Oh, I'll come!" cried Minnie. "I think a newspaper woman ought always to be ready to go whenever and wherever there's news, don't you?"

Diamond Carrie's smile was bleak and terrible. "News!" she said. "When I send for you there'll be a piece of news that'll make this rotten town set up and hold its breath. Ha! News!"

THAT was the beginning of the first of Minnie O'Reilly's many curious friendships. She was to know all sorts of women from the daughter of a President down to poor Chinatown derelicts, barnacled with vice. But none more of a figure than Diamond Carrie. She was at the height of her power in those days of predatory politics. The Barbary Coast was sanctuary for any bit of scum washed up on its shore. Thugs and gunmen and opium pedlers alike took refuge there. For the Coast was called Diamond Carrie's precinct, and it was whispered that Diamond Carrie was well protected by the silent power behind the machine, the Big Boss, Kieran Coogan.

This Coogan was a dark puzzle to Minnie O'Reilly in those green days when she was learning about human nature. For all the newspaper world knew that Coogan was almost classically the bad politician, corrupting and corruptible. And yet——

Coogan had a daughter. It seems that Coogan had been a widower for several years and this daughter—Eileen—had been for the greater part of those years kept in the East in the best schools Coogan could find for her. And finally to put a higher finish on her expensive education, Coogan had sent her to Paris.

The first time Minnie saw Diamond Carrie after the funeral of the English Lily, that remarkable woman was strolling in splendor through the lobby of the largest hotel in the city. Minnie impulsively started up to speak to her, but Diamond Carrie turned away her head. The next day Minnie received a note, well written and spelled correctly:

"Better not speak to me in public. Someone might see you and not understand.

Carrie"



But they were not entirely without communication. Twice in the next few years Carrie sent word to Minnie O'Reilly that she needed her help. Each time it was about a girl Carrie wanted taken home to her parents.

At each visit Minnie O'Reilly noted that the necklace had grown longer. On the occasion of the second, she saw that Carrie could now loop it twice around her throat. But Carrie herself was growing no younger. In fact, on the second occasion Minnie O'Reilly thought that it was rather ghastly, the contrast between the haunted eyes and the flaming life of the stones. She noticed, also, the grayness of the woman's skin where it had been carelessly powdered below the paint on her cheekbones. Later she spoke to Larry Black about these signs.

"Do you think she's ill, Larry?"

"Oh, no! But she's probably worried. Sees the handwriting on the wall, maybe."

"What handwriting?"

"Coogan's." Larry Black grinned. "I've got it straight that he's going to clean up the Coast. Coogan's as shrewd as the Devil. He can scent a change in the public patience further than any other politician in the State. I'll bet you a new hat Coogan's getting ready to be a model citizen."

"You mean that in that case—off goes Carrie's head?"

"Sure! And probably no one knows it better than Carrie."

Within the next year this prophecy had begun to make good. But long before the general public had become restive and ready to turn over in its sleep, Kieran Coogan was beginning to whitewash himself. By the time reform had become the cry of the day, Coogan had persuaded all but those with the longest memories that it was he who had originated reform. He worked as he had never worked before, for he was approaching the high peak of his career. He had always been the power under cover, but now he was out avowedly for honors. Patiently, carefully he reconstructed himself. The many speeches he hired written for himself were models of high-minded disinterestedness in the cause of what he always spoke of as "our fair city."

Then Coogan's daughter came home from abroad. The next step in Coogan's progress was a social sensation. Eileen Coogan was rumored to have made a conquest of John Da Silva, whom

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¶ *"Good morning," Minnie O'Reilly said. "I have come to be a reporter, please. I have always thought I should like the life." "My Gawd!" murmured Larry Black.*

she had met at the American Embassy in Paris.

Old Madam Da Silva, whose social scepter had been potent for many years, gave a dance for Eileen, and two weeks later Eileen's engagement to John Da Silva was announced.

Larry Black threw up his arms at this announcement. "The dice are certainly loaded for Coogan!" he exclaimed. "The whole Da Silva tribe will now help with the whitewashing. How do you suppose the girl ever did it?"

"Because she's the loveliest thing you ever saw," sighed Minnie O'Reilly. She had a weakness for lovers. And she had that very day caught sight of a luncheon party at the Palace Hotel—an informal but evidently highly important party consisting of Eileen Coogan and John Da Silva. The third member was Coogan himself.

Young Da Silva with his fine, high-bred face and a flame in his eyes whenever they turned to Eileen, as they constantly did; Coogan looking as if he had been turned out by his Maker in a hasty moment with a blunt tool, red-faced, heavy shouldered, cautious eyes turning constantly from the girl to the young man; and Eileen, radiant between the two of them.

Once as Coogan was talking across the table to Da Silva, Minnie O'Reilly saw Eileen slip her hand into Coogan's and Coogan's blunt fingers close over it. She saw Coogan lose the thread of what he was saying, stop and stare for an instant at the small white hand against his coarse palm. There was in that instant a sort of hush in his face, a softening of the hard and greedy lines, as if a rudimentary soul had turned in its sleep.

It was about this time that the news filtered through to the city room that Diamond Carrie had closed up her house and left the city. Under Coogan's ruthless hunting the Barbary Coast had become, for the time being, a desolate strand strewn with the wrecks and derelicts that had not been able to make some safer harbor when the storm broke.

"Well, that's the end of that," thought Minnie O'Reilly. "Now I'll never get that story she promised me."

But one evening a boy piloted across the city room an old Chinaman, who pulled out of his sleeve a note for her. Even as she slit it open she was listening absently to the hubbub around Larry Black's desk, where rumors were coming in fast that Kieran Coogan would receive the nomination for Mayor. She held the note under her desk light and read:

"Miss O'Reilly:

You remember that piece of news I promised you? And you said when I sent for you, you would come? Well, you come right

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away as soon as you get this. Come to my house. Don't fail to come. Carrie

P. S. Better bring someone with you"

Minnie O'Reilly felt a strange thrill go through her. There was not the slightest doubt in her mind that this meant adventure. She went over to Black's desk, and as the others turned away to their work she spread the note out before him.

"Can you spare someone to go up there with me?" she asked.

Black read the note carefully. Minnie could see he was instantly interested.

"Darned queer, this. I'll take you up there myself."

There was a heavy fog that night drifting in from the Bay. The street lamps were yellow blurs and the streets half empty. They rounded a corner and diagonally opposite them was the high narrow house of sinister fame. It was dark from basement to attic. They stopped across the street and surveyed it.

"That's certainly the house," said Black. "But it's shut up tight. I guess we've been done, Minnie."

They crossed the street and rang a bell. They could hear it echoing as if far off in an empty room.

Then Black tried the door. To the surprise of both of them it proved to be unlocked. Black stepped inside and called: "Anybody here?"

His voice echoed hollowly and under their feet they felt the boards of a bare floor. Black struck a match and held it above his head. "Thunder! The place is empty. Not a stick in it!"

"But she told me she would send for me," persisted Minnie, "and she has. Perhaps she's upstairs and doesn't hear. Suppose you call."

Black lifted his voice; "Carrie! Are you there?"

"Tell her it's Minnie O'Reilly," she whispered.

But in that dark silence Black seemed to find it hard to raise his voice again. He shook his head muttering that it was darned funny. Minnie O'Reilly felt her way to the foot of the stairs. She did not know what it was that made her persist. Some memory, perhaps, of the urgency in that strange woman's eyes when she said: "When I send for you, you will come?"

"There is certainly a faint light up there." Minnie whispered. "If she is in that room on the second floor she wouldn't hear the bell. Let's go up."

They felt their way up the stairs. As they neared the top they could see light falling through an open door. In front of this door they hesitated and looked in.

There was no light in the room, but through an inner door which was open a few inches, yellow gaslight streamed. It illuminated half of the room, a partly dismantled sitting-room. Black coughed. No other sound. They both stood still, looking at the tall thin bar of light from the inner room. Minnie O'Reilly felt her eyes distending, for the conviction had come to her that someone waited for them beyond that half-open door.

"Why doesn't she answer?" she whispered nervously.

"Well!" Black's voice was oddly loud, "I'll have a look in there. I'm about tired of this!"

He strode to the door, flung it open. Minnie O'Reilly saw him start back, and then stand with his hand rigidly clamped to the door-knob.

"What is it?" Minnie whispered, starting across the floor.

"Don't look! Go back!" he exclaimed.

But Minnie O'Reilly's curiosity carried her to the threshold. She saw Black's back as he knelt over a huddle of garish silk, purple silk with wistaria and golden butterflies rioting over it. And she saw that over his arm there hung a limp hand. Beside his knee on the floor lay a revolver.

"Shot herself," said Black. "Go away, I tell you!"

But Minnie O'Reilly with a quivering "Oh!" ran around him and knelt at the head of Diamond Carrie.



Coogan looked as if he had been turned out by his Maker in a hasty moment with a blunt tool.

Black lowered the dead woman's body to the floor, where it fell into a huddle of purple silk and wistaria and golden butterflies. Then he took Minnie's arm and drew her into the other room. There was a gas jet above the center table and he lighted it. He then closed the door to the inner room.

When he turned around, he found Minnie O'Reilly hanging over the table. The stark light from the gas jet fell straight down upon a long envelope and a small oblong package wrapped and tied.

"It's for me!" whispered Minnie, holding up the envelope.

"That's the story she had for you!"

Minnie O'Reilly tore open the envelope quickly and took out a legal looking document. Folded inside it was a half sheet of notepaper. She handed the document to Black and began to read the note aloud:

"I told you I would have a piece of news for you and the time has come now. In half an hour I will be dead. But I am leaving you my last will and testament. Have them print it in the paper tomorrow. When you have done that I will be even with Kieran Coogan. I hate men, but of them all I hate Coogan most.

Caroline M. Brentford"

"WHEW! Didn't I tell you there was something back of this! This other document must be her will." Black's eyes were gleaming.

"Wait, there's a postscript," interrupted Minnie O'Reilly.

Then suddenly she stopped, for she saw that the first words of the postscript were: "Keep this part to yourself."

Her eyes darted ahead to read the rest; she looked up at Black, saw that he was hanging over the legal looking document and had not heard her exclamation; and quickly, with a puzzled and excited expression in her face, she crushed the note in her hand.

"My heavenly day!" Black was exclaiming. "This is her will all right—but what a will! Read this, Minnie."

Black held the paper up to the light. Minnie looked over his shoulder. The first part was the usual printed will form. Then under their startled eyes, words, smooth with hate and irony, leaped out from the page in a firm black handwriting:

"I, Caroline M. Brentford, being of sound and disposing mind and memory . . . do make, publish and declare this my last will and testament in the manner following: I give and devise all the property I die possessed of, to wit, one necklace, to my valued friend, Kieran Coogan, in token of all he has done for me, as follows:

First, in memory of the time when I was seventeen and left a good home for him.

Second, to repay him for starting me in business.

Third, to thank him for his protection. In the fall of——he got Honest Tim Kelsey demoted, though he was the first policeman in the precinct that did not hold us up for graft. I had to pay Coogan $6000 for this valuable service. Also he fixed the Wayne Committee the time they got after us. If anyone doubts this, Lucy Marsh, now of 21 Alvarado Street, will remember going with me at two o'clock the morning of April 11th. ——to Coogan's office back of Henty's saloon, where I paid $3,000 over to Coogan, and saw him peel off two five-hundred-dollar bills and pass the rest to Wayne.

Fourth, to show that I have no hard feelings, though Coogan sold us all out to put himself right, I desire to contribute toward his campaign fund when he runs for Mayor.

Finally, I want to say that I freely give and devise to him this token of my esteem, for I am not too proud to acknowledge that if it had not been for Coogan I would not be what I am today. May he make the best of this, my blessing."

The heavy silence of the room was like a heartbeat in their ears as they stared at each other.

"My God! Talk about revenge!" whispered Black.

Minnie O'Reilly said nothing. Her eyes were fixed on the closed door to the inner room. It seemed to her that a vapor like a poisonous gas was in the air, stifling her. Hate. It must have been accumulating in that woman's breast year after year

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It was rather ghastly, Minnie O'Reilly thought, the contrast between the haunted eyes and the flaming life of the stones in the necklace that Diamond Carrie always wore.

Each time she added one of those venomous stones to the necklace, her hate and her crouching triumph must have fed themselves full. And she had waited for her revenge until exactly the right instant, until Coogan's big moment was dawning.

"By heaven, this will be his finish!" Larry Black muttered. "What a story! The biggest scoop in years! I suppose this is the necklace!"

With a crackling that scraped their nerves in that still room, Black unwrapped the box, and held up to the light the well-known necklace. "We'll have these photographed for the story on the front page. Look, Minnie—two, four, six, eight——"

But Minnie O'Reilly could not look at them. For there had come to her in a flash of unbearable vision the years back of these cruel stones—betrayal, lust and greed, the wrecks of lives, death.

"The Chief's been trying for years to get something good on Coogan," Larry Black was exclaiming. "Now he's got it good and plenty! Which is the nearest police station? If that telephone——"

But Minnie O'Reilly unexpectedly threw out one hand. "No!"

"What's the matter?"

"Coogan's daughter! You haven't thought what this will do to her, Larry."

"Why, no! That's none of our business. Too bad, but——"

"It will ruin her life. It will come down upon her like Fate. She's very proud. The Da Silvas will fight her, and she'll give up John Da Silva. Oh, Larry, she looked so happy that day! She'll never be happy again. This thing will——"

Black made a wild gesture of exasperation and nervousness. "Listen here, Minnie—we can't do anything about it. This thing here is a will. It will have to be recorded, no matter what we think of it. And when that happens it will be accessible to every paper in town. And we'll have missed a smashing scoop. Do you understand that?"

Minnie O'Reilly's small heart-shaped Irish face was white. She could not have explained what it was that prodded and drove her to this defense of a girl whom she barely knew. But it seemed to her as if something outside her own will and powers of reason spoke through her lips. A superstitious thought swept her like a chill breeze. Suppose the tormented soul of Diamond Carrie could not go on because it saw what it had done? Suppose it could look ahead and see Coogan's daughter crushed for something she was in no way to blame for? And in this room, close with a long fever of hatred, suppose it hovered, beseeching her to be its voice?

Minnie O'Reilly threw a glance of terror at the closed door.

"We could destroy that will," she whispered.

They stared at each other. Minnie's eyes were enormous and audacious. Black's had narrowed and they shone brilliantly as his thoughts raced.

Neither of them was quite capable of considering the abstract right and wrong of the situation, any more than he or she could coolly consider the legal aspects of what Minnie suggested. Minnie O'Reilly was under the stress of an urgency which she

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could neither understand nor explain; Black's mind was afire with many possibilities. And there was the necessity of deciding quickly what they were to do and getting out of that sinister house before someone found them there.

When Minnie first made her reckless suggestion that they destroy the will, Black rejected it instantly. He saw the extraordinary document as a cudgel that with unbelievable good fortune had dropped into his hand. The one thing his paper wanted—the political extinction of Coogan—was there, within his grasp. How best to make sure of it? But if the will was printed tomorrow, Coogan would fight as a man fights only when his back is to the wall. And who could predict how the public would react? Coogan could claim martyrdom—and he might get away with it. He might then turn around and accuse the Star of transgressing the law in making public a document before it had a legal right to do so.

On the other hand—Black was now padding around the room, his hands nervously clasping and unclasping behind him—suppose there was a way of using this cudgel so that Coogan would not want to fight? A way that would eliminate the risk of trying the case before the public.

"I could try it," breathed Black, "I wouldn't lose anything by trying—Minnie, see if that telephone is connected. Get Coogan at headquarters—he'd probably be there waiting for his nomination to be announced."

"What are you going to do?"

"Going to get him up here and give him the third degree," Black grinned. "You get him on the wire and I'll talk."

A MOMENT later he was hanging up the receiver with a smile of triumph. "He's coming! I'll go down and let him in."

Minnie O'Reilly waited at the head of the stairs until she heard a low rapping at the front door. The necklace lay under the yellow gaslight, twinkling maliciously. She touched it with the tip of her finger frowning down at it. Something she had to do, something the necklace had reminded her of—what? Then she came back into the room. The footsteps had reached the top of the stairs; she heard Coogan:

"What'd you get me up here for? No time for a joke, Black."

For his answer Black crossed the room and opened the inner door. Coogan, puzzled and plainly suspicious, his heavy shoulders hunched in his shaggy overcoat, looked over his shoulder. Minnie saw him start back. Then he stepped across the threshold and Black followed him.

Minnie O'Reilly instantly turned her back, and standing at the table she smoothed out the note she had been carrying crumpled against her palm. Then very quickly and deftly she folded it over the edge of the table and tore off the postscript, which she folded to a tiny scrap and tucked into her belt.

Coogan came back into the sitting-room, his head lowered and his eyes gleaming as they went from one to the other of them.

"How'd you two hear of this?" he snapped.

"Show him the note the Chinaman brought you, Minnie."

When he read it he made no comment save a grunt of suspicion.

"There's a document here that concerns you, Coogan," said Black. "It was left in care of Miss O'Reilly. I'll read it aloud."

"Go ahead," said Coogan.

And Black began to read. The formal opening he ran over quickly, but when he came to

> "I give and devise all of the property I die possessed of, to wit, one necklace, to my valued friend, Kieran Coogan. . . ."

his low voice dropped the words slowly one by one into the stillness of the room.

Coogan lifted his head with an effort. In the gaslight his face showed a curious mottling of purple-red and yellowish-gray. "It's a damned frame-up"—his voice was hoarse. "She told me she'd get me if I closed up on her!"

"It's a genuine will, signed before witnesses."

"Witnesses?" Coogan started. "Let me look at it."

BLACK, still with his hand on the paper, spread it out on the table. Coogan bent over it, his thick hands clutching the edge of the table. He remained a long time in this position. When he straightened up he had evidently decided on his attitude.

"Well, Larry, this is interesting, but it will hardly hold water. You can't take it seriously considering what the woman was. No lawyer ever drew this up. And who are those witnesses?—scum o' the earth. No, no, my boy, you can't bluff me with that piece of paper."

"This piece of paper will be probated, however," Black was imperturbable. "Maybe you'd like to know what Carrie wanted done with it first. Minnie, where's that note that came with the will?"

Minnie O'Reilly came forward from the shadow near the door where she had been standing, listening and looking from one to the other with a curious little smile on her lips, as if she had a card up her sleeve which she awaited her turn to play. She handed the crumpled note to Coogan.

"So that's the game, is it?" he snarled. "You're goin' to print this, are you?"

"Tomorrow morning it will be on all the breakfast tables." Black smiled. "Unless——"

"Unless I grease your palm, is that it?"

"Rats, Coogan! Don't be a fool! You know that isn't what I'm after."

"What do you want, then?'

Black struck the table a smart blow with his clenched fist, and his voice snapped: "Just this: you'll write a letter to the Star at my dictation, refusing the nomination for Mayor. Then you'll leave this State within one week—for good. You can fix it up with your gang anyhow you like. But you're out of politics in this State for the rest of your life. Get that?"

"And what if I tell you to go to Hell?"

"Then you're done for, Coogan. In two hours from now that will be in print. Can't you hear the roar that will go up from this town tomorrow?"

Coogan waved his heavy arms above his head. "Go ahead! Go ahead!" he roared. "Do you suppose I'm afraid of a slanderous attack by—that? I cleaned up the Coast and she said she'd get me. There's my answer. It's what I get for trying to make a clean town."

Black reached out and began to fold up the will. "All right, Coogan. We've given you a chance at your life. I don't care a damn what becomes of you, but I feel sorry for your daughter."

"Keep her out o' this!"

"That's what we tried to do, Coogan. I understand she's a fine girl. Probably believes in you, too. I hear she was engaged to John Da Silva."

THE PAST tense seemed to sting Coogan as nothing else had done. He glared wildly at Black for an instant, trying to speak. Then a stream of vituperation gushed out of him, ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and Coogan stood still, holding to the back of a chair. His large head hanging, moving from side to side. He reminded Minnie O'Reilly of a sick bear. A long time he stood there, thinking. He crossed the room once, as if to look out of the window, stopped before he had reached it, turned around and flung out a hand in a gesture of surrender.

"D'you say you wanted me to write a letter?"

Black instantly felt in his pocket for pencil and paper. Coogan drew a chair slowly toward the table. He put out a hand toward the will. "If I write this letter, you'll destroy that thing?"

"Oh, no!" Black smiled. "That goes in a sealed envelope in the office safe. You know my word, Coogan. As long as you keep out of the State, nobody will know there ever was a will."

A touch of grim humor showed in Coogan's wry smile. "I guess you two'll keep quiet, seein' you'll have to, to save your own selves."

Then he bent over the sheet of paper Black pushed toward him, and Black began to dictate. Mr. Coogan regretted that he would be obliged to withdraw his name as a candidate for nomination. He appreciated the honor showed him, but ill health would necessitate his leaving for an Eastern sanitarium within a few days, and so on. Coogan signed his name and laid down the pencil. He looked up at Black with bloodshot eyes.

"Y'understand I ain't doin' that for myself, but for my daughter," he muttered.

Then he stood up, started to walk around the table toward the door. But just as he was turning away from the table he stopped, made an indescribable sound, and snatched up the necklace. "Huh! I'll have somethin' to pay the doctors' bills with anyway!" And his thick rapacious fingers thrust the stones into his pocket.

Black started forward involuntarily, but, "They're his!" whispered Minnie O'Reilly. Coogan without another glance went out of the door.

Black shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose so. I'll go down and let him out. Put that will in your pocket, Minnie, and get the police station on the 'phone."

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They both stood looking at the bar of light from the inner room. Minnie O'Reilly felt her eyes distending, for the conviction had come to her that someone waited for them beyond that half-open door.

Minnie O'Reilly stood in the middle of the room listening to the retreating footsteps. And she began to shiver with a queer excitement. The air in the room seemed thick and urgent. Urgent with something someone was expecting her to do.

Suddenly she found herself moving across the room toward the fireplace, and as she went she swept the will up from the table. She knelt in front of the fire.

"Burn up, hate!" she whispered fiercely, tearing the paper into strips, pressing them down upon the coals. "She was sorry—afterwards—when it was too late, I know."

The paper caught, flamed up, and the room became almost happy. Minnie O'Reilly sprang to her feet. She faced the closed door to the inner room. "There!" she whispered. "Now you can go on. You're free."

As Black reëntered the room Minnie O'Reilly was bent over the fireplace feeding into the fire the box in which the necklace had rested.

"Good idea," said Black, adding the wrapping paper to the blaze. "Destroy the evidence. I suppose we'll be accused of stealing Carrie's diamonds, but the only thing that grinds me is the thought of Coogan's getting them. Must be worth a good many thousand, those rocks."

"Don't feel too badly," said Minnie O'Reilly. She reached into the pocket of her coat and held out to him a slip of paper badly crumpled. He held it under the light and read:

"*P. S.*

My sister's got four kids. My diamonds are on the way to them. These are good enough for Coogan, because they're like him—phony."

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¶ The row about Jews in colleges is at its height. Mr. Gleason speaks the liberal faith. What of other countries? Next month Frazier Hunt tells the sad fate of the Jewish student abroad

JEWS IN AMERICAN COLLEGES

By Arthur Gleason

Illustration by Henry Raleigh

FROM our hill of the well-born at Willard Place, Hudson, we used to shy clam-shells on the heads of the Micks, Irish Roman Catholic boys in the valley. One day we cut open the scalp of a very little boy, and the warfare ceased. But grown folk are stimulated, not scared, by bloodshed, and the healing of race-hate will never come by doing a public injury to a minority group.

There can be no public official discrimination against Jews.

For the case in brief summary, I give what Judge Hand said to me in conversation. (Learned Hand is a Harvard graduate of the class of 1893, and is United States District Judge.) He said:

"There are two ways to look at it, the college's and the nation's, and from either the cost of discrimination is higher than the gain. First the college; you cannot exclude Jews except by implication that they are in fact socially inferior and that this should be affirmed and acted on; or if not, that the Christian boy's erroneous brief of it, may be countenanced. Very few would affirm the first; we may pass it.

"The second is a problem in education; when will you begin to disabuse him? Should his prejudice receive, if not approval, at least the tolerance of that institution from which he will receive his social impress in his formative years? Or should he learn that in a company of teachers and student irrational atavisms are not in good standing?

In nineteen of the leading colleges, ther is a total increase of twenty-eight Jews in the entering classes of the present year over last year. Round these twenty-eight Jews in a community of one hundred million people, the nation-wide discussion rages. Approximate figures for the present year of undergraduate Jews in colleges have been gathered by the Jewish fraternity, Zeta Beta Tau. Accuracy is impossible. These guesses are that the University of Pennsylvania has about 2,300 Jews; the College of the City of New York 1,950; Harvard, Cornell and Syracuse, each, 500; Chicago, 350; Southern California, 300; Yale, 275; Illinois, 250; New York University (the "Heights," only), 180; Brooklyn Polytechnic, 155.

Those are the places where about 8,000 Jewish students go. For the whole United States it is a liberal estimate to say there are 20,000 Jewish students.

"Next of the nation; if one will draw race lines, either they must exclude races from entry, or the race discriminated against must in fact acquiesce.

"Anything else inevitably tears open the nation as a community. It lives so far as it realizes common purposes; how can these be conceived among the distraction of archaic crowd passions? If manners or morals seem to offend, ostracism will not mend them. Nothing but contact and understanding can do that. Even if it were to save a college, the effort would be fruitless, for the college would go down with the community."

PEOPLE cannot be assimilated by clam-shells nor the Ku Klux Klan nor percentages. True assimilation can only take place by participating in a national culture: a common mind working on large aspirations. The economic steam-roller and the melting pot are not enough.

By a national culture, we mean a stream of ideas playing through public concerns and private interpretations. We mean a politics that is something more than a seesaw of personalities; a labor group that looks beyond wages and hours; a science that is pure research.

We mean the kind of diffused intelligence that once built the cathedrals, and now creates a coöperative movement of peasants and workers. We mean the Germany that was founded on Faust, the France that built itself on imaginative masterpieces, and the England that grew out of great verse and a famous theater.

We have hardly the beginnings of a national culture. It may take ten generations to mature it. But ten youths, vowed to poverty, could start it. And it would be Americanization work, winning aliens to the only unity which endures. Political democracy is not enough. Economic democracy is not enough. There must be democracy in the life of the spirit. This means precisely the toleration of differences, because the human spirit is lively and various and will not conform.

This is hard doctrine for the Booster American. His idea is that aliens should plunge into the general population and emerge as the clean-cut standardized stock. He has never outgrown his tradition of the early settlement and village where all was friendly in a personal way. He practices the terrible gift of familiarity. But the time has come to lose the intimacy of the village and gain the freedom of the city.

IT IS THE Jews who have revealed our infirmity. They have put America to a new test. Against the colored races, discrimination is an accepted American policy. But no other large white group has ever before claimed the right to remain distinct and recognizably different. It is a bold and a brave claim. Can democracy stand the strain?

The only considerable increases in reported entering classes are:

	1921	1922
Illinois	60	90
Syracuse	125	160

As to admission of Jewish students, three colleges are stated to show discrimination. Two of these use "psychological" and "personality" tests. In two of these three colleges it is believed that the entrance requirements are so framed as to restrict the percentage of Jews to thirty-three and one-third. In the third college, the percentage norm is not known.

The Jews in twelve colleges report there is no tendency to exclude Jews from competing for honors in athletics, debating and literary work. In two colleges there is opposition. In one there is opposition only in the matter of student publications. Two others report "slightly" and "perhaps." In one college Jews refrain from competing for honors for fear of arousing latent antagonism.

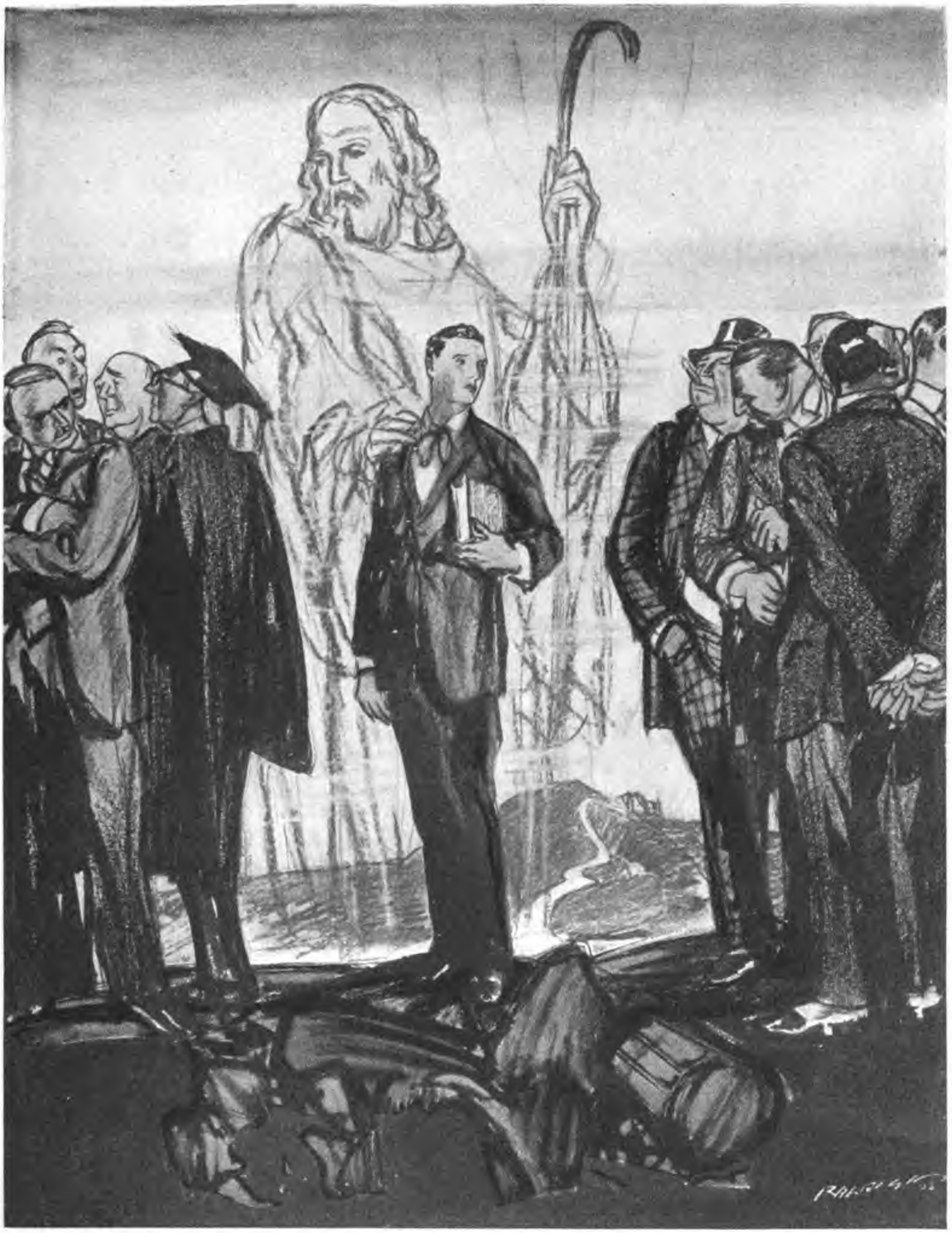
The summary is this: In the matter of participation in student activities, and recognition by the student body, the situation grows slowly better.

Ever since the Jew became dispersed among the nations, long before they lost their homeland, they have participated in the cultures of their adopted countries. Their group, dispersed over the earth, was continually in contact with all cultures. So it received a series of mental impacts, and always lived at the crisis point. The Jews entered into the cultural life of ancient Hellenistic Alexandria, of medieval Moorish Spain, of modern Germany and England, no matter what the chosen land, if only there was a rich flow of ideas. He threw himself into midstream and rode the current. Success in business has never contented him. Only in the meeting of minds is his union complete with another race. Only so is the community formed.

Jews have the knack of assimilation. In suffering they have learned it. But the best of them demand excellence before they forget Jerusalem. Failing of that, the Jew will fall back on himself and revive ancient dreams.

He will turn his face to the East, several times daily, and see a Jewish nation once again under the Syrian stars. He will hide himself in the synagogue, or plan Utopias. In this he seeks compensation for the unfulfilled promise of America. He finds here a vast territory with immunities, comforts and

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Booster Americans think that aliens should plunge into the general population and emerge as the clean-cut standardized stock. This is the idea of those whose conception of Americanism is rigid, narrow, and one-sided.

opportunity. But it is not a spiritual home. The human soul does not prosper in our air.

If the assimilation of the Jew remains incomplete, it is the Americanizers who have failed. Give the Jews politics with meaning, a labor movement with ideas, a literature with depth.

If some few men, here and there, should begin to lead a creative life, not only would the Jew be drawn in, but the rest of us would find ourselves. The old stock for eight or nine generations has been living on the literature and in the institutions of another people. No element is less assimilated to a new-born culture than the Anglo-Americans. No one has at all told us the direction of our going nor the meaning of the journey. We too need to be made Americans.

The Jews are not the only orphans in this new world. Some of the Old Timers, also, have had their frustrated hopes. They have found it possible to love their country in all loyalty and yet never to be wholly at home. Their citizenship is incomplete until the good community arises. There are exclusions in American colleges for all the nonathletic and the shy, and conformity is decreed for all the sons of men, and not alone for Abraham's children. The reading man, the scholar, partakes of the same quality of loneliness, whether he comes from the Ghetto or from a New England farm.

I can remember back through thirty years to the little fellow who stood with the prep school crowd as it cheered its football team advancing up the field. He was thrilled by the heroes, and full to brimming with loyalty for team and school. He was so excited he was speechless, and failed to cheer at the organized moments. The big cheer leader stepped up to him all unawares, and struck him full on the chest, saying, "Cheer, you little devil, cheer." And that little boy was never again able to lose himself in the dream of his victorious school.

Now this is what we do to the Jew. We strike him when he is loyal, because we feel a difference. [*Continued on page 149*]

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HAPGOOD *Goes Abroad*

Editor of HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL Wants to Know for *Himself*

TO OUR READERS:

¶ I am going to be unconventionally frank with you. I am going to tell you more about what is making a success of this magazine, and what is not doing its share toward success, than editors usually tell their readers.

¶ Our illustrations have jumped forward miraculously. We stand alone today in the high pleasure given by the magazine's appearance.

¶ Our fiction, always striking, is rapidly becoming even better. There is no doubt about its being able to carry out the mission of the magazine, which is to combine entertainment with stimulation of the higher faculties and higher interests.

¶ Our articles on public affairs in this country have been a sensational success. Whether Henry Ford's Jew-Mania, the Life of Henry Ford, the De Kruif series on Medicine, the Ku Klux Klan, the Jews in Colleges, or the Dope investigation, the success has been immediate, and on a big scale. We have become known as a magazine that does not write about tiresome subjects, and does not sit in the office and guess, *but picks subjects that people really care about, and then goes out and lifts the curtain,* so that the reader sees the actual facts in all their drama.

¶ We are an American magazine, but we are also a magazine that sees this country as part of the world. In other words, we are an international magazine. Our articles from abroad have been extremely good. I think they are better than those in any other magazine that I read. Nevertheless, *they have not had quite the thrill by which are marked the articles dealing with American conditions.* I am going abroad, then, for the following reasons:

¶ *1. To make our representatives and as many of our contributors as possible on the other side realize more keenly what it is that is causing the almost theatrical success of the magazine, and try to deal with European subjects in a manner that will enable the foreign articles to have a greater share in its success.*

¶ *2. To visualize for myself more graphically the big situations. I am pretty well soaked in Europe, from many years experience, but things change rapidly.* I want to see Moscow and Petrograd and the little villages of Russia for myself. *I want to talk not only with the Communists but with the peasants in their cottages. When I get back I don't want to have to depend even on the best information given by others. I want to see all the information of other people in connection with what I have seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears.*

¶ *3. Civilization is threatened by what France is doing in Germany. I shall go both to France and to Germany.* While in Germany I shall go to the Ruhr. *I want to know everything that can be learned about the state of Germany, industrial, financial, political, social. I want to see what forces there are in France that may before long introduce a wiser policy.*

¶ *4. It is possible also that in these countries I may hear of writers of novels and short stories who have a great deal to say but who have not yet become known on this side of the water.*

¶ *5. Many of our best writers are in England, and I shall have much work to do there.*

¶ *6. If time permits, I shall get into southeast Europe and into Italy, but the tour will have to depend on what happens.*

¶ The reader now knows all that I could tell my most intimate friend about the trip. He knows all that I know myself. It is easy to sum up: the magazine has struck the highest possible speed in American affairs: it has struck a good speed in European affairs, but a good speed is not enough: in every department of our work *nothing is good except the best.*

Norman Hapgood

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Why is it that a girl often has to meet the great test of her life utterly alone?

SONGS My MOTHER Taught Me

By Louise Dutton

Illustrations by Arthur I. Keller

"HERE'S your lady," the nurse said, and dumped a gray flannel bundle on the bed beside her.

Nita pushed out a thin arm from the tight drawn hospital covers and rolled it close to her. Blind lips crossed her breast once, twice, found their place and clung; blue, blind eyes that could not see her yet opened and looked at her. They closed and Nita's hot eyes closed too.

"Twenty minutes, and then we can rest together before they take you away," she whispered, but she was resting already, resting as she could rest only with the gray bundle beside her.

"I shall never be happy again," she thought, "either with you or without you."

This was her child.

Her child and Barry Shannon's, the child that they did not want. Her child, for Barry did not count. Her marriage to him did not count. It was a happy accident, a gay adventure.

"Shall we try it together?" Barry's light voice asked, with the singing thrill in it, that seemed to mean so much and meant nothing. "For keeps? You're a sport. I'm not, but I'd stick to you. Are—are you game, Nita—Juanita?"

"When?" she asked idly.

"Now. Today. Grab a taxi and just make the license bureau before it closes. If we don't do it now, we shall never do it."

So they did it. Went out from the sizzling heat of a backyard tearoom garden into the dizzy heat of a New York June day and married each other, and dined on the Ritz roof that night. Barry paid the check but she bought the wedding ring. She had been his wife for a year. One studio instead of two, Barry working in a beautiful, jade-green smock, at beautiful, starlit landscapes, while her fashion drawings, which paid the rent, were crowded into the smallest bedroom of the apartment, where she could smudge her nose and tumble her hair in peace. Barry, flirting with the flapper of the hour at parties, but petting her when they came home, heating her milk, putting on her slippers. Barry, warming her long-dead heart into something that was almost life at the gipsy fires he could kindle with his light touch, his singing voice, his blue Irish eyes.

SHE WAS afraid to tell him about the child. At last she told him and he left her, got gracefully drunk, then came back and was kind to her, always kind but he would not talk of the child or plan for it, or look at the pile of queer little clothes in the Spanish chest.

Nita could not look at them much. There was no time for it, no time for anything, no time to be afraid or happy, no time for the thing called mother love to wake up in her heart. She worked, that was all, worked and hurried, always hurried. She

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came to the hospital late at night, straight from a studio party; there were claret stains on her gown and ink stains on her fingers. At dawn, at last, somehow, her baby was here.

Those hours before the dawn were long, pain-racked hours but the pain was not what they had told her; not a new pain, transfiguring, torturing, changing the world. It was only pain. She could bear pain, had borne it before. But your soul left the body. Your naked soul, stripped of pretense and dreams. It hung somewhere between life and death, between Earth and Heaven, and would not come back to you.

NITA was getting well. She wore her pretty, flimsy pink peignoir over the hospital nightgown, her dark hair in soft, loose coils, released from the tight hospital braids. She was alive to her thin, restless fingertips with her own strength again, and her soul was coming back. It came slowly, with moments, flashes of clear vision, and in those moments Nita had to think. Think one thing over and over, so hard that it hurt.

What was she going to do for this child, her child?

Work for it, yes. Buy it the things that had graced her own babyhood in the faraway little town where she was a princess in her own right, a Roth; fine lace and sheer linen.

Love it; she could perhaps after her soul came back. Make Barry love it, fit it gracefully into their graceful, careless life. Show it at tea parties, very small and white in a fat black nurse's arms; at dinner parties, making a round of good-nights in a rosy bathrobe, with a French Madame in the background, before the cocktails came in. Give it the city, green parks and wide, outlying spaces—she could manage a car next year, if she drove it herself. Give it friends, her friends, men and women with famous names, who had crowded this little room with flowers. Give it a pretty name, the name of its birth month, June.

But all this and more some other mother could do for it, some pleasant, bourgeois mother, with a home, a real one, on a shaded village street, and a husband who paid the bills. And this baby had not come to such a mother. It had come to her, Nita Roth, Nita Shannon. It wanted what she could give it and nobody else could.

"My dear, my little girl, my baby," she whispered shyly—love-words had always come hard to Nita Roth—"why are you mine? Why did you come to me?"

The warm bundle lay quiet against her, awake, alive, only where the round, red mouth touched her breast. The answer to her question was not there. Nita knew where it was; somewhere in her own life. She had lived it bravely and fast, a book read a page at a time with no turning back to look at forgotten pages, but she must look back now and find something to give her child. Some bit of wisdom or courage or sweetness; some hour, some high moment of which she was honestly proud. Something that was herself.

Something—it must be there. But her life was a little life, all of it, and she was twenty-nine years old. A little New York life, like other little lives. There was some success in it, some love, some pain, other men and Barry. Her first hundred-dollar check, her first model gown, her first studio party, her first kiss. Pictures and then more pictures came to her all at once but they were all little pictures better forgotten. Some of them hurt her to look at. They hurt too much, but they would not stop coming. A picture was coming now and a pain at her heart, a sudden, stabbing pain, told her what picture it would be.

Nita Shannon, Nita Roth, pressed a hand against her hot eyes and did not know that she spoke out loud.

"Maurice——" she said.

Maurice Guthrie was singing Nita's song.

Nita, cross-legged on the divan in the far corner, mended his glove intently and would not meet his eyes. Rose-shaded light softened his dark, brooding face. Maurice laughed at her rose-colored shades, her chintz, her bits of carefully polished mahogany here in this garret studio, with Broadway only a block away.

"The Mayflower and the tenderloin," he said to her. "You. Which will win?"

But Maurice was beautiful in that soft falling light, at the old square piano which was there for him. You could not see the worn seams of his dinner jacket, the tired lines of his face, and his brown eyes were gold. How long the lashes were. The song reached her ears tender and low, soft as the rosy light.

"Songs my mother taught me
In the twilight long——"

It was a gipsy song, not a lullaby, Maurice said, but Nita thought of it always as sung to a child. A song of infinite wisdom and tenderness, gathered from wandering the world and whispered again to an unhearing child at a gipsy breast; a wonder song.

Maurice had sung it first straight from a concert platform to her. He saw her face in the corner of her aunt's box before they met. He had

¶ *Crowded into the smallest bedroom of the apartment, Nita could smudge her nose and tumble her hair in peace while she made the fashion drawings that paid the rent.*

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¶ *"Don't love me too much," Maurice whispered. "I am a gipsy, an outlaw. Nita, dear, dearest—I don't want to marry you."*

sung it often in the months since—were they two months only? When they dined at her aunt's and he saw her first in evening dress, her crimson dress. At their picnic place, on the evening they found it, under the stars. There was no moon that night.

But he had never sung it as he was singing now, so softly, with half of his golden voice asleep, while the magic teased and held you and emptied the world of everything but the song and his golden eyes.

Maurice Guthrie was going to ask her to marry him.

It would be her first proposal of marriage yet she knew, had known at dinner, when his silences were so long and the shabby red walls of their favorite table d'hôte grew strange to her eyes. Through the words of her song she heard his name over and over.

"Maurice—Maurice——"

Maurice to be all hers with nothing to fear. She had often been afraid. When she met him with women she did not know, when he did not come for three days, when she waked at night from troubled dreams of him. Maurice just as he was.

She loved all of him, the Broadway veneer and the small town boy underneath it, who was hers. The scent of cheap cigarettes and good French perfume, the purple socks and ties, his sweet, husky voice and the little lies it told, dear to her like a child's. The dark corners of his heart into which she could never look.

You could not come clean handed to the edge of a big success. To stand there life-tired, life-soiled, with your eyes still on the stars, that was greatness, that was Maurice, her Maurice.

Nita tossed the mended glove on the tabouret beside her where his roses were. He bought seconds that faded quickly. She pressed back among the cushions, pulling them close round her and breathed the scent of the roses, heavy and stale but sweet.

"These I teach my children——"

Had she ever really heard it before, her song? It would be alive in the world whispering and laughing when she and Maurice were dead but it was her song now. The music knew how much she loved Maurice. She could never tell him, Nita Roth from New England. It knew more, so much that her heart ached, trying to listen. But it was stopping. The last chord came, lightly touched, insisting, questioning, then silence, a golden silence that was a question too, then the sound of Maurice's chair pushed back. He was rising, coming to her.

"Sing it again," she said, but he did not hear. She did not want him to hear. He was standing close beside her, looking down, not touching her. She heard his breath. It came hard and slowly.

"Nita——" that voice, so strained, so hard, was Maurice's. Maurice was beside her on the divan. His arms reached for her, closed round her—Maurice's arms.

"Is—is it all right?" she whispered.

"It's all right if you love me. We can't go on like this."

"No—no."

"Do you love me?"

His face was close to hers. It was darkly flushed and the golden eyes were half shut. It came closer. His cheek touched her cheek. He kissed her——

Once only. Nita's head slipped to his shoulder. He let it lie there, holding her firmly and lightly.

"You are so sweet—so sweet, I couldn't help it. I—tried. You know that?"

"Yes."

"We're in pretty deep. We've got to face it."

"Yes."

"Nita, you're not a child. Not quite. You know what this means?"

"You—Maurice?"

"Dear?"

"I—I was afraid."

"Don't be afraid. Nita, I'll play the game."

"I'm tired, Maurice."

"Rest."

Voices, her own and Maurice's, talking softly through a dream. Then no voices, only silence. Silence and his arms around

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her. The worn stuff of his coat felt smooth to Nita's cheek. Through the clean scent of wood violets, which was his perfume, she could smell the fading roses, and in her ears, faint as a scent, was a vanishing echo of a song. It whispered and teased like a voice, but she would not hear.

Nita stirred in Maurice's arms. How long had she rested there, a minute, a lifetime? She did not know, but it had been long, too long. There was something wrong with this silence, something wrong with Maurice. But she did not care. Maurice was hers, her own. Awkwardly, eagerly, her hand reached up to his cheek and touched it.

Maurice's hand closed on her groping hand and held it tight but he did not speak. Suddenly she did not want him to speak. She was afraid of what he would say—afraid. She turned her face against his shoulder and hid it.

"That was not your first kiss but it was almost your first kiss, dear? Little Nita. Poor little Nita. Nita, I came tonight to tell you something and I must tell you now."

"No," she breathed. "Oh, not now. Not yet." But Maurice's hands grasped her shoulders, lifted her, held her gently away. Maurice's face was tired and changed and worn.

"I take nothing that is not given. That's my creed, you know. And—I'm not free. I can't get free. You did not know that. Don't love me too much. I am a gipsy, an outlaw." He paused, looking her through with those cold and quiet eyes.

"Nita, dear, dearest—I don't want to marry you."

That was all and he had said it to her—to her. He had said it, but it carried no meaning yet.

"Oh, Maurice—Maurice——"

The words were a prayer, the only prayer she knew. No more words came and no tears. Maurice's arms were trying to comfort her. She pushed them blindly away and slipped down on the cushions, face against them, hands pressed to her eyes.

"I shall not hurry you or hurt you, dear." Maurice was sure of her, very sure.

HIS VOICE seemed to come from far away. She could scarcely hear it. When you were deeply hurt the pain was slow to come. She felt no pain yet—nothing. Only, the cushions were soft to her touch, very warm and Nita was cold. Her body was strange and light, not like her own at all.

"I don't care. You're mine—mine," she tried to say but she could not say it yet.

It was very still in the room. It was too still. If only some sound would come, any sound, street music, a breeze at the window to rustle the curtain and scatter the scent of the roses. They were too sweet. The stillness was like death. Nita Roth was dead in this room and no one would know or care.

Nita turned on the divan and raised her head as if she heard a real sound, though no sound was there. Pain was coming now, great waves of it, but with the pain something else came too. Music, her song and Maurice's, a faint echo that grew stronger, golden and whole as if he were singing still—

"Songs my mother taught me——"

Maurice was far away, lost to her, forgotten already, and she was alone with the music. It came close to her heart, closer. At last it was telling her all it knew. She had only to open her heart and lie still and listen.

There was something warm and kind in it, like comforting arms, something wise and cruel, like a light, a white light that burned your eyes but you could not look away. There was love in it, the ache, the dream, the unrest, the peace. There was life, greater than love. Life going on past pain to rest; a great tide that swept you in and on with it if you did not hold back. Life and love.

There were breaking hearts in it, other hearts and her own. For this music which had been hers and Maurice's held a message that was only for her. It was cruel, hard to believe, hard to bear, but it was not too hard. Soon she could bear it. She could bear it now.

And all the time the music was only a little echo of song, faint in your ears, golden and strong in your heart, dying already. Let it die. She could answer Maurice now. She did not know she had cried, but her eyes were wet. She brushed the tears away and sat up and looked at him.

Maurice did not speak again or move toward her or touch her. He tried to smile, but the lashes drooped over his golden eyes, veiling them from her look. Perhaps he guessed from her face what she meant to say and was sorry and loved her a little. Perhaps—perhaps he would sometimes remember tonight, which she must remember always. Her heart was breaking, she was quite sure of that, but she felt no pain. Something spoke that was not herself, though it spoke with her voice. It was wiser and stronger than she, as strong as life and love.

"Maurice——" it said.

"I sent him away and he never came back to me. And it was all little and foolish and long ago, but it was all I had. All I have ever had. I was weak then, but I was strong too. I was young. You will be a woman. You will be hurt as I was, somewhere, somehow, and then——"

Nita Shannon opened her eyes. The picture was gone, the old studio, so dreadful to her and so dear, the scent of the fading roses. The flowers here were clean and fresh and so was the warm June wind, blowing in a new June day. The night lights showed pale in the hospital corridor and the gray dawn light had grown clear in her little room. This was her baby's early morning feeding. She raised herself on her elbow and looked down at her baby's face.

II

IT HAD slipped from her breast, warm, satisfied, asleep, but the red lips moved, dreaming of her. At the crown of the small, perfect head, the golden down of first hair was wearing away already and there was a tiny bald spot, faintly pink. Very softly she touched it with her lips.

"I love you, my dear, my dear. I will always love you and I will love you then. I will help you and save you and tell you——"

Nita pulled the gray blanket straight and lay back on her pillows, smiling. A soft slippered, heavy step came through the corridor. The night nurse's broad, red face bent over the bed, tired from the night, but kind and capable arms gathered up the gray bundle. Nita's eyes followed it hungrily.

"Ready, Nurse. It was the full twenty minutes. Twenty minutes can be a long time." she said.

"Stop look and listen," the clear, light voice invited. Nita Shannon adjusted a tiny, important hook masked by a gauzy ruffle; rose from her knees and stood back and looked.

They were in the Star's dressing-room, Barry's name for the only corner of the big, rambling apartment that was entirely Nita's. A tiny, airshaft room, crowded with things that had no unity except that they were hers; a chaise-longue, a sewing machine, abundant but ill-assorted cushions, photographs old and new, framed and unframed, a Chinese hat box of red lacquer, her dressing-table with the makeup openly displayed in undecorative jars and boxes, her gowns behind flowered curtains, her long old cloudy mirror. Before it now a girl was standing.

A girl in her first evening gown. She had worn dinner frocks and gay little dance frocks before, but this was a real gown from a house with a name that was known and it cost more than Nita's whole winter wardrobe would cost. It was golden yellow, straight hanging but misty with ruffles; flapper fashions had passed this year when her childhood passed, and the gauzy skirts swept round her gold-sheathed ankles. Her high-piled hair was pale gold and there were flecks of gold in her wide set, gray eyes. She was taller than Nita or Barry. She carried her slender height shyly and proudly. She was a golden girl, a figure too rare, too bright for this small and littered room, but she loved it.

FOR THIS EXQUISITE, alien thing was Nita's daughter, June.

Barry had petted and played with her, taught her French songs and little Spanish dances when she was a rosy, silent jewel-eyed child; Barry and Barry's friends were kind to her now, painting her portrait, making her studio parties, but she was Nita's daughter, all Nita's, the work of her hands and her brain which she looked at tonight and saw that it was good.

June's clothes and the way that she wore them, June's books, old and new, the dear, intimate summers in the south of France, while Barry, alone, got into trouble from which it took most of the winter to rescue him. June's schools, smart schools that drained Nita's savings account and required all the tact she possessed to get June accepted there. June's gaiety, carefully edited, painlessly chaperoned; Barry's circle, Nita's and June's own world of school friends and their cousins and brothers. June had the best of them all. She had been always cared for, always free, and all this was of Nita's choosing. And now in spite of Nita, something which was not of her choosing had come to June. An affair of the heart, her first, and it was with Jerry Van Dorn.

Jeremiah Van Dorn third, Jeremiah Wadsworth Van Dorn, a

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¶ *"I'll walk straight out of the door," said Jerry, "and never come back if you say the word. I'll do anything you ask except——" "Except marry me," June answered. "Is that right, Jerry dear?"*

Van Dorn of the branch that tried to keep out of the social register, not to get in. His social world was a cut above the highest she had hoped to reach for June She could not play June's game in it, or touch it at all, and he was a prince in it. He had money, titled cousins and aunts on the continent and untitled aristocracy here opening their unassailable doors all too wide for him. He had everything and too much of it, far too much for Nita's daughter.

He was only a boy, the last of the Van Dorns, a big, blond, awkward boy with a young, careless smile and tired eyes. They had met at a small, smart dance club, a high social adventure for June, a descent to Bohemia for him. He forced the acquaintance, but it proceeded correctly enough, with charming little dinners that included Nita, flowers for Nita, lunch at his clubs for Barry. Jerry was very discreet, very careful, too careful perhaps. His people were in France or June might perhaps have met them. He was out of his class but he had a right to step out and if he was a prince, June was a princess—June.

The signs that June cared were slight. New notes in the lovely voice, but it had so many notes. New poise, seen through the veil of her shyness, but the shyness was still there. The affair had lasted only a month. In another month it might be all over, only a pretty episode, a forgotten romance, but while it lasted, Nita was afraid.

She was helpless and she had not often been so and never with June. For better or worse this had come and she could not stop it or help it or even get a line on it. June was dining with him alone tonight and June did not dine in restaurants with men alone. Nita did not understand how she had come to permit it, or why. She was afraid all the time and she was afraid tonight.

"Carissima?" it was June's old sentimental pet name for her, revived this last month. "Don't I get by? Don't you like me?"

"I love you," said Nita, carefully and lightly.

"Then that's that." June laughed a shy, pleased laugh. "We'll have one cigarette. You smoke it. I like to see you."

"You may have just one if you like. It's your party, Baby."

"I don't like. I—I've stopped."

Nita knew why. Jerry had said that cigarettes did not suit her profile, but Nita must not speak of that. There were so

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many things now that she must not say to June. There was a little wall round June behind which she sat alone in the lonely dignity of youth and dreamed. June was finding her old smoke-colored ivory holder, her cigarette box, hidden under a spangled scarf, her little, worn, rose-colored head pillow and curling up on the foot of the chaise-longue in her old, childish way, with an arm across her mother's knees.

"Mind your frock," said Nita sharply and then suddenly, not meaning to say the words,

"Oh, Baby, why won't you talk any more—really talk to me?"

"Talk?" June's eyes opened wide and looked at her a minute, big with undreamed dreams and tears that were almost ready to fall, then the lashes drooped and from under them June watched Nita's little blue cloud of smoke.

"I'll tell you anything you want to know," she promised lightly.

NITA WAS silent, flushing under the gaze of those quiet eyes.

"Is it Jerry, old hen with one chicken?"

"Is what Jerry?" Nita asked weakly.

"Your grouch. Don't you like Jerry? Don't you like him to like me? Do you want me not to go out with him tonight? Tomorrow night? But that party is for Barry. Do you want me to give back the jade earrings? I shall, tonight. Honey Lamb, what do you want?"

"I want you to have everything you want in this world, Baby, but I don't like you to want things that you can't get and I can't get for you—things——" The girl's calm voice cut through Nita's confusion of words:

"Would you like Barry to ask my young man what his intentions are?" The youth of her; the terrible directness of it, calling a spade a spade so glibly, with no working knowledge of spades. The front she put up; there was no way through it for Nita. "I don't see Barry in the part. He's too handsome and too fat. But he will if you ask him. He will do anything you ask him and—and so will I."

"I ask you, dear, only to be sure where you stand with him—with Jerry."

"That's a good deal to ask," June said rather breathlessly; "it's an uncertain world. It's hard to be sure."

"Jerry takes all your time and you don't take all of his."

"I *have* other young men. Not that I wish to boast."

"Dear, there's this; Jerry fits you in between other engagements and you don't even know what they are."

"No."

"He stopped here last night for a cocktail on the way to a dinner elsewhere and you didn't know where."

"You will notice," said June in a level voice, "he stopped."

"My dear, do you want to marry Jerry?"

"My dear, do you want me to?"

Nita stopped, baffled and defeated. Her cigarette was scorching the holder. June tapped it deftly out and caught her mother's two little restless hands and held them, cuddling her head against Nita's old crimson rest gown, comfortably.

"After all," she whispered, "you and I talk best like this."

"Yes, dear."

NITA WAS quiet, looking down at the golden head. This girl was her baby, here alone with her in this queer little room where they had been so close. Surely pain could not come to her baby without her knowing.

"There was a story I had to tell you tonight," Nita said softly, "but you don't need it. I think you never will."

"I have something to tell you, too, tonight."

"A dark secret?"

"No, just a secret. I want to tell you. I will. But you must promise not to speak of it again for two weeks. Then—we'll talk of it again. Do you promise?"

"Yes."

Nita smoothed June's hair gently not breaking the line of the perfect, carelessly built coiffure. The soft, straight hairs at the base of the cream-white throat were like baby hair. She touched them jealously. There would be more of these minutes—hers and June's. No one should take them away. June was still only a child—her child.

The old elevator creaked outside and stopped. The bell jangled faintly. June's golden head was still as if she did not hear, but it was Jerry's ring. Jerry's nice, crisp English voice spoke pleasantly to old Hannah at the door.

"Getting younger every day," he was telling her. "Thanks, I'll wait. I know the way."

"Your young man, darling. Powder your nose," Nita said.

"He—he's sweet, isn't he?"

"You are sweet," Nita said humbly.

June, on her feet, shaking out her bright skirts with the quaintest little girl gesture, piroueted and smiled. She looked more than her slender height and her high-piled hair took the light bravely. She held her white fur coat before her, hugged tight in her arms like a child's favorite toy. How young she was. Nita had never been young as this girl was young, with the clear eyes, the untaught heart.

"You'll see Jerry?"

"Not tonight, but give him my love. I mean that. Oh, what was your dark secret, dear?"

There was a little pause, not long enough for drama, too long for accident. Out in the pretty, crowded drawing-room, Jerry was finding space to tramp the floor, impatient. He had put a record on the victrola in double quick time, as his habit was, a jazz thing but with a wail in it that clung in the ears like old, unforgotten music.

June stood looking down at Nita with her new, secret smile on her lips and no cloud in her deep, gray eyes. Nita thought irrelevantly and suddenly two things; she must have June painted so and she hated that little, teasing tune.

"Mother, give me two weeks and let me alone. You promised. Will you keep your promise?"

"I made it to you."

"Mother, I know, I knew the first night, Jerry does not want to marry me."

"THE head's better. Good night, Boy. Keep out of the chemin de fer game. No, I'm not in bed. June's out dancing somewhere. I'm just resting, waiting for June."

Nita put down the telephone and stretched out on the chaise-longue and sniffed for comfort at a cloissoné flagon of salts from which the scent had long departed. She had no headache. She had motored home from a Long Island week-end party after three hours there, in a sudden panic like the most futile of mid-Victorian mothers. She wanted to be where June was. One week of June's two weeks had passed and Nita had done nothing else in that long week but wait for June.

Wait and watch the little comedy play itself out between June and Jerry. She could do nothing else, for June played her part and did not step out of it again for confession or confidence. She came home from the tête-à-tête dinner with Jerry decorously early and slept for ten hours.

Nita crept to her door to listen, stood once by her bed and watched the pink puff rise and fall with the untroubled breathing of dreamless sleep, touched the hands stretched above her head—June had slept so from babyhood. The hands were warm and June did not wake or stir. At breakfast, she gave Jerry's morning offering of bonbons to Hannah.

"I'm off sweets. In training. Mother knows why," she said and she laughed when she said it.

All that week she played hard with Jerry, as hard as before, no harder; walked with him, rode in the park using one of his horses, dined with him and danced. There was nothing wrong with their playing, no word or look to hint at any serious issue between them.

About them both there was a look of strain, but you could see it in all the faces of June's little set now the season was half through, and it lifted after the boy and girl had one of their gay and intimate hours together. And it was Jerry's face that showed it often, not June's. His eyes watched June, followed her when she danced with other boys; a boy's eyes, a little sullen, a little hard, but always stubborn, too. It was only Nita, who caught these stolen glances and never June.

Once a note from him in the morning mail broke a dinner engagement with her, but she went through her day serenely and played bridge at a penny a point with Barry all the evening till the telephone rang at ten.

"That will be Jerry, asking to come. Will you answer and tell him I've gone to bed? I'm winning. I can't stop now," June said and again she laughed.

She did not know what was coming, this girl who laughed. Nita knew. A showdown would come and the little comedy change to black tragedy; change some day, any day, tomorrow, tonight, in a painful, unforgetable interview, a letter or only a word, a look.

Nita lifted a corner of the tapestry that masked the blind window into the living-room and looked through as if the room could tell her how it was with June and Jerry. She saw the wing chair drawn close to the davenport, the silvery fan that June

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¶ *"All those things that I said to Jerry, those cruel things," June cried, "I've wanted to say before but I was afraid. Tonight, all the time I said them I was thinking of you, mother."*

had forgotten, the one empty glass, Jerry's cocktail, that June had not shared, and soft, caressing light over all, nothing startling, nothing new, but it would come and when it came she must be here to help.

Help as only she could help, Nita Roth, Nita Shannon. Tell her own poor little story though the telling would hurt June's feeling for her, dethrone her, even perhaps lose her child to her. Nita heard again what she had heard all the week; old, unforgotten music, beautiful music, for all the notes were gold—treasure hoarded for June.

Nita sat up and listened, switched off the light and crouched on the chaise-longue, quiet. She did not mean to eavesdrop, only to hide, keep out of June's way. There had been no sound of the lift; it did not run so late, but the door was unlocking, opening softly.

There were whispers at the door, steps through the corridor, slow, dragging steps, skirts trailing as if they felt heavy. A chair moved, a match was struck, and there was the faint scent of Jerry's good cigarettes, at once keen and mild, then a rustle of silk and a small, tired sigh. They had come home, June and Jerry.

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Nita heard this but nothing more. They did not speak or make any sound at all. Out there, in the intimate, pretty room that looked so cosy and safe, what kept them silent so long? What was June facing there? Was this her dark hour, the black scene of her comedy, which she must play unrehearsed and alone? Were they deep in it already? Nita pressed her hands to her ears in a passionate, futile gesture. She did not want to hear. But they were speaking now, and the voices, so soft, so clear, reached her ears and her heart. They were intimately attuned, curiously alike, very tired, very young. June's voice was her own sweet voice, but it thrilled like a muted string.

"You will be going to China a week from tonight."

"It's up to you, June dear. Entirely up to you."

"What is?"

"You and me."

"Jerry, aren't you going to kiss me?"

"No."

"Don't you want to?"

"Yes."

"I'm tired, Jerry."

"Tired? What am I?"

"I don't know, Jerry dear."

"You ought to know. I've put it up to you straight. Just as straight as I could from the start, but you've made it hard for me, dear, though you didn't mean to, of course. I wish you'd cry or curse me out, or—or come across somehow. You can listen, and not hear a word. You can look me straight in the eye, and not see me. I never meant to—to make love to you, but you're so sweet. So damn' sweet."

"Thank you, Jerry."

"June, this week's been hell. You wouldn't devil me on purpose. You're too sweet. But you've got me going. You've got me guessing. You've got me crazy. I've got to know where I am with you. I can't sail without it. I—I don't get you, June."

"You will, Jerry." June laughed; her clear, silver laugh unchanged.

"Funny? Nothing's funny to me any more."

"You are, when you're angry. You wrinkle up your nose."

"June, I can't stand much more."

"You won't have to. You're going away."

"I wish—I wish things weren't the way they are. Things—everything—the world's all wrong for a girl like you. I didn't make it. My mother—my people—they got wished on me. I didn't pick them. But they're mine. I wish to God I could pile bricks all day and come home at night to a supper you cooked for me."

"I can't cook, Jerry."

"I'll walk straight out of that door and never come back if you say the word. I'll do anything you ask me except—except——"

"What? Can't you say it? I'll say it for you. You'll do anything I ask except marry me. Is that right, Jerry dear?"

"Yes, June."

"Is that all?"

"It's enough. Won't you speak? Aren't you angry? Don't you care? June, I love you. Don't you love me?"

"Jerry, when you go to China, I'm going, too."

No change in the two voices. They were too young to vibrate to happiness or pain. They could only be silent, but through the silence, broke a sound that was half a groan, half a sob, then a rustling, soft sound came from the couch, like young birds settling in a nest. The boy was beside her now. She was comforting him, mothering him—June.

"June, you care that much. How long have you cared that much?"

"Always. I always shall."

"You're wonderful."

"Put your head in my lap. I want to pull your hair."

"I—I feel like a dog."

"You're not a dog. You're you."

"You can't go with me, of course. That's nonsense."

"I am going."

"Dear girl, things like this don't have to be managed this way."

"This thing does. I've got it all planned out."

"Your father——"

"Barry?"

"Your mother——"

She's *my* mother, Jerry. Don't mind so much. I did at first. I was frightened. I'm not any more. Soon I shan't mind at all."

"You poor baby."

"No dear, I'm not. Not now. Listen. I shan't sail with you. There's a girl I know, crossing, and I can start with her party, then leave it and meet you. No scandal, here, where it could hurt you. No talk. Your mother won't have to know."

"Oh June."

"I've got money, lots of it, almost ten thousand dollars. I've always saved it, things are so shaky with me. Barry thinks mother's a bank. Some day he'll break it. I've earned some, sold little stories that I didn't sign, and I've posed, too, and there's Godmother's present—for a dot; she's French, you know."

"Don't June."

"I've got clothes, too. Sweet ones that you haven't seen. You won't have to buy me things. I shan't let you, ever."

"Don't dear. I can't stand it."

"But you can give me back the jade earrings, because in a kind of way we're engaged, aren't we? And you can kiss me now, Jerry."

"I'll kiss your hand."

"I don't want you to. I want to put sugar in your coffee at breakfast and get out your slippers at night. To be together, just you and me, for a while, since we can't be always. It's quite simple, dear."

"Simple?"

"You think I don't know quite all this will mean to me. I don't, but I'm not afraid to find out with you. Nothing matters in all the world but taking what's your own when you find it and letting the other things go."

"Oh, June! June, I'll think of something—some way——"

"What way, Jerry?"

"I—Oh, wait. I'll go now. In the morning you'll feel different."

"I never shall."

"June, I believe you mean it. You mean all this. You mean to go. If—if you were any other girl in the world, I'd say you were bluffing."

"I'm not any other girl in the world. I'm me."

"Oh, I am a dog."

"No, dear. But—don't feel hurt—it isn't only you that this week has been—hell for. I don't blame you, but I can't stand any more. Not a day or an hour. I won't have any mean little backstairs affair. I want things settled forever—a jump in the dark and no climbing back. You've got to take me or leave me."

"June, I love you."

"I'll go with you, or I will never see you again after tonight."

"June, wait, listen. If—if I find a way——"

"That's all, Jerry."

Nita's hand went to the tapestry, touched it but did not lift it. She could see what the curtain hid. The boy and girl on their feet, leaning close, their hands reaching out to each other but not meeting, their faces pale, their grave eyes intent, looking deep, saying all that their glib young voices could not say; fighting. They did not know which way the fight would turn, but Nita knew and her heart beat so hard that she could hear it.

"Good night, June."

"Good-by."

II

Jerry crossed the room, left it slowly, but with no pause to turn back and look at June. June did not follow him. She stood still where she was. The door rattled under nervous, trembling hands, closed with a slam and the boy was gone. Nita Roth was alone with her child.

"June," she whispered, "June——"

It was not for June to hear. It was not a call to her child. It was good-by to her. Nita would go to her soon, praise her and comfort her, but she could not go yet. For in this hour, which was June's sudden pain had come to her, selfish pain which was all for herself, Nita Roth, Nita Shannon. She had lost her child.

June had made her fight alone. What did she care for the poor, forgotten story of a woman who could not fight, this lonely, gallant princess, this daughter who was not hers? The gold she had hoarded for June was not gold at all. It was worthless. Her hands were empty. Her arms were [*Continued on page 110*]

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¶ *Heart-stirring, the picture Elena made, her beautiful face in sharp relief against the foliage.*

Loser's End

Photographic Illustrations by Baron de Meyer

By Jay Gelzer

IT WAS nearly dawn, and the faces of the men and women around the heavy mahogany table were gray with fatigue and strain.

In the center of the green baize before them lay a bitterly contested pile of chips, supplemented by scattered cards discarded by disappointed players.

Elena Ordway leaned back in her chair with a visible relaxing of slim shoulders. She was tired—and luck had been steadily against her from the start.

With appraising eyes vainly attempting to be casual, she summed up the dwindling pile of white and blue and red and yellow discs before her. She had lost—how much *had* she lost?

More, certainly, than she could afford to lose. This dress of gold cloth she wore tonight—it was not paid for. The slippers also, with their sparkling buckles, represented another item of unpaid expense. Unpaid bills—she visioned them piling high upon her foolish gold and black lacquered desk at home. All this wanton folly of extravagance, where did it lead to? And what was its purpose? Putting her future in pawn, that was all it really amounted to—and for what?

If Henry Clyde had lived—she sighed, the bitterness of her futile life eating in like acid.

The only thing that had ever really mattered, her love for Henry Clyde. A tragic waste, his blotting out as an insignificant unit among thousands. Again she resented passionately the intrusion of death upon her life and hopes. Yes, a tragic waste, that crowding of Henry Clyde into the abyss of permanent sleep when the world was overful of clods.

Head drooping, her violet eyes heavy beneath the band of brilliants encircling her brow, she allowed her thoughts to drift back to the period when Henry Clyde had filled her life.

A good influence, Henry Clyde had been. Good himself

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¶ *Rising Elena trailed the length of gold tissue that served as a train across the floor. "Gorgeous!" admired Meredith, as his eyes followed her.*

Henry Clyde. A dreamer, abhorring all that was ugly, loving staunchly all that was beautiful. Briefly he had infected her with his own love of the good and beautiful.

Henry Clyde, standing beside her at dawn on the porch of his mother's Virginia home, just before he left to rejoin his regiment, head lifted in the spirited pose of the idealist. eyes alight with cagerness . . .

"Sometimes I think the whole world is going mad, Elena!" he had said. "Or perhaps it is only that portion of the world upon which our eyes are focussed. At any rate, it's going to be different for us. We'll keep our love safe, cherishing it in a little walled garden, away from the mad world——"

THERE was more of it. She couldn't even remember without an ache in her throat. Beautiful, that picture of their life to be, as Henry Clyde had painted it.

An agony of loss shot through Elena Ordway. Futile, this business of harking back to what was past and gone. Only productive of unhappiness . .

Greedy fingers raked in the pile of contested chips from the center of the table. Fanny Meredith lifted the deck of gilt-edged cards in her long fingered hands. Shuffled expertly, laying aside a cigarette in an extravagantly long holder.

A huge distaste welled up in Elena Ordway. She gestured a tired refusal.

"If you don't mind, Fanny, I'll sit out a hand or so. Perhaps it will change my luck."

"Losing?" inquired Fanny Meredith politely. Her light blue eyes fastened upon the dwindling heap of chips before her guest.

"Enough," admitted Elena Ordway, shrugging.

Rising, she trailed the length of gold tissue sewn with brilliants which served her as a train across costly rugs to the adjoining conservatory.

"Gorgeous!" admired Seton Meredith, watching her picturesque departure across the floor.

The thin, quivering nostrils of his wife grew pinched with jealousy.

"Elena's nearly done," she stated coldly.

"Nearly done?" echoed the guest beside her.

He quite obviously did not belong to the gathering. Against their bleached skins and dull eyes his own healthy skin and alive

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eagerness appeared so prominently as to be almost a reproach.

"Nearly done," repeated Fanny Meredith, with a touch of satisfaction. "She's played her cards wrong all the way through. And you can't do that in life any more than you can in a game. The loser's end is all Elena can expect."

"Now, Fanny!" protested Seton Meredith uncomfortably.

He was a kindly man, and his wife's merciless attitude toward Elena Ordway disturbed him.

"She could have married nearly anybody five years ago," explained Fanny Meredith.

"That's true," agreed Elsie Clifford, a slight blonde with appealing eyes and yellowed fingertips. "Even Bradley Hastings wanted to marry her."

"Nearly *anybody*," emphasized Fanny Meredith. "And then, through her war work, she met a young Virginian, a queer, idealistic, romantic sort of person——" she shrugged.

"Well?" asked John Collingwood, curiously.

"He was killed in the war."

"Too bad," murmured Seton Meredith.

"Too bad," agreed his wife. "He really was a charming boy, for all his impractical ways. Very much too bad for Elena. She's never been the same since. You see, he wasn't our sort at all, with the queer, impossible ideas he passed on to Elena. And after he—dropped out, Elena couldn't quite come back to us again. It's spoiled her life, rather. She's terribly in debt, you know, and there's only one thing left for her to do: marry well. And now that she's gotten a reputation for being queer, all her looks can't seem to put her across. It's the one thing a rich man won't forgive in his wife—that possibility of her being *queer!*"

"Well——" explained Seton Meredith sheepishly, "a fellow doesn't want too much publicity unless it's favorable publicity."

"But why does she have to marry?" puzzled John Collingwood. "Couldn't she take on a career?"

Fanny Meredith smiled satirically.

"Can't you see the gorgeous Elena in an office, her fingers stained with typewriter ink?"

Even to John Collingwood the picture was unconvincing.

"No——" he admitted honestly. "I can't. But I don't see why she can't stop this sort of thing——" he gestured around the table. "If what you say is true, she's lost more than she can afford tonight."

"Much more," conceded Fanny Meredith. "But you see, there's only one way out for a woman of our class—a successful marriage. And in order to achieve that desired end, an advertising campaign must be carried on. Elena must be seen and admired—that's the why of her brilliant appearance tonight in an undoubtedly unpaid for gown. That's *why* she plays in a game the stakes of which are really too high for her——"

"But I don't see——"

He was honestly puzzled.

"We're just a small gathering here, [*Continued on page 155*



¶ *What lay beneath that enchanting surface? Meredith wondered as he stood regarding Elena. Tragic figures, these women bred to luxury who somehow fail to achieve their objective.*

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¶. *Painting by* Charles Chapman

The SPRING *and* the FALL

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

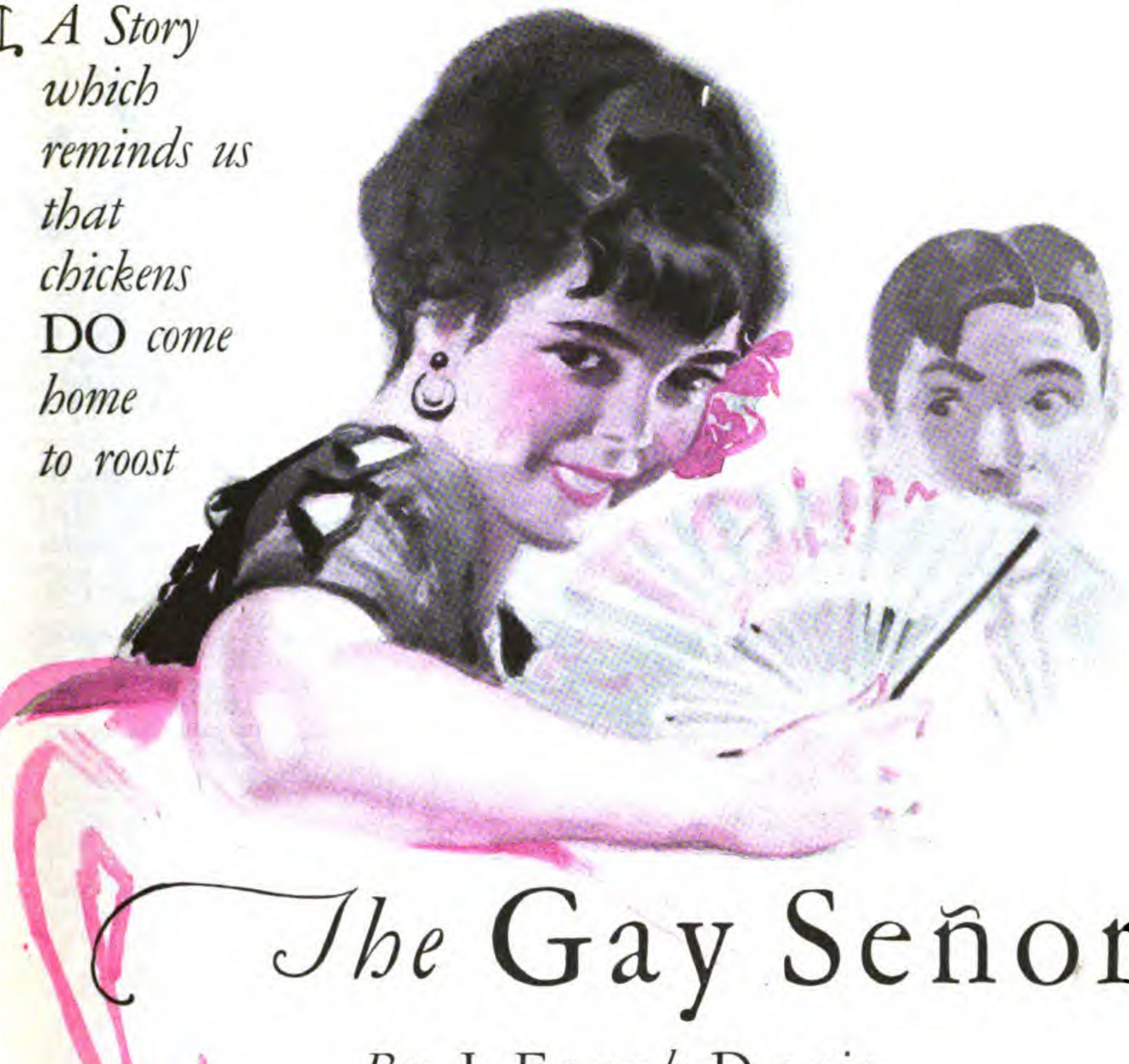
IN THE *spring of the year, in the spring of the year,*
I *walked the road beside my dear.*
The *trees were black where the bark was wet.*
I *see them yet, in the spring of the year.*
He *broke me a bough of the blossoming peach*
That *was out of the way and hard to reach.*

In the fall of the year, in the fall of the year
I *walked the road beside my dear.*
The *rooks went up with a raucous trill.*
I *hear them still, in the fall of the year,*
He *laughed at all I dared to praise,*
And *broke my heart, in little ways.*

Year *be springing or year be falling,*
The *bark will drip and the birds be calling.*
There's *much that's fine to see and hear*
In *the spring of a year, in the fall of a year.*
'Tis *not love's going hurts my days,*
But *that it went in little ways.*

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A Story which reminds us that chickens DO *come home to roost*



The Gay Señor

By J. F*rank* D*avis*

Illustrations by D*avid* R*obinson*

NO, SIR, I do not know where that Narcisso Valdez has gone, who used to sit here in the hotel lobby with the rich refugees. Back to Mexico, I think. He carried away with him a great sum of money. His pretty daughter? Oh, do not use that word "pretty." As one who speaks very perfect English, I do not like that word when the correct one is "beautiful."

Listen! I have a friend whose daughter is considered by many to be the most beautiful Spanish girl in Texas, which is going some. She is in a hospital, in training to be a nurse. She left a patient who was moveless and who did not have a kind temper—she left this patient one day with a wet face cloth in one hand, a lighted cigarette in the other and a clinical thermometer in his mouth and did not come back for thirty-two minutes—and no complaint was made. That is how beautiful she is. And Irenia Valdez is more beautiful than she.

I do not wear my heart upon my coat-arm, but it cannot have been a secret from you if, as you say, you observed us together a great deal at one time, that I was much attracted by Señorita Irenia. I will confess to you that I loved her very warmly. If the Fates had been kinder, she might have borne the honored names that are mine—I concede it. But her father——

What sort of person was he? Well, I am not a cynic, and I try never to speak ill of anyone, especially of my fellow-countrymen. I am not at all in agreement with that fellow who said, "What is the use of having fellow-countrymen if you can't pull their legs?" No. I would not do dirt to any fellow-countryman who was true to our country. Of course, if he is one of those traitors who follow false leaders—I was a partisan of Don Porfirio Diaz; a cientifico. There are not many of us left.

It was natural that I should be a cientifico, I suppose, because I am pure Spanish, born in Mexico. There is not one drop of Indian in my blood. I do not boast, but the name you know me by—Miguel Cordova—is not the entirety of my name. My name is Miguel Cordova y Barrera y Cavazos. I am proud of it, but I do not look down upon those who have not such Spanish families behind them—much. "What's in a name?" as the American poet says.

I do not protest even at the name by which I am known here to the San Antonio police. Some of them are very courteous and good-natured gentlemen. They have their life work to do, and do it, even as I do mine. They do not all pronounce Miguel correctly, so they translate it. They almost invariably refer to me as Mike the Mex.

Not that I have a police record. Not more than four times in all the ten years I have been in Texas have I been arrested, and each of those was for no real offense—only being present where gambling was going on and participating therein. Well, why not? It is, from time to time, my vocation, the same as the police vocation is, from time to time, to prevent gambling.

You were never in my little gambling house in Mexico City, no? You would not have identified me if you were, I think, unless you had happened to see me there, because in Mexico City I used my final family name, which, as I have told you, is Cavazos. It was a pleasant little place, and quite profitable. But when, all of a suddenness, the political wave washed away the good Don Porfirio and Don Panchito Madero drifted in on top of it, I was backing the wrong horse of another color.

I had been a person of thrift and had much money saved, but there were those who would have stood me against the wall, so I could not be careful of money in the getaway. Before I

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could arrive to safety here across the Rio Grande, all my money was of an entirety gone.

But I am a philosopher, me, and I was thankful that when I was a boy in Mexico City I was taught English and when I was a very young man I had lived several years in the States and learned the language perfectly. I was a traveler in those days.

Did you ever see Hermann the Great? There was never a better magician. He could take a new deck of cards, fresh from the sealed package, and throw them around carelessly on the table—as one does, you know, to separate the suits in a fresh pack—and then sweep them together, still with altogether a carelessness, and shuffle them, and allow them to be cut, and then deal any required number of poker hands as prettily and surely as though he was working with the iciest of a cold deck. Oh, he was very beautiful with cards!

The hardest part of that trick consists in shifting the cards back, immediately after the cut, to where they were before it. He held the cards in his left hand and brushed an imaginary fly from his nose with his right. It was in the fraction of a second that everybody's eyes followed his right hand that he shifted the cut with his left.

I can do that trick—although not well enough to attempt it when there are professionals or other exceedingly wise ones present. The great Hermann himself taught me. I was his assistant for several years. It was natural that after I returned to Mexico I should enter the gambling profession; I did not see so pleasant a future in being a magician.

So upon arriving in San Antonio, when Don Porfirio became down and out, I associated myself with a little company of most excellent gamblers who needed a connection with the wealthy Mexican refugees of whom so many were killing time in this hotel.

My distinguished appearance and very fine Spanish manners made it possible for me to become acquainted with the best of them, and the fact that I spoke English with absolute perfection allowed me to be of polite help to them in many ways. So, sooner or later, many of them were likely to mention to me—being gently led to do so, in some instances—that they would like to find a good, honest game of cards. And always, of course, I knew such.

Sometimes I played, and sometimes I did not; that Baldy Alexander, who was at the head of the little company with which I was connected, is not any slouch at dealing cards, and Shorts Vedder is almost as good. So usually my part was only to get the rich refugee there and let nature come across.

Calgero Heras was not a cientifico. He had been, but he guessed what was coming and switched just in time, so now he could still live in Mexico and come to San Antonio for his vacations. He had much land and other property, in the state of San Luis Potosi.

I found him here in this lobby and made his acquaintance. Perhaps he thought I was his friend, although, if thus, it was not my fault; I did not tell him so.

Heras did not make any talk about liking to play cards; he was a very foxy gink, this Heras. We had never before met, but I knew him by name and reputation. He was esteemed to be the second player of draw poker in Mexico. The best, of course, was Santana of Guadalajara—him that they always referred to as "Santana the Shuffle-King." This Santana—I had never seen him but I had heard of him, often—could do things with cards directly under your eyes that even Hermann the Great could not do. So well was this known that wise men did not call his bets at draw poker when he himself was dealing.

That, as I say, was Santana. But this Calgero Heras was not crooked. No. It was merely that he was of draw poker an excellent player. Well, that was all right; we could have got him, probably, on a game of draw. The more excellent players they were, the better Baldy and Shorts and Jim Garrison and José O'Brien and I liked to get them; the bigger they are, the harder they slide.

But there was more of a chance of slipping something over which this Heras had never heard of if he could be induced to play stud. Stud, as no doubt you are aware, is not greatly played in Mexico, outside of the American clubs. There are little matters in regard to stud poker that even the best of draw poker players may easily never have heard of.

This Heras carried large sums of money in his clothes. Often I had noticed that his roll was as much, probably, as two thousand dollars; he would be good pickings. We set up the game, and waited with patience. So one evening when I happened to mention that I had a notion to gamble twenty-five dollars, or something like that, at stud, he said he would go along with me to watch the game. He knew a very little about draw, he told me, but not anything to speak of about stud, so he could not play but would only be a spectator.

I told him I was not such a much of a stud player myself, but that once in a while I liked to try it.

So I excused myself a moment and telephoned Baldy we were coming, and presently we arrived at the room, which was, as is the rule, an incorporated social club. I remember that about a week later one of the big police gambling clean-ups was started, but at that moment things were pleasant and wide-open, and we knocked and were admitted, and found a little game in progress, with Shorts Vedder dealing and the other three playing. The stakes were very small and the crowd looked bored, as though they were not having a good time.

Shorts said howdy-do, as though he knew me just a little, and one of the others nodded about as much as he would if he knew me only by sight, and the rest of them acted as though I was a stranger. So we watched the game a little while, and then I said I would sit in and bought me twenty dollars' worth of chips. And Heras sat down in a chair at my shoulder to watch the game and see if he could understand it.

I won sixty dollars in about half an hour, and I got terribly pleased and excited about it, as we Spaniards sometimes do when we have a winning game. Vedder, the dealer, was not taking cards himself, you understand, but only seeming to deal for the house. "Four is too small a number for a good stud game," I said. "Come on in, Señor Heras, and make five players." And he hesitated—he had observed by then, of



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course, that nobody in the crowd was an especially good player—and said he didn't understand the game very well, and I got enthusiastic and dragged twenty dollars off my stack of winnings and pushed them over to my right, and said, "Oh, come on in. Play with my money. I want to make it five-handed."

So José O'Brien moved along, and Heras pulled his chair forward, and the game went on, and by and by Heras had almost a hundred dollars in front of him.

"What ees the limit of this game? The Texas table-stakes?" he asked, carelessly, after a while.

"Play anything you please, so far as the house is concerned," said Shorts Vedder. "The house should worry; the kitty will be the same. For all of me, you-all can stack 'em from the green, green cloth to the blue, blue sky."

Nobody objected to this, and after that anybody went into his pocket for more money whenever he needed it. So the game proceeded for a while, and Heras played them conservative and watched until he had got the hang of how everybody played.

He learned that Jim Garrison, who looks like a rich cattleman, was a natural-born bluffer and also had the habit of overplaying two pairs. And he learned that Baldy Alexander, who is old and looks something like a missionary, only more so, had a great lot of curiosity that made him want to call everything and keep the bluffers honest. Both of them lost more or less playing foolish like this—usually to each other or to José or me—but when they lost they laughed and took it with amiability; Heras could see that they were rich men to whom the losses were of no importance.

WELL, the game slowly got bigger and bigger. Along about eleven o'clock it had got so that ten dollars was the usual bet on every card, with twenty or twenty-five not uncommon, and after the last card a hundred dollars wasn't unusual, with sometimes more. Once, when Heras had dropped out of a pot, Jim Garrison pushed in a six-hundred-dollar bet on a couple of pairs and Baldy called him with a couple of bigger pairs, and Garrison laughed and took it very good-natured indeed. It was plain to see that six hundred or a thousand dollars meant nothing in his youthful life. A very pleasant, sociable little game, with everybody enjoying themselves nice.

And all this time I am playing them careful and winning a very little. Not fifty dollars in all.

When Shorts tipped the signal that the big play was about to be pulled, I made some laughing remark to Heras, and while his eyes turned toward me Shorts shifted to the cold deck.

He dealt the first card face down, all around, of course, and then one more face up. Jim Garrison had a king showing and Heras had an ace, and Heras bet the usual ten dollars. I dropped out. Baldy, who had only a trey in sight, stayed, and so did Garrison. José O'Brien quit.

Garrison got a queen for his next card, Heras got a ten, and Baldy a six—but perhaps you know the system of the *big mitt?* No? Well, then it will interest you; it is very, very pretty.

Heras, who had looked at his hole-card and found that it was an ace, making him a pair of aces back to back, bet another ten. Baldy and Garrison trailed along.

Now came the deal again, and Garrison got a king, Heras an ace, and Baldy a trey. Now Heras had a pair of aces showing, Garrison a pair of kings, and Baldy a pair of treys—and Heras had three aces, counting his hole-card.

"A pair of aces ought to be worth fifteen dollars, no?" said Heras, playing them exactly as he would if he hadn't had the third one buried. And of course Baldy and Garrison stayed. By this time, somehow, that first trey in Baldy's hand had got partially covered by the six that came next to it, and Baldy wasn't showing much interest anyway, and Heras's attention was all fixed on those two kings and a queen that looked so big in Garrison's hand. Then around goes thedeal again—the final card.

A queen to Jim Garrison, which makes kings and queens in sight. A ten to Heras, which makes aces and tens in sight. And a trey to Baldy, which makes him three treys—but Heras isn't looking at Baldy's hand hardly at all.

I am pretty excited, and I have peeked over Heras's shoulder while he is taking another look at his hole-card to make sure it is still an ace and that he really has an ace-full, and I whisper to him, in Spanish: "Oh, beautiful! Beautiful! Make them pay to see it!"

There is a hundred and five dollars already in the pot, and the natural bet is a hundred. Heras makes it.

Baldy puts in just a hundred to call, without a word. Even if Heras had been paying any attention to those three treys, with one of them practically hidden—which he wasn't—this would have proved to him that Baldy's buried card didn't help



¶ *"In no time I find myself a welcome caller on Vald.z and his beautiful daughter. This does not surprise me—always I have had winning ways."*

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him. If, by any chance, he had a trey-full he would raise, wouldn't he?

Jim Garrison grins and pulls a roll out of his pocket and tosses it into the pot without counting it. "Come on, mister," he says—he isn't paying any attention to Baldy's hand, either, but only to Heras's two pairs. "Come on and pay something to look at this other card of mine."

BALDY, over on the other side of the table, makes just the slightest motion to ditch his cards, but catches himself, waiting to throw them away when it comes his turn. So here is this Heras with an ace-full of tens, and the very best hand Jim Garrison can possibly have is a king-full on queens. And Heras says, "How much money do you raise eet?"

"What I've got," laughs Garrison. "Let the tail go with the hide. Count it and run for the tall timber."

And, by gracious, there is twenty-eight hundred dollars in that roll! And Garrison is grinning and getting all ready to take in the pot, acting as if he knew Heras would never call such an outrageous bet as that, and Baldy is doing nothing at all, sitting back like mice, just waiting for it to come his turn to throw his hand away.

Heras gets out all his money and counts it, and he has only nineteen hundred dollars.

"I weesh to call," he says, "but I have not suffeecient money. What can I do?"

"I'll lend you enough to make it up!" I cry, all enthusiasm, and I go down into my pocket, but before I can get my hand out again Shorts Vedder says, crisp:

"That don't go, mister! You're in the game, even if you don't happen to be in this hand. Two players can't play together."

"By gracious, I don't see why!" I exclaim, all excited. "This is my friend, and I am willing to back him——"

"It's against the rules," says Vedder, positively. "He will have to raise the money himself, or else call for a sight and let Mr. Garrison draw down part of his bet."

Well, Heras didn't want to do that, of course, this thing being a lead-drain cinch. He wears a very pretty diamond stud.

"How about this diamond?" he says. "Eet cost me more than a thousand dollars in Mexico City, where diamonds are not so expensive as here. I will put eet in for the eight hundred dollars I am short."

I had noticed that diamond many times. It was a very nice stone, almost white, which must have cost him at least five or six hundred and any pawnbroker would give a hundred and fifty or two hundred on it. He unfastened it from his shirt and passed it across the table, and Vedder looked it over and said, "I'm not an expert on diamonds, but I'll take a chance and let you have eight hundred on it," put it in his pocket, and moved eight hundred dollars' worth of chips into the pot.

"Very good, sir," said Heras, now, to Garrison, "I call you. What have you got?"

"Wait a minute," says Baldy, instead of throwing his hand away, as expected. "I want to be in on that, too." He, in turn, goes down into his pocket and puts forward thirty-two hundred dollars, and there is more in the roll he gets it from. "If either of you had any more money, I'd bump you some more," he says. "I think you're both trying to run a whizzer on me."

"Beat a king-full and take it," snaps Garrison to Heras, showing his buried king.

"An ace-full here," says Heras, smiling, very well satisfied as he flips over his concealed ace. "Against your king-full meester, I am afraid I was betting on a sure theeng."

He is already reaching for the pot when Baldy speaks softly.

"Four treys," he says, and shows the buried one.

Is not that a beautiful play? That is the *big mitt*. All stud gamblers have heard of it, but not all of them know what it is. It catches the sucker, whose mind is all concentrated on the possible king-full every time. He is sure he has an unbeatable hand—and he has, so far as the kings-and-queens man is concerned. The catch is that nothing leads him to look for trouble from that quiet, inoffensive little fellow in the corner who is just dragging along, foolish, and on the verge, every moment, of throwing up his hand.

WELL, THAT was that, and Heras and I went away from there together.

"Vulga me Dias!" I said to him when we were clear of the place. "But that was most surprising!"

"It was," he said to me, and his eyes are turned on me in a manner that indicated he is doing some thinking. I see I had better say something to beat him to it.

"Señor!" I cried, with my eyes very wide open and shocked. "You do not suppose those fellows could have been in a scheme together to trim us, do you?"

"To trim us? No," replied Heras. I am relieved, but he adds to this: "You are not loser, I think—not even counting the twenty dollars you gave me to begin the play."

"If I thought that was a crooked game, I would go and make a complaint to the police," I said. "I do not know what good it would do, because I have no acquaintance here with the police, and I suppose one needs a pull here, the same as in our Mexico, in such matters, but if you say so——"

If he had jumped at this suggestion, I should have started with him very quickly toward the station, and talked him out of the idea on the way. But happily he only shrugged his shoulders.

"I do not think it would do any good," he said. "I leave you here, Señor Cordova. Go with God."



¶. *"Irenia does not smile upon this young puppy so kindly as on me, nevertheless it comes out that he escorts her to a picture show."*

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¶ *"Irenia's father would not be averse to her marrying wealth. Well, twenty-two thousand is wealth to some—and I am not an unattractive young man."*

It was the next afternoon that I saw him again, and I confess to you that I did not use good judgment. I am not one of those who cries over skimmed milk, but if I had been able to look ahead I admit that I should have replied to him differently.

He came up to me here in the hotel lobby, and said to me:

"Señor Cordova, I have the smallest favor to ask of you."

"To my fellow-countrymen, any favor that is within human power," I said, bowing.

"It happens," he told me, "that all my ready money was in that roll that I wagered at the gambling club last night. I have to go home tomorrow, and I find it is not as easy to secure quick telegraph funds from one's bank in San Luis Potosi as it used to be before the changes in politics. I need to be there in person day after tomorrow, I cannot wait for money to come by mail or express—and there is the matter of a hotel bill here. Let me have, I ask you, the sum of two hundred dollars."

Now I think if I had given it to him that he was a sport and would have taken his medicine and let it go at that, for he was

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a man of much wealth. But those pickings had had to be split five ways, and out of my share the amount he asked was unreasonable. Perhaps if he had requested but twenty dollars or so I might have slipped it to him—perhaps—but two hundred! Ah, well, I was no fortune-reader.

"I left all my belongings in our unhappy country," I said to him. "I am desolated not to be able to do what you ask, but I have not so much as two hundred dollars in the world."

He smiled, quite broadly, so that all his white teeth showed, but not with an extreme of pleasure.

"Yet only last night you offered to lend me eight hundred dollars—which your friend the dealer would not allow, because if he had you would have failed to get the diamond," he said. "What I do not understand, señor, is why you were so careless as to overlook my watch."

He smiled more widely, but his eyes were not kind.

"Since yesterday I have made a few inquiries about you, señor," he said. "I did not make them here at the hotel, where you do not seem to be well known, but elsewhere. I do not bear too much malice, for one who gambles with strangers usually deserves what he walks into with open eyes—but I think I would feel more friendly toward you if you staked me to my hotel bill and fare home. As you say, we are fellow-countrymen."

THEREUPON he bowed with great politeness. So I bowed with as much politeness, or more so, and I said to him:

"I love my fellow-countrymen, señor, but not that much."

"Ah!" he said, softly. "I bid you good day, señor. May we meet again."

I do not know where Calgero Heras raised the get-home money, but the next day he was gone. And I said: "This Mister Heras, he was a pleasant, courteous gentleman and a profitable acquaintance, and he has passed out of my life forever."

Then of course I did not think of him any more. Does one consider the taste of the most excellent beefsteak after it has comfortably digested? There are other excellent beefsteaks to be cooked and eaten, no? He was not the first courteous and amiable fellow-countryman to prove profitable, nor yet the last. He was, indeed, not one to be especially remembered, seeing that after him came many who had much more money in their clothes.

Not six months later, while Huerta was in power, there came from Torreon a gentleman who expended with us nine thousand dollars in one evening, and later there was a very great multimillionaire from Coahuila who was persona non grata to both Old Man Carranza and Villa, who played with us three days in succession and set himself back to the amount of twenty-eight thousand. That multimillionaire from Coahuila was the pleasantest acquaintance I have made in all these years, I think.

These fellow-countrymen pickings did not come every day or even every week, of course. No, there were sometimes many months at a time when there was nothing doing. But the fat weeks average up for the lean months, and as a whole I prosper.

I am one who dresses with elegance and seems to spend money with some carelessness, but, as I have told you, I am at heart a person of thrift. I had considerable wealth before they took it from me to allow me to escape from Mexico City across the border, and now, again, I finally accumulated another pleasant sufficiency.

When that Narcisso Valdez and his beautiful daughter Irenia arrived here in San Antonio I had saved twenty-two thousand dollars. And I had soaked it, too, believe you us! In a safe-deposit box. I lose the nice interest that it might earn, that way, but in my profession one keeps his funds where they are ready for a big game—or if there is need for a getaway.

Do not expect me to ever forget that summer evening when I first saw Irenia Valdez cross this lobby on her way to the roof garden for dinner. Her eyes, her hair, her incomparable figure, the way she wore her clothes—— But you have seen her, of course. You know how impossible it would be to find the descriptive words, even by one who speaks perfect English as I do.

I did not much observe her father at first. Who would? He is a tall, pale, amiable looking man, with good manners but very little grace. No, on the contrary he is almost clumsy. A slow-moving awkward man, whose hands are uncertain and likely to upset things they come in contact with. I notice those hands the first thing: one notices hands in my walk of life. He has long, slim fingers, as long as my own, but they are not pliable. And his eyes they are kind and pleasant, behind thick glasses, but they are not shrewd. Not stupid, precisely, but not shrewd.

He was not one I would have looked at twice in a professional way, for plainly he was not rich, but for that matter I was not working at my profession just then. One of the big police gambling clean-ups was under way at that moment, and we were all sitting tight, with our incorporated club closed as we do at such times. So I had leisure to cultivate a fellow-countryman who was not a man of means.

How I became acquainted with them is not important; I have a certain gift that way. Nor how I induced Narcisso Valdez to tell me the story of himself; that he lived in the state of Jalisco, where business had been very bad since the revolutions, and had promised his daughter one summer vacation in San Antonio. It would not be long, in the natural course of events, before she would begin to think of marriage—he touched upon this very delicately, as a courteous Spanish person of the old school would—and he wanted to give her one nice outing before then. I gathered, too, that he would not be averse to finding her a husband with some wealth.

Well, twenty-two thousand dollars is some wealth to many people; there would be additions to it as long as I retained my health—and I am not an unattractive young man.

From the very beginning she smiled upon me delightfully, with her long lashes sweeping down to modestly conceal those ravishing eyes. I am very glad, almost at once, that the reformers have temporarily made my business bad so that I have time to spend with her. Oh, she was the most charming lady I have ever seen! As charming as she was beautiful, and that is talking a mouthful.

They had rented a little cottage out on San Pedro Avenue, where the expenses were not so high as at one of the large hotels. In no time at all I find myself a welcome caller there. This pleases me, but it does not surprise me. Always I have had winning ways.

THE ONLY wasp in my ointment, as the fellow said, is Amador Tinoco.

You know of the Tinocos. Before the revolutions they owned half the state of Jalisco. There was a time, while Zapata was in strength, that things went rough with them, but now they are all right again. I don't know how many millions they have—and not in Mexican money. Most of their cash is in banks in the States. Millions!

I do not place exactly which of the many branches of the family this Amador belongs to, but he is a good spender. He is about twenty-four years old, and of a dashing appearance—although much darker than I, for the Tinocos are not pure Spanish, as I am—and once in awhile I find him paying attention to Irenia. But I will say this for her taste: When I am around she does not smile upon him so kindly as she does on me.

One night, when I went out to the house on her father's invitation, I found Tinoco there, and as I entered the room he rose and offered to give to me his seat.

"But why?" I asked, most surprised.

This young puppy looked himself surprised at my question. "Why not, señor?" he said. "Am I not a person of proper breeding? Does youth not always rise to give seats to age?"

Was there ever a politer Spanish insult? I am not past forty—much—and you yourself can see that I look thirty, and on some days even less. I was furious, but I could not quarrel in Irenia's presence. And, anyway, before I can say the cutting retort that forms in my mind, Irenia cries: "Oh, what a jester you are, Señor Tinoco! At the speed you live, I would wager you yourself will look the older of the two twenty years from now, when you both are middle-aged."

Was not that nice? I'll tell the cockeyed earth! I beam on Señorita Irenia, and pass over the boy's insult, but I do not forget it.

It comes out, then, that Tinoco is about to escort her to a picture show. I am rather surprised that her father allows this—those sort of things ain't done in Mexico without a chaperon—but this gets explained some time later in the evening, when Valdez and I are alone.

We are sitting beside a table, smoking and talking, when his hand, reaching for a cigarette, knocks over an ashtray in his clumsy fashion, and the ashes fall on a loose pack of cards that lies there. He picks up the cards to blow off the ash, and when they are in his hand he shuffles them absently—and very amateurishly—and they give him an idea.

"I saw a little trick one day," he said. "A simple and amusing little trick. If I can remember it I will show it to you."

Never mind what the trick was. It was as old as the temples

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¶ *"'Señors, I have the honor to bid you good night', I bowed. But Tinoco who has not the intrinsic courtesy, said in English: "'Good night' is correct."*

of Teotihuacan and not one that called for any skill—and at that he bungled it. He had the idea all right, but his hands would not perform. He laughed, as the cards spilled clumsily through his fingers, and said, "I have always envied those who have dexterity."

The temptation was great, and as he replaced the cards on the table I took them up and threw them around, face up, in piles, as though I was counting them. Then I swept them together, with a seeming carelessness—as Hermann the Great had taught me—and said to Valdez:

"I am not an especially good card player, but in my extreme youth I made some slight study of legerdemain. Do you understand draw poker?"

"Yes," he said.

"Observe!" said I. "We are supposed to be playing in a five-handed game. You will cut the cards."

He cut them, and I brushed the fly from my nose, replacing the cut with my left hand while his eyes followed my right, and dealt the five hands. I asked him to lift each of them. He found two full houses, two sets of fours—and I myself held a straight flush.

HE COULD hardly believe his eyes, and he marveled very greatly at my skill. And after a little, he said, as much to himself as to me: "I would give almost anything if I could do that—with Tinoco here."

"Tinoco?" I repeated.

"He is very, very rich," said Valdez, sadly, "and he is what the gringoes call a poker-playing fool. One evening, in a club in Mexico City, he lost thirty thousand dollars betting on a small flush against a larger flush, and he laughed like a jackass and cried, 'At least I made you call me!' Twenty or thirty thousand dollars is nothing for him to lose in a poker game. . . . And I am a poor man, señor. . . . If I was not a poor man, would I allow my daughter to go about to picture shows with a young fool like that?"

"I knew there was an explanation," said I. "It is sad."

"If I had even so much as five thousand dollars," he replied, "I should tell this Tinoco to be about his business. But, alas, I am poor! If only I had your skill with cards, I think I could tell him to remain away—and make him pay me the money that would enable me to do so."

Well, you see what that necessarily led up to. I asked him if he would not like to organize a little friendly game there at his house, with Tinoco and me in it, and I mentioned a very clever way of ringing in a cold deck that I felt willing to undertake as a friend. Valdez became very enthusiastic. We would do it, he said. Then his face fell.

"What foolishness I am talking!" he groaned. "It cannot be done. It takes capital to do it. I must have money to bet against his money, and I have not a thousand dollars in cash in the world. Ah, it is hard to be poor!"

"I, also, do not like this Tinoco," I said. "And with the great friendliness that exists between you and me—I have a little money. Perhaps we could enter into an arrangement."

"Of what use is a little money?" he cried. "We could never get him twice; it must all be done in one hand. If the capital were sufficient—— Why, it is nothing for that young idiot to have fifteen or twenty thousand on his person, and he will bet his fool head off on a good hand—especially a flush. He is superstitious; he bets more on a flush, so I am told, than on a small full house. But what is the use? With only a little thousand or two——"

"Why do you think more than a thousand or two cannot be raised," I asked. "If I were to furnish the capital for this venture, señor, even to the amount of ten thousand dollars or more, what would be our division?"

"It should be one-half each, should it not?" he suggested.

"Hardly," I said, "with me furnishing both money and skill. I think, for producing the victim and arranging the game, you should receive about one-fourth. I do not know what the rule among professional gamblers is as to this, but a fourth seems fair."

We compromised on one-third. [*Continued on page 110*]

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The KU KLUX KLAN

By Norman

SOME Republican politicians have a dream that the Democrats in 1924 may stumble over the Klan. Their logic is clear but its premise is that the Democrats are even sillier than they are.

They reason this way: "The South is Democratic. The Klan is strong in the South. Democratic candidates for the Presidency will be afraid of losing southern delegates if they offend the Klan. Therefore the party and its candidates will become entangled with the Klan. We shall thus have an issue on which we Republicans can escape from our present embarrassments and beat them to a pulp."

The trouble with this reasoning is in the facts. Locally it works. Senators, Representatives, state judges, sheriffs, chiefs of police, mayors, governors, prosecuting attorneys, and jurors are all subservient. But those Democrats who aspire to national leadership see a trap as obvious as this. No one of them will dare to favor stirring up religious and racial passions.

The Klan's attempt to fasten its hold on the national government is our tale this month. Last month we gave, from the Klan's files, its inside narrative of a piece of violence conducted by it, and contrasted this inside narrative with the Klan's public denial of the same case. We also met Mr. Lothrop Stoddard's denial of membership with a document signed by him as King Kleagle. If he wants any more evidence we have it.

In February and January we gave various documents showing the Klan's assault on the freedom of our courts, juries, telegraph and postal systems. To that case we shall, during the next months, add great strength. By the end of the summer the public will have obtained from this magazine more documentary knowledge of this conspiracy than it has dreamed existed.

How needed the work is may be indicated by a letter we have just received from the governor of a Klan-ridden state. He says:

> "With a very large number of judges, district attorneys, sheriffs, assessors and other public officials as members of the Klan, with a large number of the National Guard members of the Klan (although they have performed their duty splendidly), with the information that a majority of the postmasters of this State and a number of the postal employes are Klansmen, and the Western Union Telegraph Company saturated with them, it is some hard job to undertake, as every effort at investigation is blocked.
>
> "Your articles and your help in showing the determination of the Ku Klux Klan to practically control State and Nation are most timely and bound to bear wonderful results."

We shall return to particular Klan-ridden localities. Meantime, let us get on to the national capital. Before we come to the individual congressman, senators, and employes of government departments, let us observe the formation of the plan.

FOLLOWING the hope of the Imperial officers to control the legislative and executive branches of our Federal Government, Washington was made a domain, with a Grand Goblin in charge.

The Imperial officers also established in Washington a bureau "for the gathering and dissemination of information for the good of the order and for the purpose of helping Klans and Klansmen in any matter affecting them, where it is possible to do so."

On July 25, 1921, the Grand Goblin in Washington, D. C., reported to E. Y. Clarke, at that time Imperial Kleagle, and later the acting Imperial Wizard——

> ". . . . I am about ready to devote a great portion of my attention to propagation work affecting directly Congressmen and Senators and

TREASURY DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON

OFFICE OF
AUDITOR FOR NAVY DEPARTMENT

January 30, 1921.

Col. W. J. Simmons,

Atlanta,

Georgia.

Sir:

According to newspaper reports the Order of The Ku Klux Klan stands for

1. 100 per cent Americanism
2. White supremacy
3. A separate church and state.
4. Anti-modernism.

Being in accord with these principles I would like to know more about this order, either through the mail or a representative.

Very truly yours,

Joseph Q. Bristow

Joseph Q. Bristow,
Office Auditor Navy,
Washington, D.C.

¶ *The Klan at work in the United States Treasury Department.*

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¶ Inside documentary exposures of the attempt of the Klan to control the machinery of government are continued in this article

at WASHINGTON

H*apgood*

Departmental Heads in the Government. As you know, I have been giving much thought and consideration to this phase of the propagation work, and have been laying my plans to effectively reach these men. The organization needs those of this class of men who are eligible and the Bureau work in Washington is extremely difficult and slow until we have them with us."

THE GRAND GOBLIN then proceeds to make certain suggestions as to the manner in which these officials should be approached. The Imperial Kleagle incorporated these suggestions in a letter to the Grand Goblins. Here are portions of this ingenuous document:

". . . . The Capital of the Nation is a city peculiarly itself; it is a composite of the entire nation. Few of the residents have lived in Washington long enough to be sufficiently well-known to investigate them there—little or no reliable information is to be had concerning them in Washington. This is especially true just at this time, when the Republican Administration is paying its political debts by putting Republicans to work and asking Democrats to 'get off the job.'

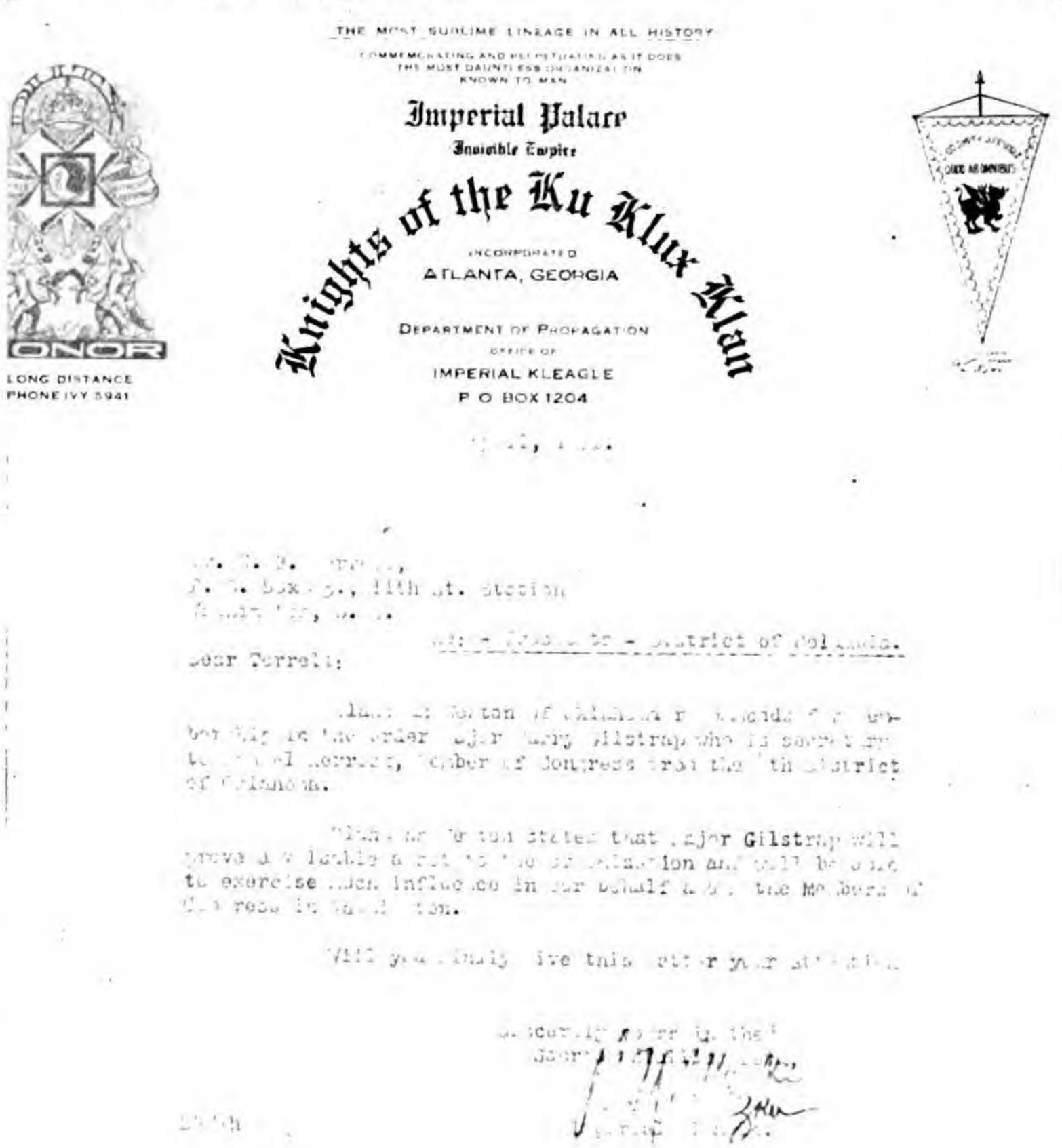
"During the eight years of the Democratic Administration, just past, Democrats filled the departments in Washington, from Chiefs, all the way down to Clerks. Effective July 1st many Democrats were thrown out of positions and Republicans are fast filling them. During Tumulty's Administration every Department was loaded to the gunwales with Romanists, many of whom now see a Masonic Administration is not going to tolerate them and in order to stay on the job are leaving their Knights of Columbus badges at home and making application to join the Masons—they disclaim affiliation with the Catholic Church and, generally speaking, claim to be anything to keep at work; they are political chameleons, all colors to all parties—Republicans for Revenue only. Many of them have made application to this Organization but, of course, have been rejected.

"Immediately upon receipt of this communication, please issue instructions to your King Kleagles, and they to their Kleagles that they obtain from all Klansmen whatever information is to be had as to the eligibility and desirability for membership in this Order of their Congressmen and Senators, and Government employes generally in Washington, which submit direct to Grand Goblin Terrell, as fast as possible. Where it is known that a certain Congressman, Departmental Head, or a mere clerk, if he is *not* eligible for membership for any reason, let the reason be stated, by Klansmen, and such person's name be included on a list of non-eligibles.

"In order to have uniformity of action, it is suggested that Klansmen be requested to write letters addressed to Kleagles, giving all possible detailed information, especially in regard to Representatives and Congressmen, and Departmental Heads, which should cover, at least, the information outlined in the attached form. These letters may be sent by Klansmen direct to Grand Goblin Terrell, but you will get more action by having the Klansmen turn such letters over to the Kleagle, who may send them direct to Washington, to Harry B. Terrell, 801 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C. Many Klansmen visit Washington during the year, and have friends in the Departments of Government, who are eligible; give such Klansmen the address of Grand Goblin Terrell and ask them to call on him.

"With Congress continually in session, Grand Goblin Terrell has an opportunity to naturalize Senators and Representatives, where you will not have.

"The quick response you are going to get from this work is that as fast as a Congressman or Senator from your territory is naturalized, you will be notified of it; when you can say to Klansmen in your territory that their Representative is a Klansman, it is going to increase their ardor, and their respect for the Organization. Besides, the addition of many of those high in Governmental councils and affairs is going to add much to our strength as a


THE MOST SUBLIME LINEAGE IN ALL HISTORY
COMMEMORATING AND PERPETUATING AS IT DOES THE MOST DAUNTLESS ORGANIZATION KNOWN TO MAN

Imperial Palace
Invisible Empire

Knights of the Ku Klux Klan

INCORPORATED
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

DEPARTMENT OF PROPAGATION
OFFICE OF
IMPERIAL KLEAGLE
P O BOX 1204

ONOR
LONG DISTANCE
PHONE IVY 5941

¶. *The Imperial Kleagle seeks patronage from a Congressman.*

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"THE MOST SUBLIME LINEAGE IN ALL HISTORY
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OFFICE OF
IMPERIAL KLEAGLE
P. O. BOX 1204

LONG DISTANCE
PHONE IVY 3941

July 2, 1921. A.-H.
Terrible Month
Woeful Week
Desperate Day

¶ *The Alien Property Custodian's office enters the story.*

National organization, and render more potent the power which lies in the Order. Already the Washington bureau has done some effective work for Klansmen, and for the Order, but the possibilities are greater still.

"Where a Klansman knows his Congressman or Senator personally, ask such Klansman to write a letter to his Representatives, in form as follows:

" 'This letter will introduce to you Mr. H. B. Terrell, who desires to talk to you personally and privately about a matter which has already appealed to a great many people all over our country.

" 'He will explain his mission; *Heed what he says.*'

Sincerely yours, in the
Sacred Unfailing Bond,
E. Y. Clarke, Imperial Kleagle."

Klansmen throughout the country wrote these letters of introduction and sent them to H. B. Terrell, the Grand Goblin in Washington. Fortified with these letters, sometimes hundreds addressed to one Senator or Representative, Terrell or a Representative would call on the Congressman, frequently with success. Not all Congressmen, however, who are now citizens of the Invisible Empire were naturalized in Washington by this means, for we know of several who were naturalized previously, both in Washington and in the Klans located in the Congressman's home town or district. This is indicated by the following letter from the Grand Goblin in Washington:

"August 18, 1921

Mr. Thomas W. Wheeler, Kligrapp,
Sylacauga, Alabama.
Esteemed Klansman:

Thank you very much for your letter of August 10th, enclosing a letter of introduction to Congressman Lamar Jeffers from Mr. W. M. Landham.

I had previously been informed that Mr. Jeffers was a Klansman and have been awaiting an opportunity to see him. However, I appreciate your interest and shall certainly get in touch with Klansman Jeffers at the earliest possible moment.

With kindest regards, and trusting that you will call on me the first time you are in Washington, at 801 Munsey Building, I am

Faithfully and sincerely yours, in the Sacred Unfailing Bond,
Harry B. Terrell,
G. G. Capitol Domain."

Whenever there was a doubt in Grand Goblin Terrell's mind that a Congressman suggested might be well received in the Klan, he would write for further information, as in this letter:

"August 19, 1921
Mr. Doane T. Pickering,
Room 407, Ganter Building,
12th and O Sts.,
Lincoln, Nebraska.
Esteemed Klansman:

Thank you for your letter of August 17th, submitting the names of Congressman Frank Reavis and Clifford Wilkins. I appreciate especially the information you gave me about them.

¶ *Add the Public Printer's office to the list.*

OFFICE OF
THE PUBLIC PRINTER
WASHINGTON

...nd ...can side of Politics does
for my ... been with the People of
...der of Lee did not ... treatment from the north
have always blamed the Government for that and if
...bone it would not have happened.

... in this Country and think I am very near a ... American
...ould be governed by Americans only and not by any foreign...
...should be kept in their place. If there were a few of ...
much better for the Women and Girls of this City.

...orable reply to this, I remain

Yours truly

Harry H. Sperry

629 ... St. S.W.

Washington, D.C.

...in in this city.

...meet with your favorable consideration,

...ery sincerely,

Harlan F. Simmons
Captain, C.M.T.C.

¶ *A Quartermaster appears.*

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which is helpful. as you know. I note especially that both these gentlemen have numbers of personal friends and constituents who are Klansmen in Nebraska.

I am sure that it is going to add something to your prestige in Nebraska when you can say to your Klansmen there that Congressman Reavis and Mr. Wilkins speak the language of a Klansman. Just as soon as they do, if they should, I will advise you.

While I would naturally presume from your letter that these gentlemen have the unqualified endorsement of Klansmen in your territory, you fail to so state, and I will appreciate your making some inquiry of your Klansmen and if it should develop any antagonism toward them, especially Congressman Reavis, I would be very glad to know it.

Assuring you of my appreciation of the information, and that I stand ready and willing to aid you in any way I can. I am

Faithfully and Sincerely yours, in the Sacred Unfailing Bond,

Harry B. Terrell,
G. G. Capitol Domain."

GRAND GOBLIN TERRELL also received many communications containing the names of those in official circles who were not eligible or who seemed unfriendly.

"Mr. H. B. Terrell,
Kigy:

I had quite a lengthy call from Congressman Overstreet of Georgia, the conversation naturally turned to politics and I sounded him pretty thoroughly in regard to his aims, beliefs, etc. He is worried over the permanency of his seat on the hill and he dubbed movements such as ours—anarchy, radicalism, etc. He came out



ONG DISTANCE
HONE IVY 5941

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INCORPORATED
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

DEPARTMENT OF PROPAGATION
OFFICE OF
IMPERIAL KLEAGLE
P. O. BOX 1204

April 21, 1921.

Mr. J.E.Lothrop,
P.O.Box 3, [illegible],
[illegible], D.C.

Dear Walter:

Mr.J.V.Moser, 151 V Street N.E., Washington, D.C., telephone- North 9135, has [illegible] Fourteenth and B Streets, [illegible] Walter i. the Income Tax Department [illegible] asked that a representative [illegible] him as he was desirous of [illegible] has several friends who [illegible] Trusting this information [illegible]
I am

Faithfully yours in the Sacred Bond,

Charles W Love

Chief [illegible]
of the Imperial Kleagle.

PERCY E. QUIN
7TH DIST MISS.

R. LEE STAMPS
SECRETARY

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS
WASHINGTON, D.C.

[illegible] small
[illegible], if there is any-
thing that I can do to aid you in the
noble work that you have undertaken, I
will thank you to command me.

Very sincerely,

Room 139 House Office Building,
Washington, D. C.

¶ *The Income Tax Department is represented.*

Klansman Fisher, who is with the Interstate Commerce Commission, Engineer Department, concerning a conversation he had with Congressman Overstreet of Georgia. . . .

I do not know what record is being kept in the Imperial Palace of those Government officials who are against us, but it seems to me the part of wisdom to keep some record because Klansmen from the First District in Georgia are going to make inquiries on the Imperial Palace as to how Overstreet stands when he again offers for election, and should he not be led to change his mind in the interim, I am confident that real Klansmen would prefer to support a man of kindred thought and purpose as opposed to a man of the ideas and ideals of Congressman Overstreet.

I realize, of course, that we want to do nothing which would antagonize Congressman Overstreet against us, and it might be that when he knows the truth his attitude would be entirely different, and that the statements made by him are born entirely of ignorance about the Order. I am keeping such things in mind and at the proper time expect to see just where Overstreet stands after having the necessary information.

Faithfully and sincerely yours, in The Sacred Unfailing Bond,

Harry B. Terrell,
G. G. Capitol Domain."

¶ *The Klan is strong in the House of Representatives.*

very plainly as being against us and asked me if I didn't think that such things should be suppressed. Lauded the actions being taken in Texas, Illinois, North Carolina, etc., said he thought such things should be stamped out with an iron hand.

I thought this might be of interest as his home state is Georgia.

Itsub
Fisher."

The Grand Goblin sent this memorandum to an Imperial official in Atlanta. A portion of this letter states:

"August 19, 1921

Mr. E. Y. Clarke,
P. O. Box 966, Atlanta, Georgia.
Esteemed Klansman:

I am enclosing herewith copy of a memorandum handed me by

During the summer of 1921, George [*Continued on page 126*]

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The Terror of Elton

Illustrations by



¶ *"You mean to say," cried Ann Lancaster, "that this man is going to give a thousand pounds for my hair?"*

COLONEL Sir Francis Worton, K. C. B., D. S. O., officially known among professional intimates, since the formal inauguration of his new Department, as Q 20, stood before the open window of Daniel Rocke's office, looking out across the incongruous medley of rooftops, chimneys and sky signs. A sudden burst of spring had deluged the city with sunshine. Daffodils and mimosa were being sold at the street corners, the sky was of summer blue, across which drifted lazily fleecy little fragments of white cloud.

"If I were anybody in the world but my unlucky self," he sighed, "I should take a long week-end and play golf at Rye. Upsetting weather, this!"

Daniel glanced out of the window without enthusiasm.

"Beastly treacherous," he muttered. "The east wind may come back tomorrow."

"Pessimist!" his Chief scoffed. "By-the-bye, Dan, that's a ripping good-looking typist of yours."

"Is she?" Daniel answered coldly. "I can't say I ever noticed her particularly."

Q 20 swung around and looked at his friend.

"Liver or the blues?" he inquired.

"Both," was the prompt acknowledgment. "I want some work."

"There's plenty doing," Worton replied, "only I don't want to set you fishing for minnows. I like to keep you comfortably in the background for the big fish. There's plenty doing, of course. Anarchy and love-making both flourish in the spring."

"All the same, you didn't walk across the Park to come and see me at this time of the morning for nothing, did you?" Daniel persisted.

"I did not," his visitor admitted.

"Get along with it, then. I've done nothing but cipher and decoding work for ages. I can't stand any more of it."

"The affair to which I am about to allude," Q 20 remarked cautiously, "does not come within the sphere of our professional activities. You, however, are a free lance. It might interest you."

"Proceed," Daniel begged.

"This remarkably good-looking secretary of yours—let me see, what did you say her name was?"

"I'm not aware that I mentioned it," Daniel answered stiffly. "It is, as a matter of fact, Lancaster—Miss Ann Lancaster."

"Know anything of her antecedents?"

"I know of a very tragic incident in her life. She is the daughter of the man who was murdered by that lunatic Londe."

Q 20 whistled softly.

"The fellow who nearly did you in! The girl got you out of a tight place, didn't she?"

"I have always considered myself indebted to Miss Lancaster for her services on that occasion," Daniel acknowledged with some reserve.

"Then you'd better ask her what she means by dining in the Ronico Grill Room with a well-known criminal," his friend suggested, "—a man who is badly wanted by Scotland Yard."

Daniel was amazingly perturbed.

"Dining alone with him?"

Q 20 nodded.

"We don't make mistakes," he said, a little coldly. "I suppose I ought to give Scotland Yard the tip, but I'm not going to, just at present."

"Has this been going on for long?" Daniel asked.

"About a fortnight. I can tell you all about it, for I was having the young man closely shadowed at the time. They met at a tea-shop. He sent a card over to her. She was on the point of tearing it up when she seemed to change her mind. She examined the card more closely, put it in her bag, looked across at the man and smiled. These women are the devil," Worton went on, with a sigh. "Scarcely lifts her eyes when I wish her the most respectful 'Good morning'!"

"And since then?"

"She's dined with him at least three times, always in the Ronico Grill. They were there on Tuesday. He seemed to be trying to persuade her to go somewhere."

"The devil!" Daniel exclaimed, with cold fury.

Colonel Sir Francis Worton picked up his gray Homburg hat, his stick and his gloves.

"I am always to be found at the Club, after hours," he concluded. "Keep in touch with me, there's a good fellow."

DANIEL, distinctly disturbed and ill at ease, bade his friend a somewhat incoherent farewell. The door of the outer office had scarcely closed before he rang the bell. Ann appeared at once. He swung round in his chair and looked at her. For the first time he seemed to realize how little he actually knew of his new secretary. Her quietness of demeanor, her habit of reserved speech, all made for secrecy. She stood just where a little flood of sunshine which had so disturbed his previous visitor, sought out the beauty of her dark brown hair, with its threads and splashes of gold.

Daniel pulled himself together.

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Lodge

¶ *A New Series of Mystery Stories by* E. P*hillips* O*ppenheim*

D*alton Stevens*



¶ *"Ann," Greatson pleaded, "you'll play the game? You won't pinch the money and then have nothing more to do with me?"*

"Won't you sit down for a moment, Miss Lancaster," he invited.

She hesitated and then obeyed him.

"I am aware," he went on, stiffly, "that it is not customary to interfere with the private life of one's assistants, but I have this morning received information of a distressing character."

"About me?" Ann inquired.

"About you. I am told that you are in the habit of dining with a well-known criminal, a man whom you met by chance in a tea-room."

Ann's attitude toward the accusation was distinctly unexpected. A light of pleasure flashed in her soft brown eyes.

"Is he really a criminal?" she demanded.

"I have it on the best authority," was the curt reply.

"Then I have not been wasting my time," she declared.

Daniel looked at her for a moment in blank surprise.

"Perhaps you would care to explain?" he suggested.

"Willingly," she answered. "You have become immersed in other interests and you have forgotten the man who came within five seconds of taking your life. I have never forgotten my father's murderer."

"You mean to say that you are on his track?" Daniel demanded.

"That is my hope," she assented. "It is quite true that I made this man's acquaintance in a tea-room. He sent me over a card on which was scribbled an impertinent message. I was on the point of tearing it up when I saw that the name printed upon it had been crossed out. Even then I fancied that I could read it. Now in the clear light, it is quite legible."

She drew a crumpled card from a letter-case in her pocket, and handed it to him. He held it up to the light. A little exclamation broke from his lips.

"Sir Joseph Londe!" he cried.

She nodded.

"When I found," she went on, "that the young man who sought to make my acquaintance was in possession of cards bearing that name—well, I encouraged him."

"Have you ever referred to Londe?" Daniel inquired.

"Certainly not," she answered. "He is very clever."

"Has he disclosed any design with regard to you, other than flirtation?" Daniel asked.

"He is working up to it," Ann answered eagerly. "He is always admiring my hair. At first I took no notice of it, but he has been so persistent that I became suspicious. Only the other night, he asked me if anything would induce me to have it cut off and sell it."

"For what purpose?"

"He said something about a wealthy woman who seems to be connected with his uncle, somehow or other," she replied. "Anyway, his uncle appears to be the intermediary."

"Nothing that he has ever said has suggested the existence of Londe, I suppose?"

"I am not sure," she reflected. "He has spoken once or twice of a very wealthy uncle—a professional man."

"When do you see him again?"

"I am dining with him tonight."

Daniel frowned. He was utterly unable to account for a certain irritation which betrayed itself at once in his tone.

"You seem to find his society amusing, anyhow."

"I try to," she confessed simply. "I am hoping every time that he may give me the clue."

"And do you propose, may I ask," he went on, "to proceed with these investigations yourself?"

"Not necessarily. If you can suggest any form of intervention, I should be only too glad to share the responsibility," she assured him.

"Before this evening," Daniel promised, "I will collect a little more information about this young man. What does he call himself?"

"Mr. Leopold Greatson."

"Good-looking?" Daniel asked querulously.

"Of his type," she admitted, "tall, with small, military, black mustache and very black eyes."

"Good manners?"

"On the surface," she answered, after a moment's hesitation.

Daniel showed signs of cheering up.

"Don't leave without seeing me this evening," he enjoined. "I'll have his dossier by then."

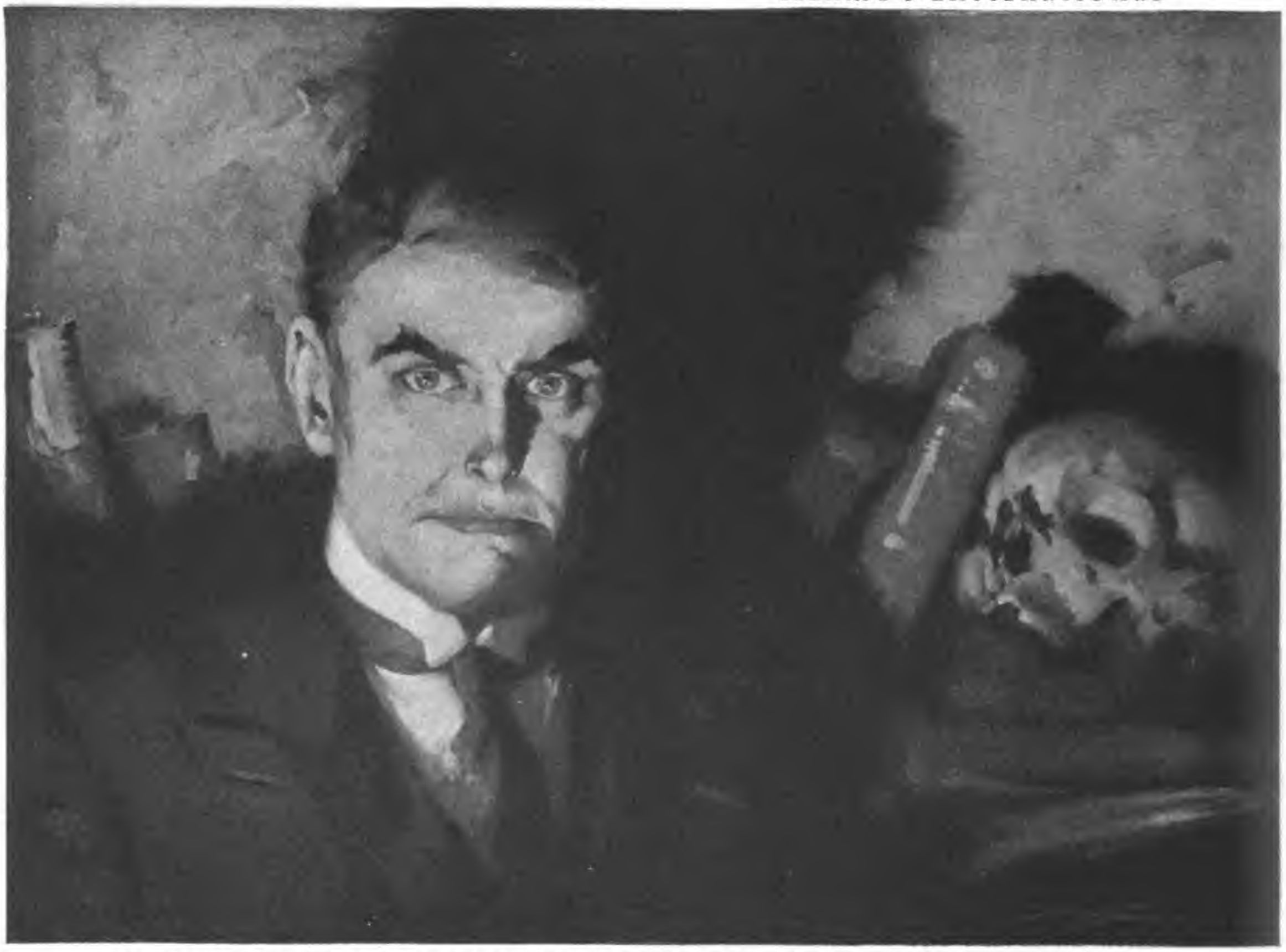
"Don't show it to me," she begged, "or I shall be afraid to go near him."

Daniel smiled in peculiar fashion. "You will not be alone," he promised.

MISS ANN LANCASTER, seated at one of the small, balcony tables upstairs at Ronico's, looking quite at her best, and with a great bunch of violets by the side of her plate, tried to persuade herself that she was enjoying her dinner.

Most of the concomitants of a pleasant evening were there,

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The face of the man seemed relentlessly framed in its circle of white light—a strange powerful face. He had the air of a man waiting for a purpose.

yet a queer feeling had come to Ann. For the first time in her life, she knew fear. Every now and then, her companion leaned across the table toward her to whisper words of admiration.

While they were waiting for their coffee, he moved his chair and leaned across until their heads nearly touched.

"Ann," he began.

"I have not given you permission to call me Ann," she interrupted.

"You soon will," he continued, "very soon indeed, I hope, after you have heard what I have to say. First of all, I will make a confession. I have spoken to you three or four times of my uncle. He is not my uncle at all."

"You mean the rich old misanthrope who wants my hair?" Ann demanded.

He nodded.

"I think that he is a little mad," he confided. "I will tell you the truth about the matter. He has a wife whom no one ever sees, whose hair he believes to be perfectly white, although as a matter of fact it is exactly the same color as your own. She had a shock some time ago.

"All the while he is looking for someone with exactly your color hair. He is a clever man—a scientist, they say—but he is mad. He thinks that he will be able to graft the hair on to his wife's head, and that, when she sees her hair the right color again, she will recover her health and spirits."

"What an extraordinary story!" Ann murmured.

"It is true—I give you my word that it is true," the young man assured her earnestly. "Now I will tell you something else. I told you that he would give a hundred pounds for your hair. He will give more—he will give a great deal more.

"When I first talked to you about it, I thought of nothing except to make something for myself. Now I know you better, I have another idea. Let us take all that he will give and go abroad together.

"We can be married—you can trust me, I promise that—and we can go to a little place in the southwest of France that I know of. I could practice there as a doctor. I took my degree all right, but I never had the money to set up. What do you think of my plan?"

"I don't know," Ann confessed. "You never told me that you were a doctor."

"I am a doctor, but there was some trouble when I was an assistant to a man in the east-end," he explained. "You see, I am quite honest with you. I should find it difficult to practice in this country. Abroad it would be all right, and with the thousand pounds——"

"You mean to say that this man is going to give a thousand pounds for my hair?" she interrupted.

THE young man looked annoyed. His mouth moved sideways—an ugly trick he had at times.

"I was coming to that," he said. "Yes, he will give a thousand pounds."

"What is his name?" Ann asked.

"Warking—Doctor Joseph Warking."

"What is he like?"

"A quaint-looking cove, of medium height, dark, and with massive shoulders. Looks very clever. Honestly, I know very little about him, but I know that he means business about that thousand pounds."

"Why doesn't he advertise, or come out and look for someone himself?" Ann demanded.

"He's hired a gloomy old house the other side of Putney Common. I arranged the whole matter for him, and, if you believe me, he hasn't been out of that house since the first day he arrived in it—out of the grounds, I should say," he corrected himself. "He does play about at a little gardening at times—talks about making a rock garden."

Ann clutched at the tablecloth. For a moment the atmosphere of the place, her companion, seemed all fantastic and unreal. She heard the sobbing of the night wind in the pine trees, and saw Daniel Rocke coming along the shadowy path, side

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by side with the woman with the strange eyes. . . . She no longer had any doubt.

"Well, what do you think of my scheme?" the young man asked, after a little pause.

"How far away is it?"

"Three or four miles."

"Tell me exactly where it is," Ann persisted.

"It's a house called Elton Lodge, an old-fashioned place near the Portsmouth Road," he confided. "It would take us about twenty-five minutes in a taxi. He's got the money waiting there in notes!"

"Well, I am willing to go and see your eccentric friend."

"You'll come there now with me, then?"

Ann nodded.

He called for the bill and, while the waiter was bringing it, dropped his voice to a whisper.

"Ann," he pleaded, "you'll play the game? You won't pinch the thousand and then have nothing more to do with yours truly? You'll act on the square?"

"Yes," Ann assured him, "I'll act on the square."

The young man received and paid his bill. Ann rose to her feet with a little grimace.

"I'll fetch my coat and have one last look at my hair," she murmured, as she disappeared from view.

IN THE dreary library of a large, dilapidated house, a man sat at a writing-table, motionless, apparently idle. There were patches of damp upon the walls, half of the shelves with which the room had been lined had been torn down, the few books that remained were mouldy and damp to the touch. The carpet had been taken up and replaced with a temporary drugget.

Most of the electric fittings in the room had been dismantled. One lamp alone stood upon the desk, unshaded and glaring. The face of the man seemed relentlessly framed in its circle of white light—a strange, powerful face, sallow and somber, clean-shaven, with black hair in which was no streak of gray. He had the air of a man waiting there for a purpose, idle yet attentive. Suddenly his whole expression changed.

From outside came the sound of the swinging of a gate, the noise of a taxicab, the flash of its lamps passing the window. A strange, almost a beautiful smile parted his lips for a moment.

There followed the sound of footsteps in the stone hall outside. The door of the room was opened, and the visitors entered. The man who had been waiting, rose to his feet.

"I have brought the young lady, sir," Leopold Greatson announced.

Ann raised her eyes and gave a start. The man whom she had come to see was not even looking at her. His eyes were fixed greedily upon her hair.

"Take off your hat, please," he begged.

She obeyed. He gave a little sigh of relief as the garish light shone upon the misty film of gold with its darker background.

"My dear young lady," he said, "your hair is wonderful. It is precisely the shade for which I have been seeking. This young man has, I trust, informed you of my offer?"

"He has," she answered.

Leopold Greatson came up to the table, almost pushing his way past Ann.

"In a sense, although it's not my hair, we are partners in this," he declared. "We want the money before the hair is touched."

The prospective purchaser produced his pocket-book.

"It is your wish?" he asked Ann.

"No!" she answered.

Leopold Greatson struck the table with his fist.

"It was a bargain," he declared thickly.

"It was no bargain," Ann retorted. "I wanted to be brought here. I listened to what you had to say, but I promised nothing."

There was a curious light in the older man's eyes—almost a twinkle.

"I shall pay the money when the hair is mine," he pronounced. "There is the commission I promised," he added, drawing a note from his pocket-book. "You had better go and leave the young lady alone with me. We can finish our business together."

Greatson pocketed the note ungraciously.

"You're backing out, then?" he complained, turning to Ann. "Mind, it wasn't the money only. I'd taken a fancy to you."

She waved him away. Her gesture was insignificant, but he understood that he was a thing of no account. The girl's eyes seldom left the face of the man whom she had come to visit.

"Don't you want me to take you home?" Leopold Greatson persisted.

"I never want to see you again," she replied.

HE WENT out, grumbling, and slammed the door behind him. The sound of the echoes seemed to awaken a sense of loneliness for the first time in Ann's mind. She had the courage of a lioness, and her trust in Daniel was immense, but she suddenly realized that she was alone with a lunatic and a murderer.

"I am glad to get rid of that young man," her companion remarked cheerfully. "I do not know why, but he displeases me. Ah! Now you are going to see why I am parting with all this money—for your hair."

A door on the farther side of the room had opened. Fear crept into Ann's heart as she saw the newcomer—a tall, slim woman, pale-faced, with strange, large eyes and hair as beautiful as her own. She was wearing the uniform of a nurse. She seemed, somehow or other, a handmaiden of death.

"Is everything prepared?" the man asked.

"Everything is ready," was the quiet reply.

A momentary passion drove the fear from Ann's heart. The sight of the woman in her nurse's garb, was illuminative. She knew now, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that she had found her father's murderer. She rose to her feet.

"Listen, both of you!" she exclaimed, looking from one to the other, "Do you know who I am?"



Ann was held with a strangling grip. "Keep quiet," ordered the woman in a nurse's uniform. "Just sniff this."

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"I am more interested," he assured her gently, "in the color of your hair."

"I am Ann Lancaster," she proclaimed, her eyes blazing. "I am the daughter of the man you murdered! I am here not to sell my hair but because, through it, I have tracked you down! Do you hear that?"

He smiled at her benignly.

"Well, well, that really doesn't matter, does it?" he answered soothingly. "I remember your father now perfectly—a most amiable man, but, alas! I am afraid, a coward. The fuss he made about parting with a little of his brain was quite pitiable. You remember, Esther?" he added, turning to the woman who was standing by his side like a wraith.

"Quite well," she admitted. "He gave us a great deal of trouble."

"And, after all," Londe sighed, "he was useless. His brain was a very poor affair. Now the young man who behaved so badly to us—Daniel Rocke, I think his name was—he, I feel sure, would have been a most satisfactory subject."

A FIERCE CURIOSITY conquered for a moment Ann's terror.

"What did you expect to get from these people?" she demanded.

"A very intelligent question," Londe answered approvingly. "You see, my wife here and I—she wasn't my wife then—were right up to the line in France and Belgium for many, many months. I lived with a knife in my hand, and she with bandages. Night and day we were there. If I sought a moment's sleep, I was awakened by the screaming—and they came and fetched me. We were short of anesthetics. We were short of everything. Blood—you never saw anything like it! We lived in it, and, somehow or other, a drop of it got into my brain.

"I went to a physician. I knew it was there because I could see it with the X-rays. He told me that nothing would cure me but to find another brain of the same formation as mine, but a natural color, and remove a small portion of it to take the place of the discolored part of my own. I dare say it was good advice, but I couldn't find another brain that hadn't got a similar smudge of red in it.

"I tried two subjects, as you know. The third was too selfish. People misunderstood us, so we had to go away. Then there came the question of this exchange of hair. My wife was afraid that you would be like these cowardly men and make difficulties about it. Directly I saw you, though, I knew there was no fear of that."

Ann's hand went instinctively to her head.

"What do you mean?" she demanded. He smiled.

"I am a very clever man," he confided, "a great scientist. I know better than to try and cut your hair off and have a hairdresser deal with it. What I shall do—it will be a very interesting operation—I shall take the scalp with it and graft it on to my wife's head. Then your hair will grow just as it is growing now."

"It is exactly the color mine was," the woman murmured, looking fixedly at Ann, "exactly the color mine seems even now to me. It will be wonderful." The hideous sense of unreality which had enveloped Ann, began to pass away. The consciousness of her imminent danger, however, was no more consoling. She was alone and in the power of two lunatics.

"What about me, after you have taken my—my hair?" she faltered.

The man smiled.

"That is all arranged for," he answered consolingly. "You remember my little rock garden at Dredley? I have started something similar here. It is really a very retired spot, although we are so near the highway."

SHE SAT perfectly silent, incredulous, stupefied. The calm explanation, the entire air of reasonableness, baffled all comment. She sat like a numbed being, but more than anything else in the world she prayed for Daniel Rocke.

"Everything is ready in the operating room," the woman announced calmly.

Her husband rose to his feet and glanced expectantly toward Ann. Suddenly, they heard the sound of hasty footsteps in the hall. The door was opened and closed. Leopold Greatson, a little out of breath, stood facing them. His patron frowned.

"Why have you come back?" he demanded.

"There's something up outside!" the young man cried. "As I passed the corner of Roehampton Lane, I met a police van coming up. I stopped and came back. There are seven of them. They've got the house surrounded.

"A man saw me and came up—might have been a gentleman. 'Where's the girl you brought up here?' he asked. I told him I'd left her here. 'Fetch her back and take her away,' he ordered, 'and you'll do yourself a bit of good.' That isn't exactly what he said, but it's near the sense of it. . . . Come on, young lady. I don't understand this hair-dealing business. We'll vamoose."

Ann rose eagerly to her feet. The man who had called himself "Doctor Warking" appeared curiously unperturbed.

"I wonder, Greatson, whether I dare entrust you with a considerable sum of money," he said, drawing a great bundle of notes from his pocket. "I have no doubt that this is merely a friendly call, but——"

Some instinct prompted Ann to call out, but she was too late. Greatson had taken an impetuous step forward, his right hand outstretched. The other seized it in a grip cruel as the bite of a vise, swung him round with amazing strength and brought him crashing to the floor. Breathlessly, Ann looked upon a feat which she would never have believed possible—she saw Greatson lifted on to the other man's back and carried from the room. Then, before she had realized her danger, her own time came. The woman who had moved to her side, suddenly held her with a strangling clasp.

"Keep quiet," she ordered, in the tone of a nurse soothing her patient. "Just sniff this . . . that's right. Now keep still."

The minutes which passed seemed forever afterwards to be one of Ann's most hideous memories. She found herself, in those first moments of realization, lying back in an easy-chair, conscious, yet with a strange sense of powerlessness. She tried to move, and fell down. Her arms, her legs, even the muscles of her neck when she tried to turn her head, seemed atrophied.

She heard stealthy footsteps around the house. She even heard the front door open and close. She tried to remember the brief space of time immediately following the moment when that long, thin arm had clasped her neck—and tried in vain. She was all the time conscious of some unfamiliarity with regard to herself, something she failed to realize but which gave her a strange feeling of imperfect identity. The seconds ticked on.

THEN, at last, came a steady hammering at the front door, a sound which went echoing through the house. There was no reply. The hammering was repeated. Then there was the sound of the door being burst open, footsteps in the bare, stone-flagged hall, the eager entrance of someone into the room. Daniel Rocke stood there, a revolver in his hand.

"Here's the woman!" he called out. "Keep your line across the hall."

Ann tried to speak. Her lips were feeble, the sound almost inarticulate. She moved her head slightly, however, and Daniel gave a great cry.

"They've done us!" he shouted, springing backward. "After the taxi, Thomas! Never mind the house. After the taxi!"

Ann was still bewildered. Then, looking down at herself, she suddenly realized what that sense of imperfect identity meant. Vague, half-stifled recollections, lingering in the back of her mind as though they belonged to some former life, suddenly became insistent. She was wearing a nurse's uniform. She remembered the slipping of her own gown on to the floor.

Colonel Sir Francis Worton was a little depressed about the whole affair—also a little bored. He had enjoyed the three days' holiday in which he had afterwards indulged, immensely, and on his return he would have preferred to have talked golf.

"The affair, my dear Daniel," he said, "can only be termed unfortunate. I admit that you were perhaps bound to call in Scotland Yard, but you might at least have insisted upon a more skilful organizer for your little venture. There you were, a dozen presumably intelligent men, entirely fooled by a couple of lunatics."

"On paper I know it sounds ridiculous," Daniel admitted. "On the other hand, you must remember that a lunatic of the Londe type, who suffers from one obsession at a time and is sane on every other point, is the most difficult person in the world to get hold of. He's as strong as a lion, too. He carried that young man upstairs before he changed clothes with him."

"Personally," Q 20 remarked, "I think that Miss Lancaster is one of the luckiest persons I know. With all due deference to you,

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Daniel Rocke stood there, a revolver in his hand. "Here's the woman!" he called out. "Keep your line across the hall."

Daniel, she should never have been allowed to run such a risk."

"You can't use the word 'allow' when you talk about Miss Lancaster," Daniel replied irritably. "She does what she wants to, and that's all there is about it. That part of the affair was entirely her own planning. I could not have kept her from going to Elton Lodge unless I had held her back by force."

The whole affair is very unfortunate," his companion repeated. "The young man Leopold Greatson was most interesting to us. Through him, I am quite sure that in a week or two we should have found where these three lost Russians were hiding.

"Scotland Yard has really got nothing against him worth bringing him into court for. He'll get six or eight months at the worst, and when he comes out he will have lost touch with the present situation. Upon my word, though, she's a good-looking girl, I'm almost sorry I put you on your guard."

"Don't talk rubbish!" Daniel rejoined testily. "She might have met with a horrible death at the hands of that maniac."

"You think that Londe was really in earnest, then?"

"He was in earnest about the two men he murdered to get at their brains," Daniel reminded his chief. "There was the operating table all ready in the bathroom, too, the proper knives laid out, and two or three surgical books dealing with the scalp."

Q 20 shivered a little and threw away his cigarette.

"You may have lost Greatson," Daniel continued, "but your tip to me probably prevented another hideous murder."

"Right, Daniel, as usual," his friend admitted. "I regret nothing. Only—next time you get on the track of that man Londe, let me take a hand."

There was a glitter in Daniel's eye which was almost bloodthirsty. This was in the days when he was full of self-confidence.

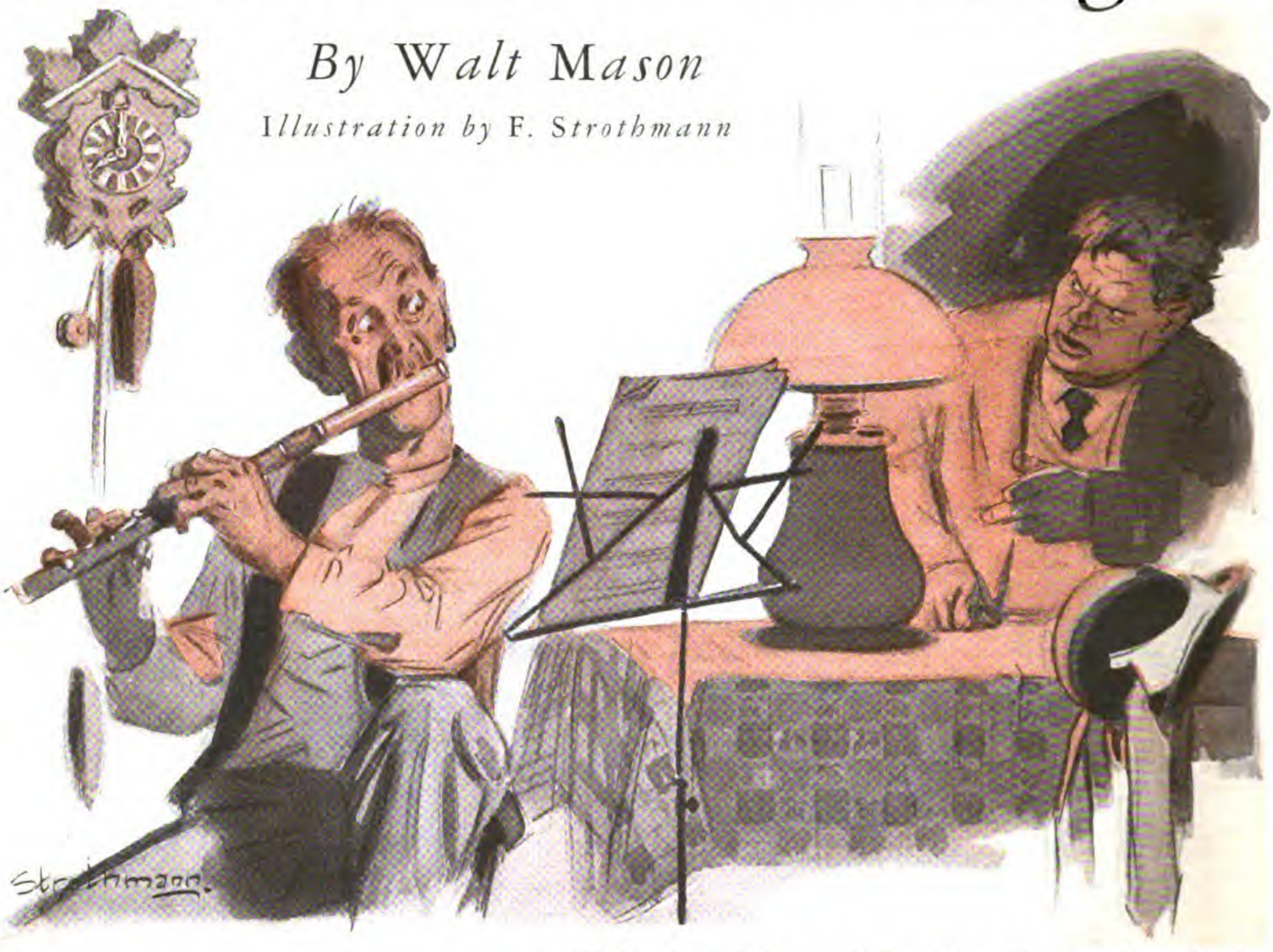
"The next time," he declared, "will be the last!"

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It's COLD *on the* Heights

By Walt Mason

Illustration by F. Strothmann



¶ *"I had to ask my neighbor to stop his flute playing while my grand opera friend was visiting me. He said my neighbor didn't know a flute from an egg-beater."*

I AM so used to being run over by automobiles that I pay little attention to the smaller cars which bounce over my person. But Holiday's limousine is a large, cumbersome vehicle, and it had chains on all four wheels when it ran me down and I was in such desperate shape when a squad of policemen carried me home on a cellar door that the coroner and three undertakers camped on my front lawn and had their meals brought to them there.

However, an excellent constitution and the tender care of old Doc Funeral, the family physician, pulled me through and in a few days I was convalescent. Then the neighbors began to drop in to express their sympathy, and to bring me slices of bologna sausage, codfish balls, and other delicacies such as invalids like. Their kindness often moved me to tears. They begged the privilege of doing something for me, anything that would soothe my lacerated spirit and bring sunshine to my couch of suffering.

One evening Prof. Lackaday came over, bearing a volume under his arm. The professor is a learned man, an authority on grammar and the king's English, and I have always been afraid of him. If one happens to hand him a poorly constructed sentence, or a stanza with a split infinitive in it, the professor shudders as though he had closed his teeth on a mothball instead of a gumdrop. But his heart is in the right place, and knowing I was desperately ill, he came over to read me to sleep; and the book he brought was Schopenhauer's "Studies in Pessimism." Although I stand in awe of the professor, I had to draw the line at that.

"Sometime when my health is ridiculously good," I said, "and I am bubbling over with home grown optimism, you might read a chapter from that book to keep me from getting too gay. But in my present condition it would be fatal. If you look on yonder escritoire, hard by the imported oriental divan, you will find a detective story I was reading before I was stricken down by Holiday's seven-passenger hearse. It is an excellent detective story; in the first chapter we find a new-laid corpse, suggesting an inscrutable mystery; in the second chapter the official police are introduced; they pull a number of unseemly boners, and fall over their own feet, and admit they are baffled; in the third chapter there appears the super-sleuth, radiant and imposing in his intellectual grandeur. Now, if you will begin to read Chapter Four, you will renew my youth and bring the bloom of health to my pallid cheek."

The professor sighed wearily and hunted up the book, and began to read. At the end of every paragraph he ground his teeth and wiped the perspiration from his brow. When he had finished the chapter his reason tottered on its throne.

"I simply can't read any more such tosh," he moaned. "The man who wrote that book should be on the chain gang. He violates every rule of grammar on every page. Ask me to carry a ton of coal up three flights of stairs, and see how anxious I am to oblige you; but, prithee, don't insist upon hearing any more of that story from my lips."

SHORTLY afterwards the professor tucked his hat under his arm and placed the Studies in Pessimism on his head and went home. After his departure I experienced a great wave of pity for him. Here was a man who couldn't enjoy a corking detective story because the author fell several parasangs behind Walter Pater in his use of the language. The professor had cut himself off from all the red-blooded fiction of his time because of his reverence for correct English. A misused comma spoiled a volume for him.

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I remembered that he was practically an outcast in the town. We all admired him and when we were away from home we boasted that Hay Center was the home of Prof. Lackaday; but in our daily journeys we all sidestepped the professor, fearing that in commenting upon the weather we might be guilty of some grammatical lapse that would make him fall dead. In the evenings, when we assemble in the Blue Front store, we have a good time talking of our flivvers, telling of hills we climbed in high, and so on; people drift in and out and we pay no attention, but go ahead with our stories. But if the professor blows in, conversation ceases as though somebody had whacked it off with an axe. We might make some break that would cause the professor to gnash his hands and wring his teeth.

The more I considered his loneliness, the more I pitied him. It is a frightful thing to be shut off from your fellow men and there is nothing that shuts a man off more completely than distinction, or an excess of knowledge. Load your neighbor with honors, and he at once gets out of touch with the rest of the boys. He must herd with others who are loaded with honors, or who have been educated to a razor edge, or he will be as lonesome as Salathiel the Immortal.

The next day I had a relapse. It turned out afterward that Doc Funeral had mixed his prescriptions, and I took medicine intended for a sick horse, and the horse took powders intended for me. The fact that the horse died in great agony leads me to believe that I had a narrow escape.

When the doc arrived that day and found my pulse registered 190 in the shade, he was greatly alarmed, and insisted upon calling in a distinguished medical man from the city. Believing as I do that the tail should always go with the hide, I consented, and in a few hours the celebrated doctor was at my bedside. One could see at a glance that he was a great man. There was something remote and majestic about his bearing, as though he realized that he was one of nature's anointed. He spoke as though he valued his words at $4.98 each, and no farm produce taken in exchange. His face was cold and expressionless, and his fee was something to tell my grandchildren about. He made a frigid pretense of consulting with old Doc Funeral, but it was a hollow mockery. He regarded the cross-roads doc with contempt.

HERE, I thought, is another lonesome man. He doesn't know anything of human companionship, of games of checkers, of swapping jackknives, of anything that is normal. If he has associates, they are men like himself; men, who dress for dinner, and have valets, who play golf in a strictly correct and ladylike manner, who go to Europe at regular intervals. They are great men and good men, but they are horribly lonesome; for nobody ever knocks their hats off in a spirit of playfulness, and nobody ever approaches them to borrow fifty cents until day after tomorrow. They never come into intimate and friendly contact with the proletariat, with the men who make the wheels go round, with the salt of the earth. Solitude is the penalty of greatness.

Now, old Doc Funeral got his diploma about forty years ago, and has never learned anything of a medical character since. If he were called up before a board of inquisitors, and narrowly examined as to how much of medical science he knows, the inquisitors probably would be astonished and disgusted, and would advise him to practice in China, where a practitioner cures diseases by ringing a gong. But in good sooth the old doc is worth his weight in gold. He has been treating human beings and horses for two score years and what he does know is based on experience; and I do not hold it against him that I took pills intended for a Clydesdale draft horse.

Everybody is his friend. We all know the doc will leave his bed at two o'clock in the morning, and struggle through mud, rain or snow when we have eaten green apples and acquired the colic. He uses the same remedies he used for our fathers, but what's the difference? They are as good as the later ones, for no remedies ever do any good. Our confidence in the doctor is what cures us, and the old doc inspires confidence. He isn't at all distinguished, but his life is useful, and he has lots of fun.

Once upon a time a famous musician visited me for two or three days. He sings for the phonograph companies, and is a concert star, and has been in grand opera; so there can be no question as to his greatness. I never was so sorry for anybody, before or since. He was so highly educated in music that he was always hearing discords, and they tortured him, even as a painless dentist tortures us when our teeth are drawn.

My next door neighbor, Absalom McJenkins, works diligently all day and in the evening he plays his flute, and the whole neighborhood has long been proud of his skill. But I had to go over and ask him to cut it out while my distinguished guest was with me, for the guest said he'd rather have his leg amputated with a rusty saw than listen to such hideous playing. "The man doesn't know a flute from an egg beater," said my guest. Absalom put his flute away until my visitor was gone, but I know there is soreness in his heart. When he meets me his greeting is cold, and when I try to borrow his lawn-mower he always has some excuse.

I have a habit of singing little fragments of old songs, as I go tinkering around the house, and I always had the idea that my voice was agreeable, if not cultivated. My aunts have always said they'd rather hear me singing than hear the warbling of guinea hens, and my neighbors have never thrown any old red sandstone at me. One day, while this guest was at my home, I was fixing my typewriting machine, and singing "There was an old soldier and he had a wooden leg," a favorite folk-song of mine. I happened to look over my shoulder, and saw the musician with both hands on his ears, and his legs wound around the rungs of his chair. I never saw such agony.

"Where is the fire escape?" he shrieked, "I must get out of here before you resume singing."

What a punishment life must be to a man of this sort!

Far be it from me to attempt to discourage those ambitious voters who would rise to the heights of fame; I merely suggest that they take their oil stoves and heavy underclothing along, for the heights are cold. Men with such ambitions probably don't care whether they have a good time here below, for their eyes are on posterity. A thousand years hence, they reflect, the people will be repeating their names with admiration, and their bronze statues still will be standing in the park.

A few indomitable figures scale the cliffs and struggle to those arctic heights, but the majority of us don't care three hoots about the verdict of posterity or the life-size figures in the park. We prefer to have a pleasant time while we are here, going out of our way now and then to help the other fellows have a pleasant time; and when everything is weighed and winnowed, that may be as good a plan as any.

Speaking for myself, I have never allowed my passion for poetry to interfere with my devotion to the grass roots. When I drop into the Last Chance garage to gossip with the mechanics a while, we meet on equal terms, and discuss the relative merits of four and six cylinder cars as men to men. But suppose old John Milton blew into the Last Chance! All the talk would cease, and the boys would hide their pipes and wipe the grease off their chins, and the proprietor would drop his Police Gazette and pretend to be interested in the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.

Fame and Erudition are great things, but there is a zone of hoar frost around them.

¶ Lofty *but Lonesome*

MAN looks noble and majestic, posing on the heights of fame, laurels foreign and domestic draped upon his princely frame. From the lower plain we view him and revere him when he speaks, but the wise ones don't pursue him to those cold and arid peaks. On the lower plain we tarry, where the surging crowds are thick, shaking dice with Tom and Harry, working slot machines with Dick. Here we mingle with our brothers, helping on the wave of crime, but the man above the others has a sad and lonely time. He may live in song and story but at times his greatness cloys, and he'd trade ten years of glory for an evening with the boys. So we view the Alexander who would conquer other spheres, while we to the joint meander for a few denatured beers.

Walt Mason

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The story of
a MAN
and his DOG
and his LOVE

RUTKA

By Konrad Bercovici

Illustrations by Harvey Dunn



Old Buzor, the sheep herder, loved his dogs and cared for them as if they were his own children.

IN OLD Dobrudja, the land lying between the Danube and the Black Sea, man and beast, living as they do in close proximity, understand one another better than anywhere else. The cow-shed is under the same roof with the home of the master. Cow, horse, dog and man are herded together; are fed at the same time, frequently almost the same food—corn and mush—are warmed by one another's warmth of breath, when the stove wood has given out during the long winter; have the same joys and the same enemies; common beasts of burden of the waste cold plains.

No one could have said that the red-bearded old Buzor, the sheep herder, had been cruel to his dogs. Indeed, he loved them and cared for them as if they were his own children. His flock of sheep roaming over the plains and on the inclining slope of the low hills bordering the Rumanian side of the Danube was not large enough to warrant keeping more than a few dogs. Yet Buzor always had more dogs than he could afford.

Coming on an early winter morning into the hut in which he kept his dogs, Buzor found a litter of five born to his favorite Roshka. The light-hearted peasant shook his head dolefully as he looked at the five wriggling masses of breathing flesh, tugging at the breasts of their shaggy, sprawling mother. The five little balls of moist fur were of the same vivid red hue as their mother.

"Five more dogs! Five more! What do I want with five more, Roshka?" old Buzor murmured, patting the dog-mother on her head. Then he closed the door and returned to the low thatched mud hut in which he lived with his wife and only son, Radu, a lad of about fifteen. The household had been expecting Roshka to come in.

"How many?" Radu jumped at his father. Old Buzor passed his big hands over his curling, lying lips under his mustache, averted his face from the eager, inquiring eyes of his son, and replied, "Two."

"Can't I see them?" Radu asked, hastily throwing the big lambskin lined coat over his shoulders.

"Not until tomorrow, Radu. It is not good to look at them now. It is not lucky for the mother. Tomorrow, tomorrow."

RADU THREW the coat on the ground to be used as a rug and sat down despondently near the stove, while his father busied himself around the house.

"Come over here, son," he suddenly called to Radu. "Turn the handle of the grindstone. All my old plowshares are dull."

Radu turned the handle slowly. The screeching and crunching of the stone against the cold iron vibrated in the air. Sparks flew about the beard of his father and disappeared in the long red hair. Radu's voice, shrill and unsteady, rose above the din to ask, "What will we call them, those two?"

"You must not think of names before they are at least eight days old. It's unlucky to do that." And forthwith he began to spin a number of tales of what had happened to dogs who had been given names before they were eight days old. The strigois, dog devils, possessed them. They ate the sheep they were raised to guard.

Shaking the snow from his boots and fur cap, a neighbor entered to inquire about Roshka.

"Two, neighbor," Buzor answered, conscious that his son was watching him.

"Bogda proste," the peasant answered, as he sat down for the aldemash, the customary drink of prune wine, served upon such occasions. Then many more shepherds and peasants living in the neighborhood came in. For they all loved Roshka. She was the best sheep-dog in the neighborhood, an ogar, with wolf blood in her veins.

Long before sundown, several other peasants just happened in for news of Roshka. When they had drained Buzor's last drop of prune wine, the peasants decided to adjourn to the neighboring inn. When they had gone, Radu, unable to control himself any longer, stole outside while his mother, sitting in front of the fire discoursed with herself about the ways of men: "One, then two, then a dozen. Much they care for Roshka. They came to drink us out of everything. Not enough left even for a stomach-ache. God, how mean they are!"

Slowly and on tiptoes Radu stole into the hut where Roshka was lying. And there, much to his amazement, he counted five and not two little puppies.

"Why did father lie to me?" he muttered. He bent over the mother, and after holding her head to reassure her, he stroked the soft and wet fur of the five wriggling knolls of flesh. Suddenly he heard the snow crunch underneath his father's heavy boots. His father had invited his friends, upon leaving the inn, to come for one look at the litter before departing for their homes.

"I only want two," Radu heard his father say. "I have enough dogs as it is. I will give you one, Stephan, and to you one, John. A dog from Roshka's litter is worth its weight in gold. But the fifth must be killed. I will do it now, it does not suffer pain when so small." The last sentence was uttered as the door was pushed open.

"You will not kill it, you will not kill it," Radu cried at the old shepherd. "For God's sake don't kill it."

"What shall one do to a boy who disobeys his father and goes into the dog hut when he was explicitly told not to?" the old man thundered, breathing hard, his face averted from his son.

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but with a mocking good-natured glint in his eyes as he looked at his friends. Wishing to give his son an excuse, Buzor continued in a softer tone, "Yet I know he would not disobey without good reason. He is my son. He probably heard old Roshka moan and bark; perhaps she was uncomfortable, and cried out. So he came in to see what was the matter with her. Isn't that so, Radu?"

"No, Tatusha, she did not bark, she did not moan; I could not resist my desire to see her and the little puppies. I was too curious," Radu explained, straightforwardly.

"This boy deserves a whipping," said one of the peasants.

"No, this boy deserves as good a father as he has," said the other peasant. "The popa says, 'Filial disobedience is not as great a sin as lying.' A human being sometimes disobeys, but lying is of the serpent."

Radu was not paying any attention to the comment about him.

"I ask you, Tatusha, what will you do with the fifth one?"

Buzor did not reply. He was thinking of the great sin of lying. He had lied to his son. Radu lifted his eager face. His blue irresistible eyes were framed by very dark eyebrows and very long black, waving hair hanging over his shoulder. He pleaded, "You are giving one to Stephan, you are giving one to John; give one to me, father."

"What can one do with such a son?" the father pleaded with the peasants. "One day he will ask yet that I serve him the moon on a platter, and I will do it. . . . "

After a moment's silence the father again spoke: "What will you do with the dog when I give it to you?"

"I will take care of him myself. And in the spring when I take the flock of young sheep down below Cernavoda, I will take him along with me and teach him how to tend sheep. I want to have my own dog; raised and trained by myself only."

"You shall have him, my son, and may God bless the whole litter," the mollified father added.

THE FRIENDS departed. It was getting dark. Father and son returned to the house for woolen rags to cover the litter.

"It is not a litter of two, but five that Roshka has given us, wife," the old man announced to the woman, who was seated now at the spinning wheel.

"Five!" the old woman exclaimed as she rose to her feet. "Heavens! Haven't we enough dogs now? One will soon come to think that we raise dogs instead of sheep." "Hush, and say bogda proste, woman. For we want them all to live. When dogs die, sheep die also. I keep two. Stephan takes one, John takes one, and Radu here has begged for one all to himself. It is the dowry we are giving him," the father continued, patting his son affectionately on the shoulder. "A dog with which to keep the thieving Tartars and the wolves away."

"Bogda proste!" the woman said, as father and son went out to cover the dogs for the night. When they returned they all sat down on the straw matted floor around a low table and began slowly to munch the grilled strip of mutton which they ate with cold corn mush dished out upon clean round wooden boards set before them.

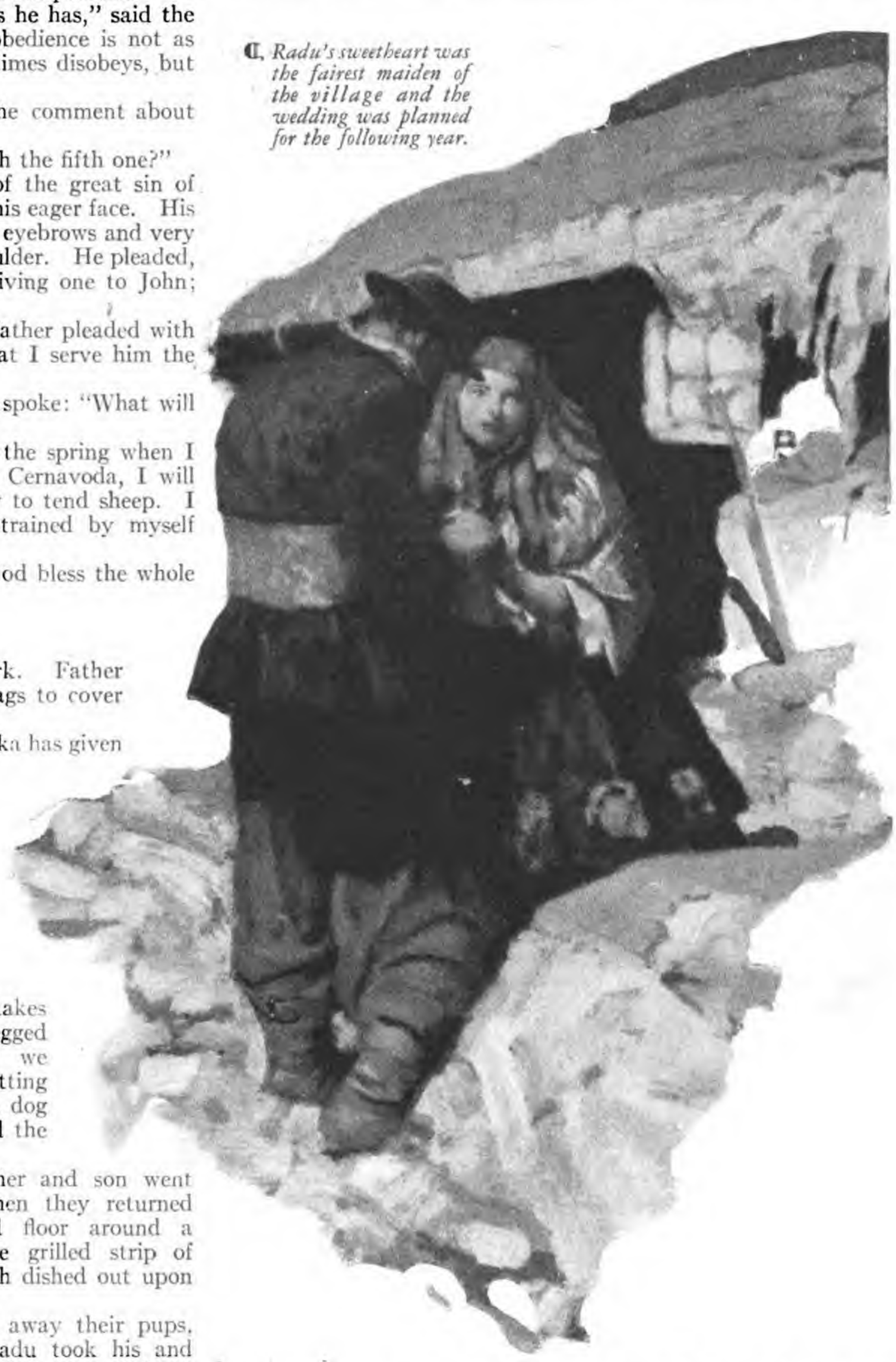
Six weeks later, the two neighbors took away their pups. Buzor marked his own two. And then Radu took his and called him Rutka; Rutka, because he was the reddest of the batch. His fur, too, was much more glossy and longer than that of the others.

As the pup grew older, fondled and cared for by the boy, he also became a good deal livelier than the rest. Radu fed him out of his own plate and warmed him with his own body in the cold nights.

Four months later the snow had melted on the green of the slope. In the latter half of May, when Rutka was seven months old, Radu was sent to graze the young sheep. They were over a hundred in number. It was the boy's first season alone as a shepherd. Rutka was almost twice the size of his litter brothers. With difficulty, Radu had persuaded his father to allow him to take only Rutka with him to the grazing hills.

"My staff, my gun, and Rutka will be enough. He already barks like a grown-up dog and will keep the wolves at a distance," he had pleaded. "And he has inherited Roshka's best points."

Passing out from the cluster of houses around the green-roofed church, into the open plains, to cover the ten miles to the grazing ground, the young dog would run ahead and turn about to watch his master's eyes and read from them his will. Rutka's instinct told him that from then on something definite would be desired of him; and he was anxious to please. The four old rams that went along with the flock knew their business well. They crowded the stupid young bleating sheep and pushed them ahead.



¶ *Radu's sweetheart was the fairest maiden of the village and the wedding was planned for the following year.*

"This way, that way, Rutka," coached Radu, as he pointed with his staff to the right and to the left. The dog looked at the staff and the master, rose on his hind legs and barked, but did not understand. It was only after they had gone a pace that Rutka grasped what was wanted of him. Forthwith he circled around and around as the flock plodded on.

Rutka was terribly afraid of the old curved-horn rams who turned their vicious heads toward him every time he came too near. Yet after Radu had whistled to him and pointed to him again and again, he threw his body against one of the rams walking on the outside. The bearded old fellow, angered, butted and turned around to gore the insolent young pup. Never before had a dog done that to him. Instantly, he abandoned his flock and began to run after the dog, his long horns aimed for Rutka's

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ribs. Rutka ran panting, his tongue lolling out of his mouth.

Suddenly, and just at the most opportune moment, the staff of the master came between the ram and himself. And, wonder of wonders, his master seized with his hands the dangerous horns and held them fast. The vicious beast was kicking and shaking violently. But the master was not afraid. He held on to the horns until the ram quieted down; then with one shove, he pushed the ram away.

The master stroked the dog's head, gave him water from his own gourd, then bent over and patted him on his head. Rutka whined and complained, begging to be patted. When he had rested a bit, he looked queryingly into the blue eyes above him. The flock was now all over the field, bleating, crying, tearing this way and that way, not knowing where to go or what to do. It was the first time the young sheep had been away from the protecting horns and shaggy pelts of their mothers. They were cold and shivering when not in a compact mass.

"This way," the master pointed his staff to Rutka, who rose to his feet. And Rutka understood what was wanted of him. His will returned. His fear disappeared. His legs were steady again as he began to describe a wide circle, shouldering the frightened sheep inward, nipping softly at their legs when they did not hasten to join the herd. Again and again he turned round and round and the circle became smaller and smaller.

Soon the herd was a compact mass again, and Rutka, as he passed his foe, the ram, turned and looked at his master. Was he to avoid him or should he dare him again?

From the movement of his master's head, Rutka understood that he might dare. Quite unconcernedly, he shouldered the old ram in passing. And, wonder of wonders; the ram turned his forequarters into the circle and hid his bearded head, as though he had not seen Rutka at all, but had felt only his power! Triumphantly, Rutka ran to his master and laid himself down at his feet. A good firm hand patted the flat of his head, passing gently over his spine; giving him pleasant, warm shivers that vibrated through the whole frame of his body. That, he felt was recognition for good work.

Before the sun had set below the hills, his master began to burrow into the ground making a sort of ditch. Rutka watched him work and tried to help shovel the ground with his forefoot.

Radu fastened a roof of tanned lambskins overhead. When the work was accomplished and a little fire had been built on the knoll upon which the master had been sitting, Rutka and the master encircled the flock in a wide detour. They did this several times. One of the sheep had strayed behind the line. The master pointed. Rutka understood that he was not to allow any of the flock to leave that circle. The master understood that he had grasped this and again he patted him upon his head and passed his hand gently over his spine.

THE FLOCK was the all-important thing. That finally crystallized itself definitely into the dog's consciousness. He was there to guard the flock. And that night, Rutka had his first experience of skulking shadows approaching nearer and nearer the herd. His master was asleep. Rutka barked. The master did not stir. Rutka understood that it devolved upon him to take care of the flock. A strange odor, that which had sometimes made his mother start and bark and run, was wafted toward him now upon the wind.

Furiously, Rutka made a rapid tour around the described circle. At a distance, he saw a shape that seemed to resemble that of his big mother in outline. Yet his instinct warned him that he could not approach her in play; that she was much more dangerous than even the ram he had feared that day.

Facing the monster at a distance and running toward him, he sensed the intruder was trying to break into the circle. Now that the flock was in danger, the generations of sheep-guarding ancestors asserted their instinct through him.

The huge brown mass came closer and closer. Rutka felt that the rams, no matter how quarrelsome with him, should now be his allies in fighting off the common enemy. But the rams, instead of coming to the fore, crowded back and began to bleat and run. They were of the flock. He was in charge of it. He and his master. His friend.

Rutka saw with horror that the rams were breaking out of the circle back of him. And yet he knew that the greater danger lay with the intruder should he break into the circle of sheep.

And then the marvelous thing happened again. A great noise followed by a piece of fire broke through the night at a terrific speed and that huge brown mass turned, gave one long howl and stretched on his back, his paws clawing the air.

Before Rutka had had time to realize what had happened the master was beside him. Rutka understood that it was the master who had come to his aid in defending the flock.

This time he was unafraid of the rams. They had run away from the ill-smelling foe that he and his master had vanquished. It was the flock of sheep that was of the utmost importance.

The following days, Rutka learned a few more very important things. Other shepherds came to graze their flocks in the neighborhood. Each flock had its circle and other dogs watching it. At first, Rutka growled, but seeing his master in friendly talk with the men, he fraternized with the other dogs. Rutka learned that none of the sheep of his own flock must break into the other flocks.

And this, too, he learned—that against the scent of the wolf, he and the other dogs had to act in common; that the wolf must not be allowed near any of the other flocks.

When the frost had bitten the grass, the sheep who had grown to full size by this time, followed by the master and himself, were led homeward.

SNOW COVERED the fields again. As time passed, Rutka loved his master more and more, and followed him everywhere.

When the snow on the ground was deep over the ankles, Rutka saw his master walk around with one of the other creatures of humankind. Her voice was softer even than that of his master. And she always gave Rutka a piece of sugar when she saw him. And Rutka grew to love her.

In the evening, if his master did not go to the fence where the other creature waited, he would tug and pull, calling, running ahead. By the time his master would reach the trysting place where the girl was waiting, the dog would be on his haunches, waiting there, or running about, prancing, dancing, and emitting short little yelps. And when his master entered the house, Rutka would sit outside the door and watch lest any evil befall them.

And around that house, guarding the sheep of the master of the girl was a dog, Mussa. Her fur was soft and she was warm. She came near him and they played together.

Leana, Radu's sweetheart, was the fairest maiden of the village. Her father, Constantine, was a breeder of horses. He and Buzor, Radu's father, had been bosom friends for many long years. The two men were indeed happy that their children should love each other, and it was undersood that the wedding was to be about Christmas of the following year.

Old Constantine had lost an arm in a fight with Tartars who had stolen some of his horses. He had no sons to avenge him. He had great hopes in Radu. "He will avenge me," he would frequently say to his daughter. "He is strong and brave." Old Constantine seemed to live for nothing else than to be avenged; that at least one Tartar should be killed for his lost arm, for his lost horses.

The pockmarked Tartars from Bargan, across the border line, like the wolves, were the enemies of men.

As the winter continued, Rutka gained more and more knowledge. He partook in the repelling of a Tartar raid, a bear hunt, and learned all about the baffling ways of the wily fox. He was now of full grown stature. Stronger, bigger than any dog in the neighborhood.

Then one day Rutka began to feel warmer underneath his fur. The white snow began to dwindle and melt into mud. Gradually, as it grew warmer, the earth uncovered itself, revealing little patches of green here and there. Rutka was happy again. Mussa, too, regained her spirits and they played together once more. His instinct told him that the sheep were to leave soon the enclosure behind which they had been kept all winter.

And true enough, soon, when it was warmer than it had been for a long time, the flock was let out of the enclosure.

Rutka was proud to show there was no need to tell him what to do now. He had grown friendly with the rams and was no longer afraid of them.

RUTKA LAZILY turned around the flock, showing the way to the grazing ground. Mussa was walking near him. His master walked near Leana. Old Buzor and Constantine were far behind. At the end of the village the flock was ordered to halt. Radu and Leana embraced and kissed one another. Then Constantine put his two arms around Radu. "Keep the flock intact, my son. And remember what I have told you about the Tartars. Never will a daughter of mine marry a man who is not the enemy. They are wolves in human disguise."

Radu was a strong being that summer. At sixteen he was

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¶ Radu was a strange being that summer. He yearned constantly for his beloved and was little in company of the other shepherds.

desperately in love, madly yearning for his beloved when away from her. He felt very little in common with the other shepherds. Their ribald tales annoyed him.

There was, after all, very little to do when out on the grazing in with the sheep. Once the novelty was gone, it was just the dreary idle day after another. The wolves were kept away the concerted action of the dogs of all the flocks.

By the end of the second season of his life, Rutka had acquired definite feeling that his master was superior to men and to things.

IT BEGAN to be cold at night. Rutka's instinct told him that they were soon to return to the village; that he was soon to be near Mussa again. And one day his master packed the sheepskin upon which he had slept the whole summer and slung the pack across his shoulder. Rutka understood. He communicated his master's wishes to the rams. Within a few minutes, the sheep were once more a compact square mass of moving fleece.

The masters of the other flocks and the other dogs followed Radu's example. The men knelt down and prayed and crossed themselves. Then each flock departed in the direction from which they had arrived in the spring.

Rutka and his master walked on slowly for a little while when suddenly there appeared from behind the trees of a distant forest men much darker than his master and the other men tending the flocks; men the kind of which he had never seen; of a different odor. They were riding swift, small horses, yelling strange words at the top of their shrill voices. Rutka crowded the sheep together. He felt that those dark men on horseback were common enemies—like the wolf. Only they could also

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Radu demanded that the conquered Tartars give up their firearms and return the full number of stolen sheep.

throw fire from the sticks they carried, just like his master and his friends.

And then a terrible thing happened. They rode round and round the flock and threw the fire from their sticks and scared the flock. The fire reached some of the sheep and killed them. Such a crime against the flock incensed the dog.

He looked at his master who, after several shots into the invaders, had thrown away the stick. He expected his master to put them to flight, to grapple with them, with all of them. He himself was not afraid. He jumped at one of the horses and began to bite at his throat, all his own wolfish blood coming to the fore. A piece of fire struck his leg. A terrible pain shot through his frame. Howling, limping, he ran toward his master.

But his master lay stretched on the ground before him. He tore at him, begged him to stand up and fight, but the master did not move.

The dark wolves on horseback bound the feet of many sheep, slung them across their saddles, and departed. Forgetting his pain, Rutka began to tug and bite the legs of his prostrate master, urging him to get up; sheep belonging to the flock were taken away! The flock! The flock! The flock for which they were responsible was being desecrated. The master did not stir, did not take the flock back, did not destroy the enemy. The pain

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The huts were burning. Women were screaming. Children were crying. An old man appeared and asked for mercy.

he suffered from the burn in his leg did not hurt Rutka as much as the disappointment in his master; as his master's defection to the flock—the inviolable flock.

With the wound in his chest, Radu, followed by the bleeding, limping Rutka, dragged himself home late that night; then he became unconscious. His mother cried. His father cursed. The villagers came. The thieving Tartars from across the border-line were again at their dastardly work. It had happened before. They would sneak across the border, steal sheep and return to their homes.

For a full month Radu's life hung in the balance. And, during that week, while his blood coursed feverishly through his veins, he was delirious. He called for Leana. He fought through the battle with the Tartars every hour of the day and night.

"Like a black wind they come. God! Only three more bullets in my gun! Rutka! At them! Rutka! At them! The sheep are killed. What will Leana's father say? Old Constantine! Like a black wind they come. One, a thousand. Leana, Leana!"

For a full month his brain wandered. He called for Leana. Yet—not once did she come. Old Buzor first, then the priest, had gone and begged Constantine, Leana's father, to allow his daughter near the sick-bed. But the horse-breeder refused.

"Tartars took sheep from his flock. [*Continued on page 116*]

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The FARMERS

By Arthur Capper

Illustration by C. B. Falls

MAKING a living on a farm was so easy in Franklin's day that he frequently commented upon it in his letters. Whoever has read Franklin's letters must remember that. Farmers set such good tables and lived so well that European visitors, according to Franklin, commented upon it.

European visitors are not making any such remarks today. American farmers are having a hard time to get along. The little farmers are making a living and that is all. The larger farmers, who have to hire help and borrow money at the banks to finance their operations, are losing money.

How absurd that science and invention should so enormously help an art without helping those who practice it. When George Washington became president, ninety-seven persons out of each 100 were farmers.

What did this mean? It meant that those ninety-seven produced only enough to support themselves and three others.

Now only thirty persons out of each 100 are farmers.

What does this mean? It means that these thirty persons produce enough to support themselves and seventy others who are in the cities.

How are the thirty farmers able to do this? They are able to do it because science and invention have enormously increased the productivity of the individual farmer.

That is quite a tribute to the power of invention and discovery. But it is also a serious reflection upon some of those who do business with farmers. They are not giving farmers a square deal.

If the farmers of today were getting a square deal, farming would be one of the best businesses in the United States instead of one of the worst. Young men would be rushing to the farms instead of rushing away from them. Each farmer now supplies food for more than two consumers in the cities. If each group of ninety-seven farmers in Franklin's day were given a comfortable living for supplying food for three city consumers, the farmers of today, if they were treated as well, would be more than seventy-five times as well off as Franklin's farmers.

Franklin's farmers, it is true, had no automobiles, no telephones or phonographs, nor did their wives and daughters ever go into town to see the movies. But is a farmer to sit on a red hot financial stove all his days because he and his family have a few of the cheap frills that go along with modern civilization? Nobody else does. Who wants to trade his birthright for a little jazz coming out of a box with a spring in it? The city man pays no such price.

The truth is that the farmer has just as few of the conveniences and luxuries of modern civilization as he is able to get along with. He gets along without so many that nobody wants his job.

Thank goodness the American farmers are now wanting more things. That is why they are so dissatisfied. That is why they will be satisfied. They are at last on the way toward getting a square deal.

What is the remedy for their just grievances? Is it in legislation?

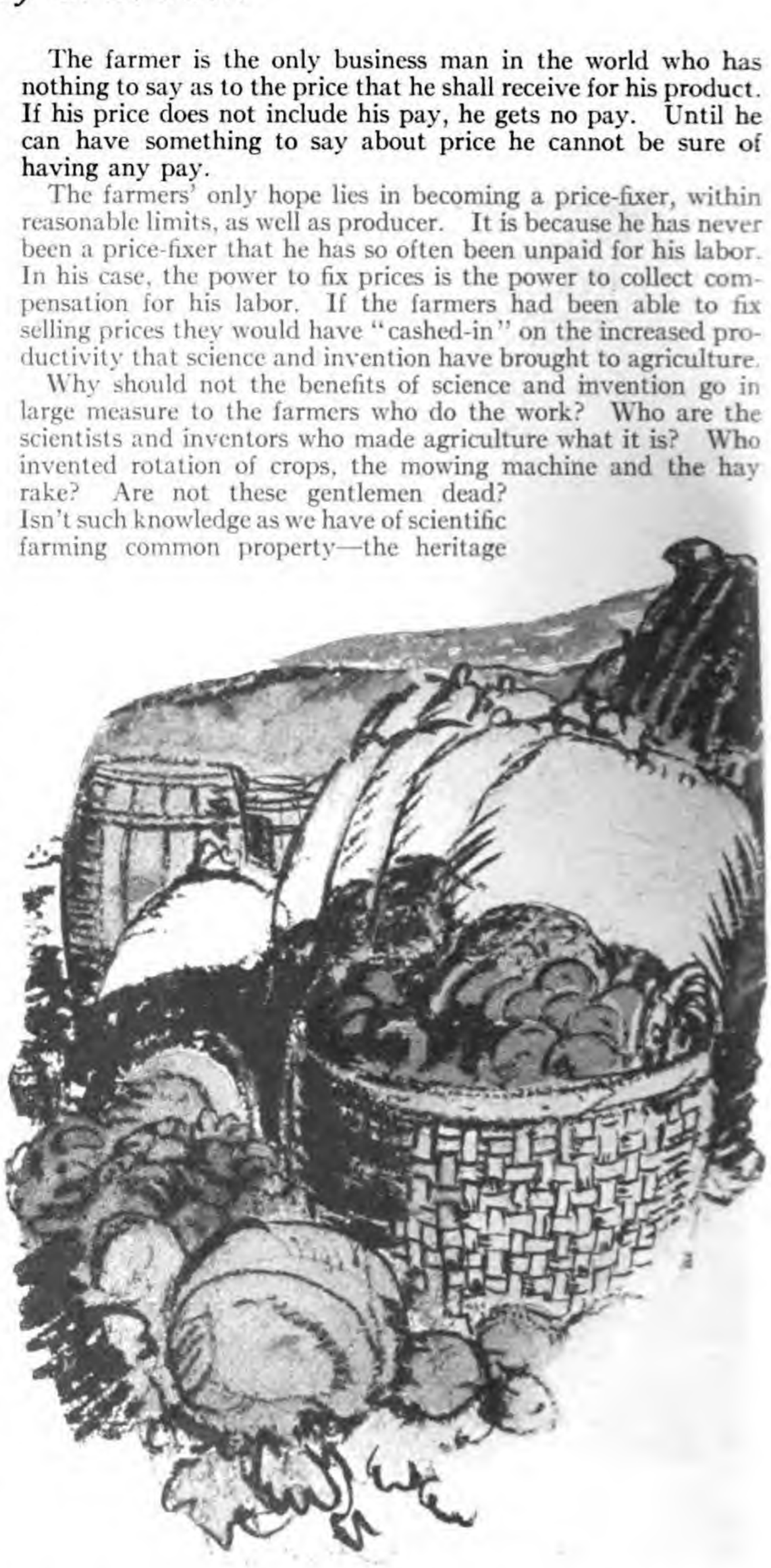
PARTLY. CONGRESS can do something for them. The Farm Bloc will endeavor to see that Congress shall do something for them. In that respect, the situation never before looked so hopeful. The last election sent home a good many members of the Senate and the House who, for the good of their country, should be at home. But the farmers' problem is a good deal more than a mere matter of legislation. If the Farm Bloc were to do everything that it might wish to do, and nothing else were done, the farmer would not be much better off.

The farmer must help himself. The most that Congress can do is to enable him to act in his own behalf—to remove the obstructions from his way.

The farmer is the only business man in the world who has nothing to say as to the price that he shall receive for his product. If his price does not include his pay, he gets no pay. Until he can have something to say about price he cannot be sure of having any pay.

The farmers' only hope lies in becoming a price-fixer, within reasonable limits, as well as producer. It is because he has never been a price-fixer that he has so often been unpaid for his labor. In his case, the power to fix prices is the power to collect compensation for his labor. If the farmers had been able to fix selling prices they would have "cashed-in" on the increased productivity that science and invention have brought to agriculture.

Why should not the benefits of science and invention go in large measure to the farmers who do the work? Who are the scientists and inventors who made agriculture what it is? Who invented rotation of crops, the mowing machine and the hay rake? Are not these gentlemen dead? Isn't such knowledge as we have of scientific farming common property—the heritage



of the race? Henry Ford is the only living man who has made a real contribution to farm machinery, yet I understand he is selling his tractors at less than cost. Other manufacturers are not.

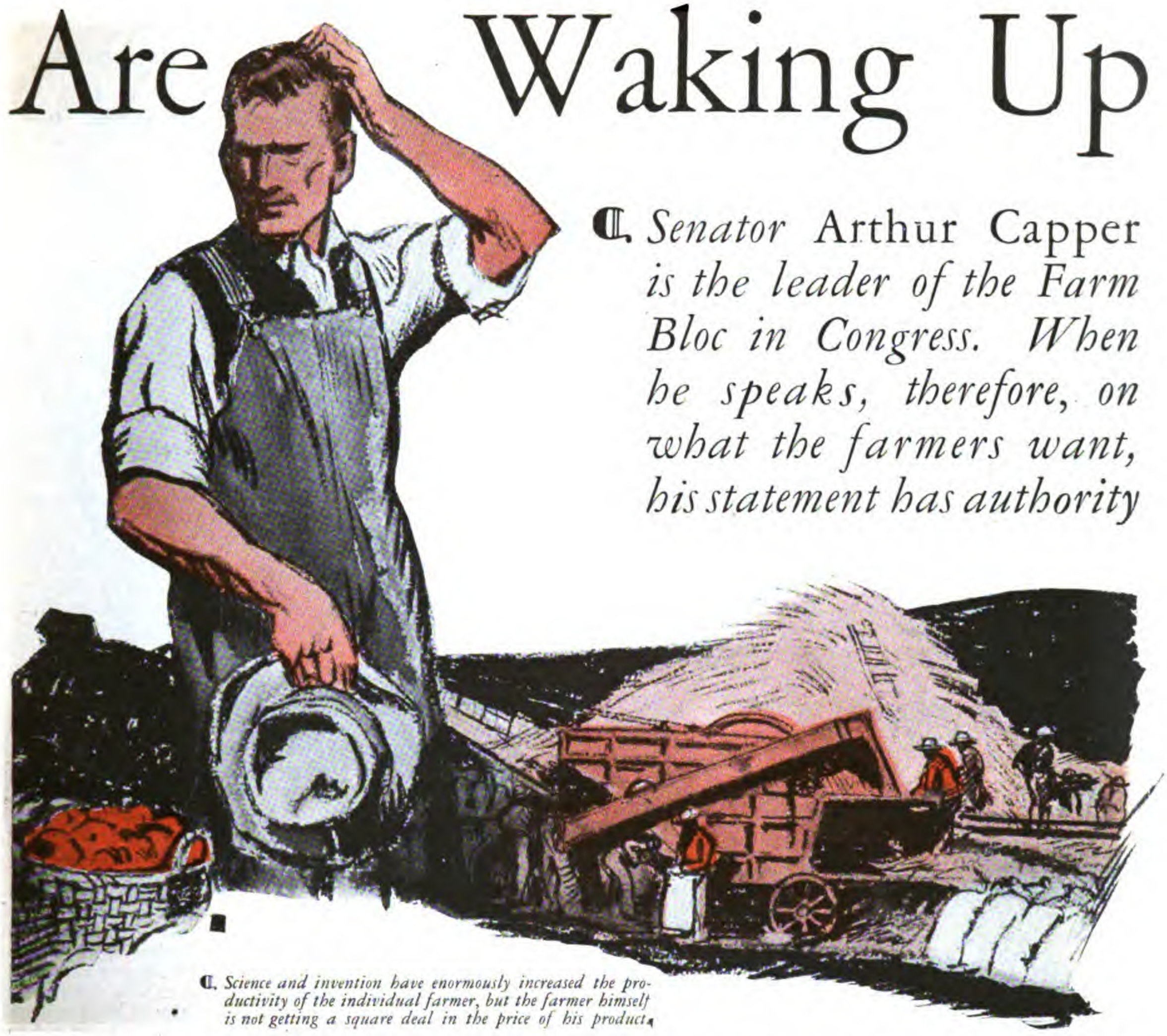
That is one of the ways that the farmer is trimmed. He gets thirty-four cents of each dollar that consumers pay for farm products, and with this thirty-four cents he must pay tribute to everybody who furnishes him with machinery for his farm, food for his stock and supplies for himself and family.

The man who trims somebody else can stand it to be

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Are Waking Up

¶ *Senator* Arthur Capper *is the leader of the Farm Bloc in Congress. When he speaks, therefore, on what the farmers want, his statement has authority*



¶ *Science and invention have enormously increased the productivity of the individual farmer, but the farmer himself is not getting a square deal in the price of his product*

trimmed, but nobody can stand it to be trimmed "coming and going."

The remedy for the existing situation is coöperation. Coöperation is getting ready to sweep agricultural America. People in the cities do not yet know it, but farmers know it. They are all talking about it, and they are flocking into coöperative societies in great numbers and at a constantly increasing speed.

A million and a half of farmers are already in. I shall be surprised if, within five years, they are not all in. I am convinced that American agriculture, so far as the selling of products is concerned, is going upon a coöperative basis.

THE KANSAS Wheat Growers' Association made $2,000,000 for its members last fall by holding their wheat until it had gone up twenty cents a bushel.

Things like that are what are sending the farmers into the coöperatives. They see that coöperation works. Farmers are tired of being told, so long as their produce is in their hands, that it is worth little, only to note that when its ownership has passed to middlemen it is worth a good deal more. But they have been helpless because they lacked the money with which to finance their farming.

That's where Congress can help. It has already helped some by legalizing coöperative societies by the enactment of what is known as the Capper-Volstead act. Speculators had attacked these societies under the Sherman law, holding that they were monopolies in restraint of trade. Coöperative societies can no longer be so attacked. They have a legal right to exist.

The next thing is to finance them. That is what the Farm Bloc is going to try to do. We shall have plenty of opposition from "hard-boiled" gentlemen, representing bankers and speculators, who cry "paternalism" every time it is proposed that the government shall help farmers or wage-workers. But we expect to overcome this opposition. The people cannot speak so loudly as they are speaking without Congress, sooner or later, listening. Congress is about due to listen. Some of those who would not listen are not in this next Congress.

Congress can and ultimately will finance coöperative agricultural societies. Grain raisers need to be financed for nine months. Stock-raisers should be able to get loans on their notes for three years. It takes three years to produce beef and put it on the market.

Congress can give farmers credit, but they themselves must get together, sell together and stop cutting each other's throats by selling when prices are too low.

Six hundred and fifty thousand farmers are united in commodity associations.

Three hundred thousand are members of coöperative dairy associations.

A hundred thousand are in local fruit and vegetable groups.

A hundred thousand livestock men are banded together to ship and market their stock.

Nor is this coöperative movement centered in a limited area. It is scattered everywhere—its roots penetrating every locality.

Eighty thousand coöperative farmers are in California, 6,000 in Oregon, 12,000 in Washington, Idaho and Montana, 58,000 among the tobacco growers in the states Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia and Tennessee, 36,000 among the cotton growers of Oklahoma, 23,000 in Texas, 1,500 in Mississippi, 28,000 in North Carolina, 13,000 in South Carolina, 12,000 in Georgia, 6,000 in Alabama, 12,000 in Arizona, 5,000 in Kansas and 3,000 in the state North Dakota.

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The Dairymen's League of New York has 50,000 members. Two hundred thousand other dairymen are in coöperative societies in Minnesota, Wisconsin and New England.

On January 1, 1923, the Federated Fruit Growers, Inc., and the North American Fruit Exchange were brought together by a contract that gives both groups the benefit of a selling organization that it has taken eleven years to create.

Coöperative livestock commission companies are doing business in a dozen terminal markets. The Central Coöperative Commission Company of St. Paul paid $19,000 in patronage dividends to shippers during a five months' period.

WITH THE exception of the dairymen, all of the members of these associations have signed enforcible contracts under which they deliver their products to their respective associations for sale on a coöperative basis.

Coöperation is coming in because the old system of middlemen is falling down. Middlemen, combined with excessive freight rates, have brought agriculture to the verge of collapse. I choose my words carefully. I mean collapse. When a farmer cannot live, he cannot farm. When he cannot sell his crop for as much as it cost to produce it, he cannot live. When agriculture stops, nothing else will long go on. Agriculture is trembling in the balance—uncertain whether it is possible to go on. We are just that near to a great national collapse.

Thousands of acres of potatoes in the Pacific Northwest were not dug last fall because they could not be sold for enough to pay the cost of digging them and sending them to market. Apples went to waste all over the country because it was not worth while to pick them. Yet apples and potatoes in cities are high.

The cost of living throughout the United States recently increased three percent in a month, notwithstanding the fact that more food was produced in this country than we can consume or sell abroad.

The exploiters are killing both the farmers and the consumers. A mutton chop in New York costs the same price that a farmer receives for a whole sheep in the West. Six profits lie between the producer of potatoes and those who eat them. Texas farmers sell cabbages at six dollars a ton and consumers pay $200 a ton for the same cabbages. A New Jersey farmer sold six barrels of potatoes for nine dollars and received ninety-nine cents after the cost of barrels, freight and commission charges had been deducted. At a hearing before a senate committee when wheat was high it was shown that the farmer received $8.37 for the wheat in a barrel of flour which the miller sold for $12.50, the baker for $58.70 and the Washington hotelkeeper for $587.

A farmer sells a steer's hide for five dollars from which six or eight pairs of shoes are made that sell for ten dollars a pair.

A pair of calfskin shoes does frequently cost more than the farmer receives for the whole calf.

The retail price of hams is six times that of live hogs, notwithstanding the fact that the normal ratio is about one to three and a half.

We have permitted a barrier to grow up between the country and the city that is impoverishing both.

Middlemen constitute a part of this barrier. Excessive railway freight rates constitute part of it.

The cost of shipping a bushel of grain from South America to New York is twelve cents, while the cost of shipping the same grain from Minneapolis to New York is thirty-eight cents.

A carload of grain, the charge of shipping which from the Texas Panhandle to market was $525 brought the producer $425. He did this work for nothing and was heavily fined for doing it!

THE FREIGHT on a carload of southern lettuce was $401 and the price paid by the commission merchant for the lettuce was $330. Another heavy fine for working for nothing. Colorado hay worth six to eight dollars a ton costs fifteen to eighteen dollars a ton to ship to the New Mexico and Texas cattle who must have it or starve.

Six tons of raw materials are required to make a ton of steel, three tons of raw steel are required to make one ton of farm machinery upon all of which the farmer must pay high freight rates.

Before a grain harvester has been shipped from the factory, the freight rates on the materials that compose it have cost thirty-five dollars, a hay press ninety-five dollars and a threshing machine $200. The farmer pays all of these charges in addition to the cost of raw materials, the cost of manufacture, the manufacturers' profit, the salesman's charges and the freight charges from the factory to his farm.

The railroads are doing well. The middlemen are doing well. Only the farmers and the general public are suffering. If the farmers and the general public were of no importance in this country, this subject would be nothing to talk about. But it so happens that this country cannot exist without the farmers and the general public. The middlemen are mostly plain parasites. The railroads, of course, are important—very important. They are entitled to a square deal, but to no more. They are now getting more than a square deal.

The farmers can and must settle the middlemen problem by organizing coöperative societies. The credit problem and the railway freight problem cannot be settled by farmers. Congress must attend to these matters. And, as nobody else in Congress would do these things, the farm bloc is organized to do them.

Some persons say there should be no farm bloc or any other kind of bloc in this country. They are right. We should all be willing to live and let live. Every member of Congress should be not only willing but eager to legislate in behalf of the whole country, without giving any group an advantage over any other group or groups.

But unhappily such idyllic conditions do not exist. Powerful industrial and financial groups have grown up that are interested in preying upon other groups. These groups have long had their "bloc" in Congress. They were not organized or proclaimed, but they functioned. They functioned with energy and precision. Only the farmers and the great body of unorganized consumers were left without compact, organized representation in Congress.

When times change methods should be changed. In George Washington's day there was no farm bloc in Congress. No bloc was needed. Washington himself was a farmer. Nor was there any danger that the interests of the great body of unorganized consumers would be neglected. There were then no great unorganized groups of manufacturers and railway men to attack the other groups. There were no railways, and the financiers were not powerful enough to constitute a menace.

IF FARMING is to go on, and the general public is to have the food it requires at fair prices, it must be made possible, first, for farmers to receive enough for their labor to own their farms and live decently.

Who is going to make such conditions possible if the farmers are not to be represented in Congress by a body of men who are determined that farm interests shall be given fair consideration? We know from experience that the gentlemen who function as members of the various big business and financial blocs will not look after the farmers. What else, then, is there to do but to have a farm bloc?

Do Americans know that we are rapidly drifting into a condition of farm tenantry that, if permitted to go unchecked, cannot do other than duplicate the landlord and peasant classes of Europe?

Such is the fact. Year by year the percentage of tenant farmers is increasing. A growing percentage of farmers can no longer afford to own the land they till. This means they must support not only themselves but the owners of the land who do not work it. Before they can eat, they must pay rent. They must surrender a part of what they produce as a penalty for not being able to get enough for their produce to buy their land.

It is not right to inflict penalties upon honest, industrious farmers because of their inability to do the impossible.

A farmer cannot buy and operate a farm without credit. This government does not give to farmers the credit facilities that it gives to other groups.

Nor can a man buy and operate a farm without fair return for his labor.

Men are not becoming tenant farmers because they dislike to own the land they till. They are becoming tenant farmers because conditions beyond their immediate control are forcing them into this class.

But we shall find our way out. I am sure of that I am sure, not because the way out is easy, but because the pressure from behind is great and the American people have enough sense to do the wise thing when the necessity for doing it is plain.

The farm bloc will endeavor to see that railway freight rates are reduced and adequate credit facilities given to those employed on the land. The rest of the job the farmers will do for themselves. They are doing it. They are coöperating. I expect to see coöperation carried to the point at which manufacturing processes are completed. This may not [*Continued on page 154*]

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¶ *The fate of the hero of this story depended on what he did in the flash of a second. How would you have acted in such a crisis?*



A Bag *of* TRICKS

By Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

WHEN Barry Rourke landed his job in the big retail jewelry house of Anian & Rosel, he was eighteen years old. He got the position through his pastor; who had also offered to place him in a bookstore or in a brokerage house. Barry picked out the jewelry firm.

He did this because he loved jewelry. He loved it for itself, not for its cash value. And the best part of three years passed before he had a chance to handle it. Then, promoted by degrees from shipping room and the like, he went *on the floor*.

So well and so enthusiastically did he do his work behind the counter, and so ardently did he study every available branch of the business in spare hours that, five years later, he was still a counter-man; with a few intervening raises of pay, of course, but with the same general type of job he had held at twenty-one; and with all prospects of staying more or less where he was.

This was rather a pity because, by this time there was A Girl. The sort of girl one marries. But Barry's was not the sort of salary one marries on.

It was two months before Barry's twenty-seventh birthday that a new customer strolled into the famed establishment of Anian & Rosel, one bright morning. He looked as bright and benign and lustrous as the morning itself, did this customer.

He wanted a little going-home keepsake, he said; to take back to his wife, in Denver, as a memento of his trip to New York. He singled out Barry Rourke to wait on him.

Ensued a half-hour as profitless for Rourke as it was patently delightful to the other man. From counter to counter, from tray to tray the two drifted; urged on by the customer's child-like interest in each new ornament that his smilingly bright eye chanced to light on.

At his behest, Barry took forth no less than four successive trays of rings and three of watches and three more of brooches and the like. At all of them the man gazed in thrilled appreciation. He priced anything which chanced to appeal to him as of special desirability. And Barry Rourke sought to keep his own show of courtesy from becoming dulled.

At the end of an endless half-hour, he rewarded Barry Rourke's patience by purchasing a jade brooch, girt with tiny pearls and set in old-fashioned gold. The thing cost but $125. He paid in cash, and he said he would take his purchase with him, as his train was leaving in less than an hour.

BEFORE HE went away, he smiled in fatherly fashion on the bored clerk.

"Son," he said, "you've been mighty patient and friendly with me, and I appreciate it. Oh, I know you had me labeled as a shopper; and now you're changing that label to 'piker'! Yes, you are, too! *I* know. But show this card of mine to your credit man, and ask him if folks out Denver way look on Calvin Q. Mansur as a piker."

From an elaborate gold case he fished a severe little visiting card and laid it on the counter.

"Here's the answer," he chuckled. "I've got just one expensive vice. And that vice is the buying of terrible costly gewgaws for a woman. Only just one woman, mind you. The woman happens to be my boss. When we were married, it was she

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who promised to obey. But for fifteen years I've been doing the obeying. I kind of like to; except when it comes to buying doodads for her. Then she gives me blue blazes if I spend more'n such-and-such a sum, a year, on jewelry for her. And she's got me to promise not to."

"I see," said Barry, politely.

"But here's what I'm leading up to, with all this windy gab: The year ends in just one month. That means I can start fresh on next year's appropriation. I'm planning to come back to New York in a couple of months. She'll be with me, that time.

"And this is the store we're coming to, first of all. And you're the clerk who's going to wait on us. Get that? I'm planning to sink a good slice of next year's jewelry allowance, right here. That's why I've been staring at such a lot of things, today. And the things we buy are going on the sales average of the lad who has been so patient and decent with a man he thought was a piker. Give me your card, will you?"

When his genially verbose customer was gone, Barry Rourke took the first leisure minute to hunt up the firm's credit man. To him Barry told the story and showed the Denverite's card. Both things he did with some hesitation; fearing he might have run across an obscure blowhard and that the promise of big purchases might be a mere braggart's myth.

But the credit man convinced him, after a single glance at the card. Barry was treated to a brief, but glowing sketch of Calvin Q. Mansur's fame as a silver king and operator; and of his immense importance throughout Colorado. Then, still bearing the card, the credit man pattered off to the President's private office. Presently, an office boy informed Barry:

"Mr. Rosel wants you."

Into the President's Spartan-bare inner office went Barry; his knees trembling just a very little. Rourke had played football in high school. He still kept up his boxing and his wrestling, at the Y. M. C. A. gym; on such nights as The Girl was not at home or on his way uptown from the store. Mr. Rosel was seventy years old, and fragile. One smash from Rourke's fist would have annihilated him. Yet Barry quaked, every time he chanced to be summoned into the presence of this overlord who held the reins of his financial life or death.

Thrice, Rosel had sent for him to tell him his salary was to be raised. Once Rosel had sent for him to criticize his manner in dealing with a customer. A call to the office might mean promotion or it might mean discharge; or it might mean anything between. Small wonder—with his hoped-for marriage at stake—that Rourke's knees were not as firm as in a fast boxing match!

BUT THE old man, today, merely twiddled Calvin Q. Mansur's card between long thin fingers; and made Rourke go over, for his benefit, every detail of Mansur's visit and conversation. At the end of the verbal questionnaire, he dismissed Barry from his presence with a grunt. But it was an approving grunt. Barry knew the President's manner well enough to understand that.

Barry called on The Girl, that evening. And, when he had told her about Mansur's call, they spent a solid hour in building air castles; founded on the promotion which was certain to be Rourke's as a result of the mammoth buying to be done by Mansur on the silver king's next trip to New York.

As they talked, The Girl munched chocolate fudge from a box Rourke had just brought her. In the midst of Barry's third repetition of Mansur's monologue, she tossed him a piece of fudge. He did not see the flying square of candy in time to catch it. It fell into his lap. Instinctively, he closed his knees, to keep it from rolling to the floor.

"That's funny!" commented The Girl; still new enough to this first engagement to note and wonder at a million simple masculine traits.

"What's funny?" demanded Barry. "That he should have taken a fancy to me, for being so civil to him, and——?"

"No," she interrupted, impatiently. "I meant it's funny you clapped your knees together, to keep that fudge from tumbling. Do all men do that way, when they catch things in their laps?"

"I don't know," he replied, a little vexed at her lapse of interest in his recital. "I suppose so. Why? How else would they catch it?"

"Why, I never thought of that!" pondered The Girl, wrinkling her pretty forehead in token of a brand-new discovery. "Of course they would. They'd have to. Because they have no skirts. Isn't that queer? And every woman, from the time she's a baby, learns to open her knees, to make a lap, when anything is tossed toward her; so as to catch it in the skirt."

Then, observing that he looked glum, she ransacked her mind for the cause. And she remembered she had interrupted him in the Mansur rhapsodies.

"I'm so sorry!" she exclaimed. "And, honestly, I *was* interested, in every word you said. Ever and ever so interested. *Honestly*, dear. Tell me some more about him. *Please* do! Oh, I wish I could have seen him! I wonder what he's doing, this very minute. I'd bet anything he's thinking how clever and obliging you were."

IF THE GIRL could have found anyone to cover her rhetorical wager as to what Mansur was thinking, she would have won her bet. For, at that very minute, Calvin Q. Mansur was thinking of Barry Rourke, and remembering every detail of the salesman's behavior.

Calvin Q. Mansur, by the way, was quite as much the customer's rightful name as were any of six other illustrious names he had found occasion to use, from time to time.

Yes, Mansur was thinking of Barry Rourke, just then. He was pleased that his own first sweeping glance, on entering the store, had enabled him to pick out just the type of clerk he needed.

But Mansur was no idle dreamer. He labored, while he thought. Tonight, he was laboring right deftly on the assembling of a really creditable ring, of conventional pattern and setting. The ring was of white gold, so closely resembling platinum that expert examination could scarcely have noted the difference. Into the white gold setting he was inserting a four-carat emerald-cut diamond with gleamingly bright planes.

The diamond's cash value was in the neighborhood of fifty dollars.

It was, in other words, a beautiful bit of synthetic stone-making; and one which would almost defy casual detection in casual light.

Incidentally, stone and ring and setting were an unusually good copy of a ring he had seen in a tray, that morning, at Anian & Rosel's—a solitaire of unusual purity and color perfection—which he had eyed from every angle, while he had ostensibly been examining the contents of another tray.

Three days later, a little old woman, in deep mourning, stepped into the jewelry store of Anian & Rosel. Fussily, she glanced about her. Then, evading the floor manager, she bore down upon Barry Rourke. There was nothing odd about this. Many new customers had a way of singling Barry out.

The little woman addressed him, crisply.

"I want to look at some diamond rings," she announced. "Solitaires. Of rather simple design. Around three or four carats."

Her manner was laboredly businesslike. Through it, Barry thought he read a desire to appear at ease in an embarrassing situation. So, even while he wondered why this particular situation should worry her, he softened toward the troubled old creature.

Two minutes later, he had seated her in one of the row of little side rooms, adjoining the main store; and was laying on the table in front of her three trays of rings.

She eyed the ranks of rings with scant show of interest. Plainly, she was nervous. She fingered one or two of them in succession, each time giving her head an impatient little shake and restoring the ring to its slot in the tray.

Then she pointed to a four-carat emerald-cut diamond, in a plain platinum setting.

Barry took it from the tray and laid it on the square of dark velvet for her inspection.

"How much is that?" she asked, sharply.

"That is $8,600," said Rourke. "It is an unusually pure Jaeger. Three years ago its price would have been anywhere around $11,500 or even $12,000. But there has been a sharp falling off in diamond prices since 1920. The——"

SHE DID not listen to the rest of his appraisal; but got up and walked to the window; holding up the diamond to the light, in evident search for flaws.

"No," she said, presently, as she came back to the table and thrust the ring back into its slot. "I don't like it. She may; but I don't. It's too——Here's one I like better."

She reached toward the third tray; which had not yet been pushed toward the center of the table. Her gloved fingers closed about the stone of a ring, lying midway in it; and she tried to yank it forth.

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¶ *"This person has insulted me," the old lady flamed. "He has practically accused me of an attempt to steal. I am going to my lawyer to see what my rights are."*

"Wait, please," he said, reaching for the lever at the end of the tray's bottom. "Wait till I release the clasp."

This tray had not yet been inspected by her. Thus, the usual safety catch was on—the mechanical contrivance which makes it impossible to withdraw any ring from a case until the bottom lever shall have been shifted.

"What's the matter with the dratted thing?" she demanded.

"The safety catch wasn't removed," explained Barry. "It's all right now. Let me take it out for you. I'm sorry you had all that bother in——"

"Safety catch?" she repeated, nursing her bruised finger. "Safety catch? *What* safety catch?"

"The one we equip all our ring trays with," said Barry, "To guard against theft. It——"

"Theft?" she echoed; as she sprang to her feet, old eyes young with rage. "To guard against *theft*, you say? You thought I was going to steal one of your rings; and you put a safety catch on the tray to keep me from——?"

"No, No!" disclaimed the horrified Rourke. "Good Lord, no, madam! It is a precaution we——"

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"That will do!" she flared, her meager little body vibrant with wrath. "That will do! I don't require to be told twice that you suspected me of being a jewel-thief. I demand to speak to your employer, and by the time he has heard from my lawyer——"

She caught sight of the floor manager, some yards away. Checking her threat of reprisal, she scuttled up to him, followed by the vainly protesting Rourke.

"Are you the owner of this store?" she inquired, her voice wobbly with tearful ire, as she faced the astonished manager.

Without waiting a reply, she pointed at Barry.

"This person has insulted me!" she flamed. "He has practically accused me of attempt to steal. I am going to my lawyer, to find what my rights are. In the meantime, I demand you discharge him, without a reference. I——"

Senile rage's tears got the better of her voice. Turning away her convulsed old face, she hurried from the store.

NOT UNTIL the next morning, when the ring trays were taken from the safe, was it discovered that a clever bit of synthetic work and white gold had been substituted for a four-carat solitaire worth $8,600, at retail. It was the good old *pennyweight* trick. And, for the second time that week, Barry Rourke was told by an excited office boy:

"Mr. Rosel wants you!"

At about the same time that Barry was submitting savagely to his overlord's flaying, the little old lady and the large and breezy Calvin Q. Mansur were finishing a leisurely breakfast in their New Jersey cottage. The little old lady was still little. But she was far from being old. Otherwise an epicure like Mansur would never have married her, even though she was one of the cleverest women in the profession.

"So that's that," he finished a long and amicable dialogue that had endured throughout the meal. "You won't be seen. Not your face, anyhow. And you can keep him from recognizing your voice. If that young man were twins, or quadruplets, what a cinch life would be for us! But you don't often find them so easy, more's the pity."

"I suppose you're right," she assented. "You've got a gift for picking them. I hand you that. But he don't look like a fool, to me. And his chest and shoulders——"

"Well," said Mansur, good-naturedly, "even if he wasn't a fool—which he is—it wouldn't make any difference in the way I'd handle him. I always handle a fool as cautiously as I'd handle the cleverest man of the lot."

As has been said, Mansur had never got caught in any hole. From city to city he and his very few satellites had wandered; picking up a plenteous living and never once falling foul of the law.

Now they would visit singly and simultaneously two or three large jewelry shops; inspecting goods without buying; but, as a rule, succeeding in *pennyweighting*—leaving behind, unnoted, in tray or case, some standard type of pin or ring or brooch, smaller and less valuable than the one for which they had substituted it.

OCCASIONALLY, they took a mild chance by substituting a paste article of the same general size and aspect of the one they palmed.

Of course, the substitution was discovered, soon or late; after they had gone. After a day of these raids, they would leave town; before word could be passed from store to store to be on the lookout for such substitutions.

Again, flying at somewhat larger game, they would work a simple and clever trick like that of the four-carat diamond purloined from Anian & Rosel.

But these forms of livelihood meant merely a fair competence; and served to earn cash in the interims between really big jobs—such a job as husband and wife had been discussing in careful, final detail, this morning at breakfast. It was these rare big jobs that brought the real profit. It was in these that Mansur's genius burned brightest.

Some weeks later—just after New-year's—Barry Rourke's still crushed spirits received a sudden glad lift when he glanced up from an arrangement of one of his cases and saw Calvin Q. Mansur beaming affectionately at him across the counter.

"Back again!" hailed Mansur. "And camping on the trail of Mr. Barry Debt Rourke!"

As he spoke, he thrust a big and shapely hand across the counter, gripping Barry's fingers with much zest.

"I'm mighty glad to see you again, Mr. Mansur," replied Rourke, with genuine enthusiasm. "And it's good of you to look in on us. Did Mrs. Mansur like the jade brooch?"

"*Did* she?" chuckled Mansur, smiling happily at some pleasant recollection—the memory of having substituted it for a brooch of double its value, at a Brooklyn jeweler's—"I should say she did. Tickled to pieces. By the way, the Missus was coming across here this morning; but her mother took sick in the night—one of her stomach spells—and the Missus had to stay at the hotel to look after her. I told the Missus we'd have a better time if we left her at home with the kids. But—well, you know how women are."

Barry nodded sympathetically; trying to swallow his own disappointment.

"We just struck town yesterday afternoon," proceeded Mansur. "We're putting up at the St. Croesus, this trip. Some hotel, boy! I never stopped there, before. When the desk clerk told me the price of my suite, by the week, I thought he was quoting me a price on the building itself."

He laughed, throwing back his head. It was an infectious, outdoor laugh. Barry joined in it.

"Well," said Mansur, glancing sheepishly around at one or two customers who had turned their heads at the sound of the great laugh, "I'm not going to stand here wasting your time. Let's get busy."

Rourke was all attention.

"Here's the idea," added Mansur. "I told you, last trip, that we'd come here and buy a whole lot of truck from you. I've been counting on coming with the wife, as soon as we hit town. But now she's liable to be cooped up with her mother, in our suite, for a couple of days more. So this is what I'm going to do:

"I can't bring my wife to the store. So I am to take the store to my wife. Get me? I mean, you and I are going to traipse around these cases and pick out a big swad of all sorts of jewlery, between us. Then, right after lunch, I want you to bring it across to the St. Croesus, for the wife to mull over and take her pick from."

Barry tried not to look crazily happy.

"CAN YOU get off duty—say about two o'clock—and lug the stuff over to the hotel to us?" continued Mansur, an almost childish wistfulness creeping into his big voice. "*Please* do. I want you to come, yourself; not just send some clerk. You see, I've told the wife about you, and I want her to meet you. Maybe you can get her as interested in the gewgaws as you got me, last time I was here. How about it?"

"Of course, I'll come," gushed Barry seeking to steady his glad voice. "I'll be there, at two sharp. And——"

"Good boy!" approved Mansur. "Now, let's get busy choosing the things you're going to bring over. Lord, but I feel like a kid on Christmas morning! First thing we'll pick out is that tiny diamond watch set in a ring, you showed me, last time. She was all stirred up, when I told her about that. She never saw one, before. It was $1,850, wasn't it? And then we'll just squint at that big slab of black opal, with the fringe of diamonds and emeralds around it. The $4,200 one. You see I haven't forgot a single price you quoted, nor yet a single thing you showed me. Oh yes; and then that diamond-and-aquamarine bracelet; and about a trillion other things. Stir your stumps, son! Let's go!"

The next hour was a period of hasheesh delirium to Barry Rourke. Never in dreams had he imagined so prodigal a buyer. Price was the last thing Calvin Q. Mansur seemed interested in.

When at last the orgy of selection was over, he demanded to know the total. Barry computed it; then, almost trembling, voiced the sum. Mansur did not turn a hair. Nodding, he fished out a morocco vest-pocket check-book; bearing his name in gilt on its cover. This he opened; and drew forth a serviceable looking old fountain pen.

Barry saw that the checks bore at one end the man's printed name and his Denver address. Mansur took off his gloves and began to fill in a check. As he did so, he joggled his gloves to the floor. Rourke stooped to retrieve them.

While the salesman was bending down for the gloves, Mansur substituted, for the half-written check, one he had prepared in advance; a penman associate having achieved on it a startlingly good imitation of the original Calvin Q. Mansur's signature.

By the time Rourke got to his feet again with the two gloves in his hand, Mansur was waving the check, as if to dry it.

"Here you are," said he. "Just an advance, you know. So as to make sure none of those things can be sold over again, before two o'clock. Now, I feel more as if they belonged to me."

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Still grasping the disputed bag-strap with his right hand, Barry shot his left fist forward with dull force, with scientific skill, and caught the unprepared "Mrs. Mansur" on the jaw.

Barry, with civil reluctance, took the check; at the same time assuring the drawer that such advance was quite unnecessary and that the goods would not have been resold, in any event, before Mrs. Mansur should have a chance to choose what she wanted. But Mansur insisted. And as the silver king busied himself with putting the cap back on his pen, Rourke took a surreptitious glance at the check. It was made out for $25,000.

"THEN," pursued Mansur, "as soon as the Missus decides what she wants, we'll figure out the total; and I'll send over to the Harriman, and get you a certified check for the whole thing. Meanwhile, show this to your credit man; if there's any kick on holding all the things for me, till two. He'll have a copy of my signature, somewhere, in his credit literatoor, I guess. Two o'clock, then, son. And you've promised to come, yourself, with the things. So long!"

Dazed, Barry Rourke sought the office of the firm's credit man. As he entered it, that functionary himself looked up from a newspaper, saying jocularly:

"I see here that your old college chum, Calvin Q. Mansur, is registered at the St. Croesus. I suppose he'll be blowing in soon, and buying everything in the shop, just as he promised you he would. We need some such boost; after that stone was frisked, right under your eyes."

For the first time, since the loss, Barry could hear it referred to without a qualm.

"Chicken feed," he scoffed, laying on the desk the $25,000 check of Calvin Q. Mansur. "And [*Continued on page 151*]

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STEINMETZ Says:

The WORLD IS

¶ We are not using our GREATEST

I BELIEVE the railroads of the United States will soon be operated by electricity. The change from steam may come any day. One of the big systems will start and the rest will be compelled to follow.

Steam cannot compete with electricity. It costs more and does less. A steam engine must slacken speed on up-grades. Electric locomotives, with unlimited power behind them, can go at top-speed all the while.

So far as invention is concerned, the railroads need not have waited even this long to discard their coal-burning locomotives. Electricity has been ready. The railway managers were the ones who were not prepared to move. Their finances were not in favorable condition. They could not borrow the money to make the change. Moreover, they were not sure that they wanted to adopt electricity as their motive power. Railway managers are much like most of the rest of us. They love their ruts. They found steam on the railroads, knew it would work and were not sure about electricity; so why not keep on burning coal? This state of mind was somewhat fortified by the rival manufacturers of electrical equipment who naturally did not agree as to which types of equipment were the best.

But this situation is passing. Railway finances are in better condition. Railway managers can now borrow money. Inasmuch as electricity is better and cheaper, the change cannot be much longer delayed. One big system need only to start to compel the others to follow.

Railway managers are not the only ones who are behind in the use of electricity. Manufacturers also are slow. More than six hundred million tons of steam coal are shipped on our railroads every year. None of this coal should be put on cars. It should be burned at the mines and converted into electricity. It is cheaper to ship electricity than coal.

Railroads burn in their locomotives about 160,000,000 tons of the coal they carry. If the railways were electrified and coal for manufacturing purposes burned at the mines, it would be approximately equivalent to doubling the freight-carrying capacity of our railroads for other kinds of freight. About half of the freight now carried is coal.

It should mean a good deal to this country to get rid of the locomotive and the coal train. They are both wasters. Whatever is wasted anywhere is a burden upon the country.

Henry Ford can sell automobiles for almost nothing and make money at it, because, better than any other American manufacturer, he knows how to make men and materials count. It is the lost motion in industry that makes production expensive. It is lost motion to devote approximately half of the freight-carrying capacity of our railroads to the transportation of coal that should be burned where it is mined and converted into electricity.

INVENTION is ahead of commerce. That's the point. If one did not know much about human nature it might seem as if it would be more difficult to discover the elusive secrets of electricity than to induce railway men and manufacturers to apply them. But it is always easier to devise some useful thing than it is to convince human beings that it is of any use.

Invention is moving along rapidly toward the complete domination of electricity. One of the greatest problems is solved for all time. That's the dynamo. No practical use could be made of electricity as power until dynamos could be devised that would deliver something like the power that was put into them. We now know how to make that kind. If electricians were to work for a million years they could not much improve the present dynamo.

A dynamo that is attached to a 50,000 horsepower steam turbine will deliver over ninety-eight percent of the power that is put into it. Commercially speaking, that is so near perfection that it is not worth while to try to make the dynamo more efficient.

The problem of creating electrical power having been solved, another problem followed on its heels. How could the current be economically transmitted from the places of generation to serve the needs of railways and manufacturing enterprises scattered over wide areas?

The solution of this problem was, in my opinion, the most important thing that has yet been done in electricity. It was solved by a man who died about two years ago, unknown to the general public. William Stanley, of the General Electric Company's plant at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, by the invention of the transformer, made possible the economical long distance transmission of power. Zipernowski and Deri of Budapest evolved the idea of a transformer almost simultaneously with Stanley.

High voltages are necessary to the economical transmission of electrical current over long distances. With a transformer, the voltage of a current is *stepped-up* or increased for transmission, and *stepped-down* or decreased at its destination before it goes into a motor.

ONLY A moment's thought is necessary to the realization of the tremendous importance of this invention. So long as motors could be operated only at short distances from the dynamos that generated their power the usefulness of electricity was circumscribed.

The invention of the transformer made it possible for electricity generated at one place to work anywhere. The way was immediately opened to the electrification of railways, the burning of coal and the generation of electricity at the mines, and the sending of power from distant mountain streams to city industries. The transformer has already done much for industry, but its greatest work is yet to be done. It will reach its highest point of usefulness only when all our railways are electrified, all our coal burned at the mines, and all of our water-power converted into electricity.

I have said that the dynamo has been made so well that it may be considered a solved problem. The same is true of the transformer. Fifty thousand horsepower may be *stepped-up* or *stepped-down* with a loss of only seventy-five one-hundredths of one percent for each operation. Future generations cannot improve much upon that.

The copper or aluminum cable that carries current long distances delivers about ninety percent. But this ten percent loss can be reduced to five by doubling the weight of the cable.

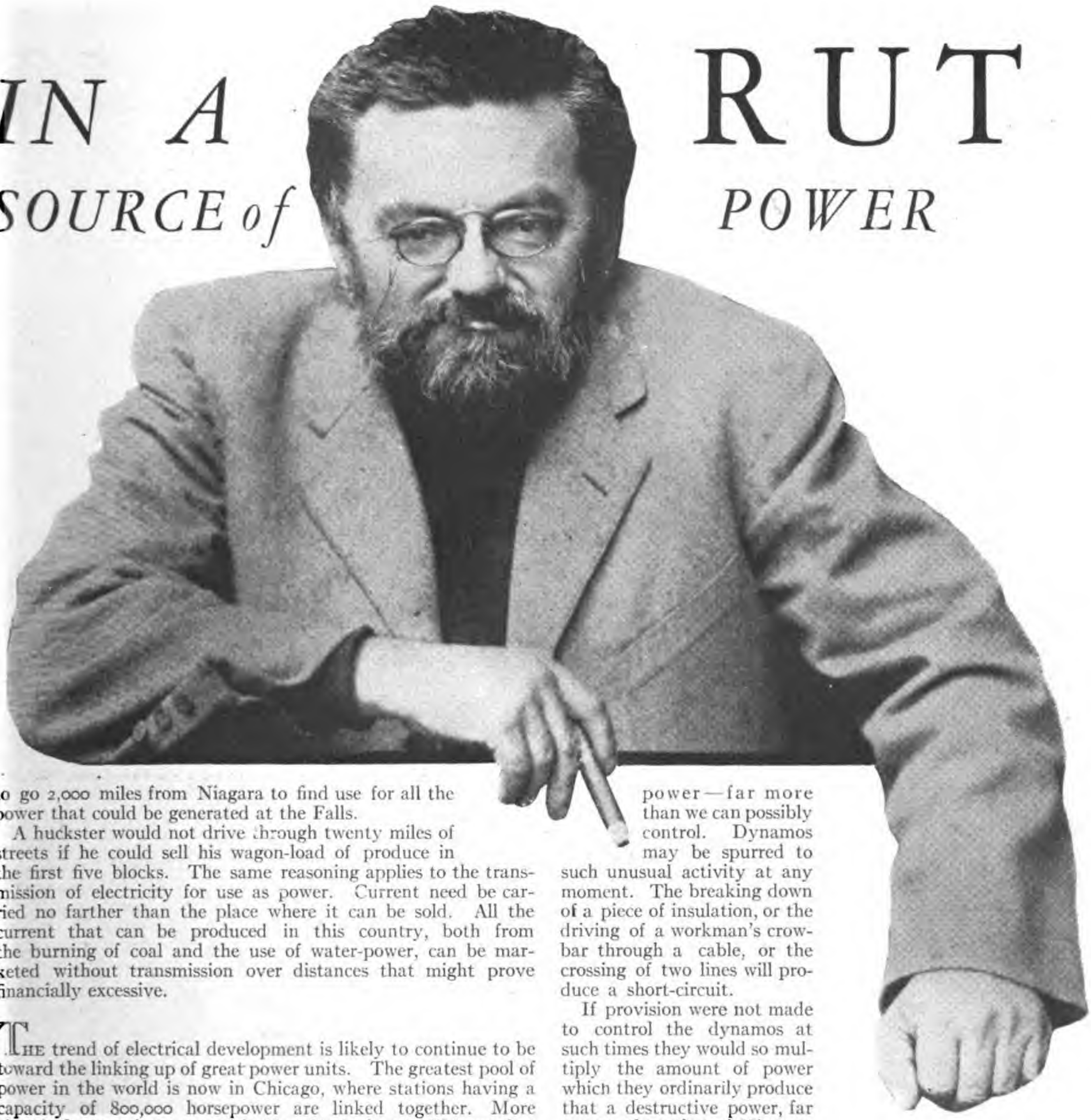
The long distance transmission of electrical power has thus evolved from a scientific to a financial problem. We know how to send the power. Does industry care to make the investment necessary to have it sent? That is now the only question. So far as the mere sending of power is concerned, we know how to send the power of Niagara 2,000 miles without serious loss of current. It is all a matter of investment in equipment.

But the full use of electricity as power does not depend upon the sending of current over extraordinary distances. I have said that we could send the power of Niagara 2,000 miles. We can. But why should this be done? It would not be necessary

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IN A RUT

SOURCE of *POWER*



to go 2,000 miles from Niagara to find use for all the power that could be generated at the Falls.

A huckster would not drive through twenty miles of streets if he could sell his wagon-load of produce in the first five blocks. The same reasoning applies to the transmission of electricity for use as power. Current need be carried no farther than the place where it can be sold. All the current that can be produced in this country, both from the burning of coal and the use of water-power, can be marketed without transmission over distances that might prove financially excessive.

THE trend of electrical development is likely to continue to be toward the linking up of great power units. The greatest pool of power in the world is now in Chicago, where stations having a capacity of 800,000 horsepower are linked together. More electrical power is generated in New York than in Chicago, but in New York the stations are not all connected. The railways, street railways and subways generate their own current. In Chicago, the electric company was forehanded and made contracts to supply all consumers.

The great advantage of thus pooling power plants lies in the fact that unlimited power is available anywhere at any time. It is natural to suppose that as electrical development proceeds, all the plants in great areas will be combined, to the end that the demand for power at any point may be instantly met. A district that requires 100,000 additional horsepower may receive it by the throwing of a switch.

Development is already proceeding along these lines. It is this development that is creating the problems with which students of electricity are now engaged. We do not have to bother with the dynamo or the transformer, but we do have to study the problem of how to handle the tremendous voltages that are now employed.

We can safely handle hundreds of thousands of horsepower, but the dynamos that are connected in a system are capable of momentarily giving many times more power—millions of horsepower—far more than we can possibly control. Dynamos may be spurred to such unusual activity at any moment. The breaking down of a piece of insulation, or the driving of a workman's crowbar through a cable, or the crossing of two lines will produce a short-circuit.

If provision were not made to control the dynamos at such times they would so multiply the amount of power which they ordinarily produce that a destructive power, far greater than that of Niagara, would be let loose, wrecking the system and shutting down all industries which depend upon the system for power.

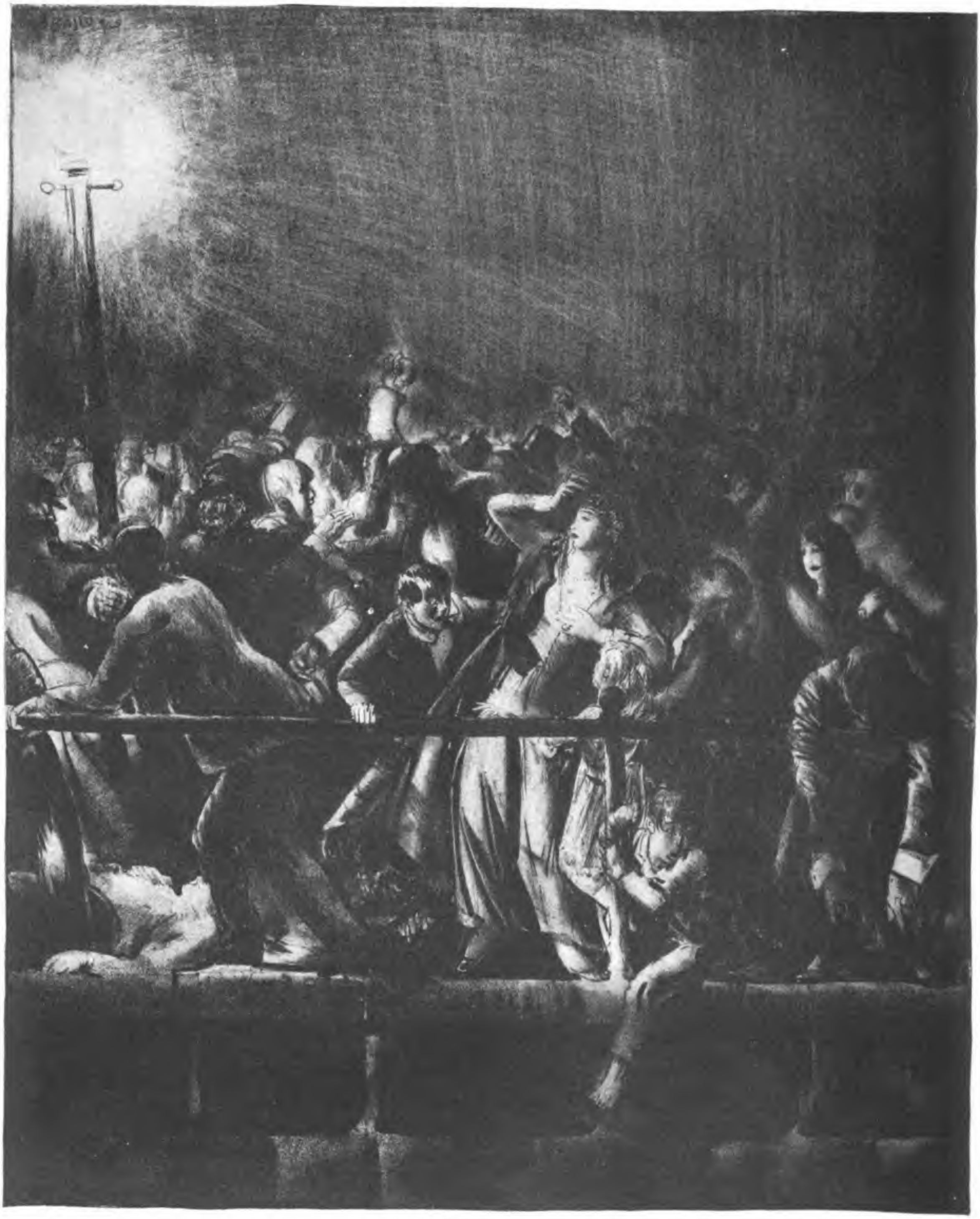
To provide for such emergencies we have devised what are known as "power-limiting reactors," which limit the amount of power that the dynamos in the system can throw into the circuit.

These devices are huge wire spirals, mounted in a fire-proof concrete structure. They choke down excessive power, though offering no resistance to normal flow.

TO prevent tremendous aggregations of electrical power from destroying themselves there have been created very ingenious devices known as "circuit-breakers."

Perhaps I can make it plain what a circuit-breaker is. One wire from a dynamo runs through a very strong boiler-like structure filled with oil. When the current is short-circuited an automatic device pulls the wire apart at a point where it had been divided. This causes a great spark to jump from [*Continued on page 108*]

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"The Crowd"

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¶ *A New Novel by the Foremost Author of Our Time*

MEN LIKE GODS

By H. G. Wells

Illustrations by George W. Bellows

¶ Mr. Barnstaple is puzzled by a difficulty and it is the old crux of communism. "There is joy in creation for others," he says, "but no natural joy in unrequited service. The sense of justice to himself is greater in man than the sense of service. Somehow here you must balance the work anyone does for Utopia against what he destroys or consumes. How do you do it?"

¶ Crystal's response to Mr. Barnstaple's puzzled mind is one of the most interesting parts of Mr. Wells's tale of the future.

¶ *A Synopsis of Preceding Chapters:*

FOR a long time Mr. Barnstaple's noisy family and his gloomy newspaper office had been getting on his nerves so he decided to get away on a vacation with no other company than his little yellow car. He didn't know his destination and no news would be good news. Heading northward toward London he was a little outside of Slough when two huge touring cars tore past him. A few seconds later Mr. Barnstaple took the curve around which they had disappeared only to find no trace of them on the long straight road ahead. Then his own car seemed to skid violently and when he finally regained control he found himself in strange surroundings. Standing just ahead of him was one of the big cars, its occupants—four men and a beautiful girl—as confounded as he. Near a burning house the party discovered the bodies of a man and a girl in the midst of wreckage of some sort of scientific apparatus. Both were naked and of great beauty.

"These are no earthly people," said Mr. Burleigh, whom Mr. Barnstaple recognized as the great Conservative leader. "We are not on earth. But it must be related to our world or maybe we are in some dimension of space from those we wot of."

Suddenly the party was aware of two apollo-like men who were questioning them. Mr. Burleigh told them all he knew of what had happened, after which a conference was arranged to decide the fate of the Earthlings. These god-like men gave the history of Utopia from their Age of Confusion to their present ideal state.

Then came news that the Earthling party in the second touring car had killed a Utopian and made off in panic. They were brought back to join the other Earthlings. For ages Utopia had not known disease but now the Earthlings had spread the germs and the Utopians were stricken with an epidemic. The Earthlings were at once isolated in an old fortress reached only by airplane, and in protest they prepared for conflict. Mr. Barnstaple pleaded with them in vain. Their opportunity to conquer Utopia was at hand they argued now that these people were down with fever. Mr. Barnstaple tried to warn the two Utopians who came next day but they were both shot. Mr. Barnstaple escaped into the fastness of the Utopian cliffs and after great hardship finally reached the beach below. Just before losing consciousness he looked up at the Earthling fortress and saw the castle rocking to and fro; then suddenly the craig was tumbling into space.

When he awoke to consciousness Lychnis the Utopian woman was smiling at him. He'd been very ill he learned, but Lychnis could not tell him what had been the fate of the other Earthlings. He found a companion in Crystal a thirteen-year-old boy from whom he learned more of the wonders of Utopia.

¶ *The Story Continues:*

MR. BARNSTAPLE was mightily taken by this idea which seemed to him to be at once quite fresh and one that he had always unconsciously entertained. Half the difference between Utopia and our world he asserted lay in this, that our atmosphere was dense and poisonous with lies and shams.

"When one comes to think of it," said Mr. Barnstaple, and began to expatiate to Crystal upon all the falsehoods of human life. The fundamental assumptions of earthly associations were still largely lies, false assumptions of necessary and unavoidable difference in flags and nationality, pretences of function and power in monarchy; impostures of organized learning, religious and moral dogmas and shams. And one must live in it; one is a part of it. You are restrained, taxed, distressed and killed by these insane unrealities. "Lying the primary crime! How simple that is, how true and necessary it is. That dogma is the fundamental distinction of the scientific world state from all preceding states." And going on from that Mr. Barnstaple launched out into a long tirade against the suppressions and falsifications of earthly newspapers. It was a question very near his heart. He talked of the degeneration of the London Times, of the general decay of the British press. In the common life of England the spirit of science, of impartial veracity, had now no voice. The papers now were like yelping hawkers and barking dogs. The press he held was the only possible salt of contemporary earthly life, and if the salt had lost its savor——!

The poor man found himself orating as though he was back at his Sydenham breakfast-table after a bad morning's paper.

"Once upon a time Utopia was in just such a tangle," said Crystal, consolingly. "But there is a proverb, 'Truth comes back where once she has visited.' You need not trouble so much. Some day even your press may grow clean."

"How do *you* manage about newspapers and criticism?" said Mr. Barnstaple.

CRYSTAL explained that there was a complete distinction between news and discussion in Utopia. There were houses—one was in sight—which were used as reading rooms. One went to these places to learn the news. Thither went the reports of all the things that were happening in the planet, things found, things discovered, things done. The reports were made as they were needed; there were no advertisement contracts to demand the same bulk of news every day. For some time Crystal said the reports had been very full and amusing about the Earthlings, but he had not been reading the paper for many days because of the interest in history the Earthling affair had aroused in him. There was always news of fresh scientific discoveries that stirred the imagination. One frequent item of public interest and excitement was the laying out of some wide scheme of research. The new spatial work that Arden and Greenlake had died for was producing much news. And when people died in Utopia it was the custom to tell the story of their lives. Crystal promised to take Mr. Barnstaple to a news place and entertain him by reading him some of the Utopian descriptions of earthly life, which had been derived from the Earthlings, and Mr. Barnstaple asked that when this was done he might also hear about Arden and Greenlake, who had been not only great discoverers but great lovers, and of Serpentine and Cedar, for whom he had conceived an intense admiration. Utopian news lacked of course the high spice of an earthly newspaper; the intriguing murders and amusing misbehaviors, the entertaining and exciting consequences of

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sexual ignorance and sexual blunderings, the libel cases and detected swindlers, the great processional movements of Royalty across the general traffic, and the romantic fluctuations of stock exchange and sport. But where the news of Utopia lacked liveliness the liveliness of discussion made up for it. For the Fifth Principle of Liberty in Utopia was Free Discussion and Criticism.

Any Utopian was free to criticize and discuss anything in the whole universe provided he told no lies about it directly or indirectly; he could be as respectful or disrespectful as he pleased; he could propose anything however subversive. He could break into poetry or fiction as he chose. He could express himself in any literary form he liked or by sketch or caricature as the mood took him. Only he must refrain from lying; that was the one rigid rule of controversy. He could get what he had to say printed and distributed to the news rooms. There it was read or neglected as the visitors chanced to approve of it or not. Often if they liked what they read they would carry off a copy with them. Crystal had some new fantastic stories about the exploration of space among his books; they were pamphlets of thirty or forty pages printed on a beautiful paper that he said was made directly from flax and certain reeds.

The librarians noted what books and papers were read and taken away, and these they replaced with fresh copies. The piles that went unread were presently reduced to one or two copies and the rest went back to the pulping mills. But many of the poets and philosophers and story-tellers whose imaginations found no wide popularity were nevertheless treasured and their memories kept alive by a few devoted admirers.

"I am not at all clear in my mind about one thing," said Mr. Barnstaple. "I have seen no coins and nothing like money passing in this world. By all outward appearance this might be a communism such as was figured in a book we used to value on Earth, a book called News from Nowhere, by an Earthling named William Morris. It was a graceful impossible book. In that dream everyone worked for the joy of working and took what he needed. But I have never believed in Communism because I recognize, as here in Utopia you seem to recognize, the natural fierceness and greediness of the untutored man. There is joy in creation for others to use, but no natural joy in unrequited service. The sense of justice to himself is greater in man than the sense of service. Somehow here you must balance the work anyone does for Utopia against what he destroys or consumes. How do you do it?"

CRYSTAL considered. "There were Communists in Utopia in the Last Age of Confusion. In some parts of our planet they tried to abolish money suddenly and violently and brought about great economic confusion and want and misery. To step straight to communism failed—very tragically. And yet Utopia today is practically a communism, and except by way of curiosity I have never had a coin in my hand in all my life."

In Utopia just as upon earth, he explained, money came as a great discovery; as a method of freedom. Hitherto, before the invention of money, all service between man and man had been done through bondage or barter. Life was a thing of slavery and narrow choice. But money opened up the possibility of giving a worker a free choice in his reward. It took Utopia three thousand years and more to realize that possibility. The idea of money abounded in pitfalls and was easily corruptible; Utopia floundered its way to economic lucidity through long centuries of credit and debt, false and debased money; extravagant usury and every possibility of speculative abuse. In the matter of money more than in any other human concern, human cunning has set itself most vilely and treacherously to prey upon human necessity.

Utopia, once carried, as earth carries now, a load of parasitic souls, speculators, forestallers, gamblers and bargain-pressing Shylocks exacting every conceivable advantage out of the weaknesses of the monetary system; she had needed centuries of economic sanitation. It was only when Utopia had got to the beginnings of world-wide political unity and when there were sufficiently full statistics of world resources and world production, that human society could at last give the individual worker the assurance of a coin of steadfast significance, a coin that would mean for him today or tomorrow or at any time the certainty of a set quantity of elemental values. And with peace throughout the planet and increasing social stability, interest, which is the measure of danger and uncertainty, dwindled at last to nothing.

Banking became a public service, perforce, because it no longer offered profit to the individual banker. "Rentier classes," Crystal conveyed, "are not a permanent element in any community. They mark a phase of transition between a period of insecurity and high interest and a period of complete security and no interest. They are a dawn phenomenon."

Mr. Barnstaple digested this statement after an interval of incredulity. He satisfied himself by a few questions that young Utopia really had some idea of what a rentier class was, what its moral and imaginative limitations were likely to be and the rôle it may have played in the intellectual development of the world by providing a class of independent minds.

"Life is intolerant of all independent classes," said Crystal, repeating an axiom. "Either you must earn or you must rob. . . . We have got rid of robbing."

THE YOUNGSTER still speaking by his book went on to explain how the gradual disuse of money came about. It was an outcome of the general progressive organization of the economic system, the substitution of collective enterprises for competitive enterprises and of wholesale for retail dealing. There had been a time in Utopia when money changed hands at every little transaction and service. One paid money if one wanted a newspaper or a match or a bunch of flowers or a ride on a street conveyance.

Everybody went about the world with pockets full of small coins paying on every slight occasion. Then, as economic science became more stable and exact, the methods of the club and the covering subscription extended. People were able to buy passes that carried them by every available means of transport for a year or for ten years or for life. The state learnt from clubs and hotels to provide matches, newspapers, stationery, transport for a fixed annual charge. The same inclusive system spread from small and incidental things to great and essential matters, to housing and food and even clothing. The state postal system which knew where every Utopian citizen was, was presently able in conjunction with the public banking system, to guarantee his credit in any part of the world.

People ceased to draw coin for their work; the various departments of service, and of economic, educational and scientific activity would credit the individual with his earnings in the public bank and debit him with his customary charges for all the normal services of life.

"Something of this sort is going on on earth even now," said Mr. Barnstaple. "We use money in the last resort, but a vast volume of our business is already a matter of bookkeeping."

Centuries of unity and energy had given Utopia a very complete control of many fountains of natural energy upon the planet, and this was the heritage of every child born therein. He was credited at his birth with a sum sufficient to educate and maintain him up to four or five and twenty, and then he was expected to choose some occupation to replenish his account.

"But if he doesn't?" said Mr. Barnstaple.

"Everyone does."

"But if he didn't?"

"He'd be miserable and uncomfortable. I've never heard of such a case. I suppose he'd be discussed. Psychologists might examine him. . . . But one must do something."

"But suppose Utopia had no work for him to do?"

Crystal could not imagine that. "There is always something to be done."

"But in Utopia once, in the old times you had unemployment?"

"That was part of the Confusion. Why, when they had unemployment at that same time there was neither enough houses nor food nor clothing. It is incredible."

"Does every one earn about the same sort of pay?"

"Energetic and creative people are often given great grants if they seem to need the help of others or a command of natural resources. . . . And artists sometimes grow rich if their work is much desired."

"SUCH A GOLD chain as yours you had to buy?"

"From the maker in his shop. My mother bought it."

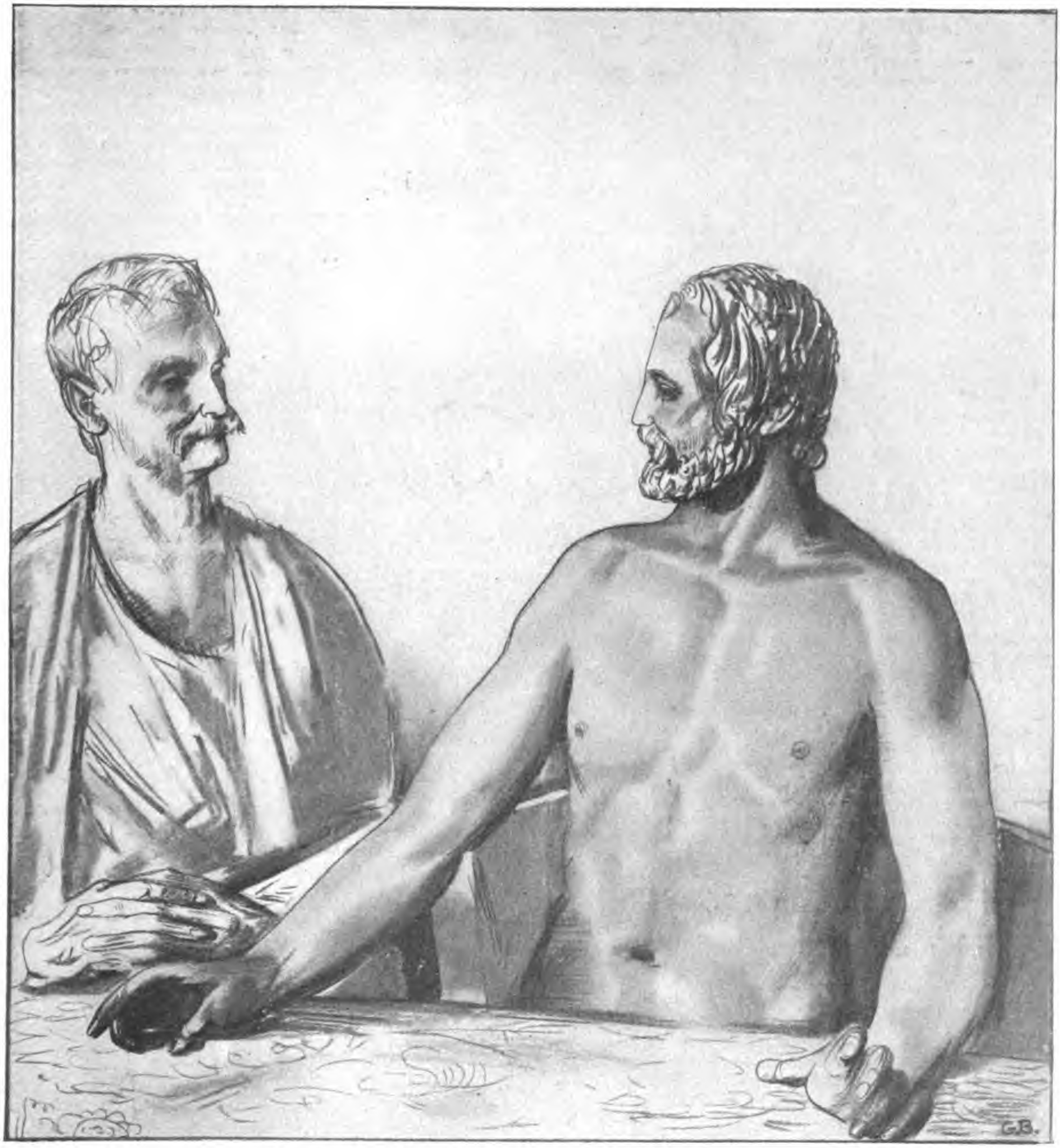
"Then there are shops?"

"You shall see some. Places where people go to see new and delightful things."

"And if an artist grows rich, what can he do with his money?"

"Take time and material to make some surpassingly beautiful thing to leave the world. Or collect and help with the work of other artists. Or do whatever else he pleases to teach and find

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¶ *The* Interview with Sungold

the common sense of beauty in Utopia. Or just do nothing. . . . Utopia can afford it if he can."

"Cedar and Lion," said Mr. Barnstaple, "explained to the rest of us how it is that your government is as it were broken up and dispersed among the people who have special knowledge of the matters involved. The balance between interests, we gathered, was maintained by those who studied the general psychology and the educational organization of Utopia. At first it was very strange to our earthly minds that there should be nowhere a pretended omniscience and a practical omnipotence, that is to say a sovereign thing, a person or an assembly whose fiat was final. Mr. Burleigh and Mr. Catskill thought that such a thing was absolutely necessary and so, less surely, did I. "Who will decide?" was their riddle. They expected to be taken to see the President or the Supreme Council of Utopia. I suppose it seems to you the most natural of things that there should be nothing of the sort, and that a question should go simply and naturally to the man who knows best about it."

"Subject to free criticism," said Crystal.

"Subject to the same process that has made him eminent and responsible. But don't people thrust themselves forward even here—out of vanity. And don't people get thrust forward in front of the best—out of spite?"

"There is plenty of spite and vanity in every Utopian soul," said Crystal. "But people speak very plainly and criticism is very searching and free. So that we learn to search our motives before we praise or question."

"What you say and do shows up here plainly at its true value," said Mr. Barnstaple. "You cannot throw mud in the noise and darkness unchallenged, or get a false claim acknowledged in the disorder."

"Some years ago there was a man, an artist, who made a great trouble about the work of my father. Often artistic criticism is very bitter here, but he was bitter beyond measure. He caricatured my father and abused him incessantly. He followed him from place to place. He tried to prevent the allocation of

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material to him. He was quite ineffective. Some people answered him but for the most part he was disregarded. . . ."

The boy stopped short.

"Well?"

"He killed himself."

"But in the past there were kings and councils and conferences in Utopia," said Mr. Barnstaple, returning to the main point.

"My books teach me that our state could have grown up in no other way. We had to have these general dealers in human relationship, politicians and lawyers, as a necessary stage in political and social development. Just as we had to have soldiers and policemen to save people from mutual violence. It was only very slowly that politicians and lawyers came to admit the need for special knowledge in the things they had to do. Politicians would draw boundaries without any proper knowledge of ethnology or economic geography, and lawyers decide about will and purport with the crudest knowledge of psychology. They produced the most preposterous and unworkable arrangements in the gravest fashion."

"Like Tristram Shandy's parish bull—which set about begetting the peace of the world at Versailles," said Mr. Barnstaple.

Crystal looked puzzled.

"A complicated allusion to a purely earthly matter," said Mr. Barnstaple. "This complete diffusion of the business of politics and law to the people with knowledge, is one of the most interesting things of all to me in this world. Such a diffusion is beginning upon earth. The people who understand world health, for instance, are dead against political and legal methods and so are many of our best economists. And most people never go into a law court, and wouldn't dream of doing so, upon business of their own, from their cradles to their graves. What became of your politicians and lawyers? Was there a struggle?"

"As light grew and intelligence spread they became more and more evidently unnecessary. They met at last only to appoint men of knowledge as assessors and so forth, and after a time even these appointments became foregone conclusions. Their activities melted into the general body of criticism and discussion. In places there are still old buildings that used to be council chambers and law courts. The last politician to be elected to a legislative assembly died in Utopia about a thousand years ago. He was an eccentric and garrulous old gentleman; he was the only candidate and one man voted for him, and he insisted upon assembling in solitary state and having all his speeches and proceedings taken down in shorthand. Boys and girls who were learning stenography used to go to report him. Finally he was dealt with as a mental case."

"And the last judge?"

"I have not learnt about the last judge," said Crystal. "I must ask my tutor. I suppose there was one, but I suppose nobody asked him to judge anything."

"I begin to apprehend the daily life of this world," said Mr. Barnstaple. "It is a life of demi-gods, very free, strongly individualized, each following an individual bent, each contributing to great racial ends. It is not only cleanly naked and sweet and lovely but full of personal dignity. It is, I see, a practical communism, planned and led up to through long centuries of education and discipline and collectivist preparation. I had never thought before that socialism could exalt and ennoble the individual and individualism degrade him, but now I see plainly that here the thing is proved. In this fortunate world—it is indeed the crown of all its health and happiness—there is no Crowd. The old world, the world to which I belong, was and in my universe alas! still is, the world of the Crowd, the world of that detestable crawling mass of un-featured, infected human beings.

"You have never seen a Crowd, Crystal; in all your happy life you never will. You have never seen a Crowd going to a football match or a race meeting or a bull fight or a public execution or the like crowd joy; you have never watched a Crowd wedge and stick in a narrow place or hoot or howl in a crisis. You have never watched it stream sluggishly along the streets to gape at a King or yell for a war or yell quite equally for a peace. And you have never seen the Crowd, struck by some panic breeze, change from Crowd proper to Mob and begin to smash and hunt. All the Crowd celebrations have gone out of this world; all the Crowd's gods, there is no Turf here, no Sport, no war demonstrations, no Coronations and Public Funerals, no great shows but only your little theaters. . . . Happy Crystal! who will never see a Crowd!"

"But I have seen Crowds," said Crystal.

"Where?"

"I have seen cinematograph films of Crowds photographed thirty centuries ago and more. They are shown in our history museums. I have seen Crowds streaming over Downs after a great race meeting, photographed from an airplane, and Crowds rioting in some public square and being dispersed by the police. Thousands and thousands of swarming people. But it is true what you say. There are no more Crowds in Utopia. Crowds and the crowd mind have gone forever."

When after some days Crystal had to return to his mathematical studies, his departure left Mr. Barnstaple very lonely. He found no other companion. Lychnis seemed always near him and ready to be with him, but her want of active intellectual interests so remarkable in this world of vast intellectual activities, estranged him from her. Other Utopians came and went, friendly, amused, polite, but intent upon their own businesses.

Lychnis, he began to realize, was one of Utopia's failures. She was a lingering romantic type and she cherished a great sorrow in her heart. She had had two children whom she had loved passionately. They were adorably fearless, and out of foolish pride she had urged them to swim out to sea and they had been taken by a current and drowned.

Their father had been drowned in attempting their rescue and Lychnis had very nearly shared their fate. She had been rescued. But her emotional life had stopped short at that point, had, as it were, struck an attitude and remained in it. Tragedy possessed her. She turned her back on laughter and gladness and looked for distress. She had rediscovered the lost passion of pity, first pity for herself and then a desire to pity others. She took no interest any more in vigorous and complete people but her mind concentrated upon the consolation to be found in consoling pain and distress in others. She sought her healing in healing them. She did not want to talk to Mr. Barnstaple of the brightness of Utopia; she wanted him to talk to her of the miseries of earth and of his own miseries. Then she might sympathize But he would not tell her of his own miseries because indeed, such was his temperament, he had none, he had only exasperations and regrets.

She dreamt, he perceived, of being able to come to earth and give her beauty and tenderness to the sick and poor. Her heart went out to the spectacle of human suffering and weakness. It went out to these things hungrily.

Before he detected the drift of her mind he told her many things about human sickness and poverty. But he spoke of these matters not with pity but indignation, as things that ought not to be. And when he perceived how she feasted on these things he spoke of them hardly and cheerfully as things that would presently be swept away. "But they will still have suffered," she said. . . .

Since she was always close at hand, she filled for him perhaps more than her legitimate space in the Utopian spectacle. She lay across it like a shadow. He thought very frequently about her and about the pity and resentment against life and vigor that she embodied.

In a world of fear, weakness, infection, darkness and confusion, pity, the act of charity, the alms and the refuge, the deed of stark devotion, might show indeed like sweet and gracious presences; but in this world of health and brave enterprises, pity betrayed itself a vicious desire. Crystal, Utopian youth, was as hard as his name. When he had slipped one day on some rocks and twisted and torn his ankle, he had limped but he had laughed. When Mr. Barnstaple was winded on a steep staircase Crystal was polite rather than sympathetic. So Lychnis had found no confederate in the dedication of her life to sorrow; even from Mr. Barnstaple she could win no sympathy. He perceived that indeed so far as temperament went he was a better Utopian than she was. To him as to Utopia it seemed rather an occasion for gladness than sorrow that her man and her children had met death fearlessly. They were dead; a brave stark death; and the sun still shone. But her loss had revealed some underlying racial taint in her, something very ancient in the species, something that Utopia was still breeding out only very slowly, the dark sacrificial disposition that bows and responds to the shadow.

It was strange and yet perhaps it was inevitable that Mr. Barnstaple should meet again in Utopia that spirit which Earth knows so well, the spirit that turns from the Kingdom of Heaven to worship the thorns and the nails, which delights to represent its God not as the Resurrection and the Life but as a woeful and whimpering cadaver. [*Continued on page 1*]

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¶ PLAY *of the Month*



Helen Menken has a great moment in which she gives her audiences the dramatic thrill of the season.

The Seventh Heaven

By Austin Strong

¶ *As the Lotus flower rises out of the mud so the Sewer Rat, Chico, rises with Diane into the sunlight of love and courage*

DRIVEN by a strange and morbid desire, Nana, dragging her younger sister, Diane, with her, ran away from the home of her uncle and aunt at Bourron and went to Paris. In the great city the two were helpless and they sank steadily down the social ladder until they came at last to live in a wretched room in "The Sock," a cul-de-sac shadowed by the Church of the Heavenly Angels. There they lived in squalor and misery when found by M. Recan, secretary to the powerful and distinguished Colonel Brissac. Recan found them at the instigation of M. Blonde, attorney for the uncle and aunt who were moving heaven and earth in their efforts to find their lost nieces. Brissac, Recan and Blonde have called upon the sisters to arrange a meeting between them and their relatives. Recan, acting as messenger, entered the house and returned with Nana to whom the situation was explained. She was delighted and readily agreed to go to the Hotel St. Roc to meet her uncle and aunt. Hardly had the gentlemen left, however, when the uncle and aunt appear. They had misunderstood directions and had called at the address M. Blonde had furnished them. At their appearance, Diane flew into the arms of her Aunt Valentine and wept tears of joy. Nana did the talking:

NANA (volubly)—Uncle Georges, you've no idea how hard it's been to keep decent in a place like this.

VALENTINE—We understand, my dear.

NANA—But we have kept decent, haven't we, Diane? (Diane does not answer and Nana hurries on.) Poor child, she knows how we've struggled; how I've had to fight every step of the way to keep flesh and bone together—and to protect Diane. It's well you came in time.

VALENTINE—We had faith in you. We knew the good blood of our family would keep you from harm.

DIANE—But it hasn't.

NANA—Diane!

VULMIR—What's that?

DIANE—I said it hasn't kept us from harm.

NANA—Don't listen to her. She always imagines she's done wrong!

DIANE—What's the use? Lies—lies! You'd only find out sooner or later!

NANA—She doesn't mean that, Uncle Georges, she just imagines——

VULMIR—Be quiet, you! I want the truth, Diane—the truth!

DIANE—We've not been good! We've not been good.

VULMIR—I knew it! I feared it all the time.

VALENTINE—Wait, George. Of course, you're right, but——

VULMIR—Curse this Sodom and Gomorrah! Curse both of you! Why, you——

VALENTINE—Georges, please don't be angry!

VULMIR—Come away from here!

NANA—Please, Uncle Georges, let me explain!

VULMIR—Valentine, do you mean to disobey me?

VALENTINE—No, Georges, of course not, but——

VULMIR—Then do as I command. Not another word from you, I tell you—not another word! Come away, Valentine, come away!

With sinister movements Nana turned to Diane as the old couple disappeared. Slowly Nana moved to Diane, grasped her by the hair, pulled her to her feet, and clutching her throat

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¶ *To his companions, Chico* (George Gaul) *exhibits the medals the priest has given him — a cause of great mirth for Chico does not believe in the Bon Dieu.*

choked her with all her might. Diane's screams roused old Boul, the taxicab driver, who hurries to her assistance. He was unable to pry loose the strangling fingers and called loudly for help. At this moment the trap door near which the sisters were struggling, opened and out of this comes the gay and debonair Chico. In a trice he pried apart the murderous fingers and, despite Nana's screams, held her over the open manhole. With a laugh he tossed her aside and in terror she fled into the house. Then he turned to Boul and asked a profound question: "Now I ask you, Comrade Boul, why the devil did I do that? It's no affair of mine. Why have I saved a creature like that? A thousand times better for everyone if she were dead." To these questions there was no answer, so Chico dismissed it, and undoing a canvas bag addressed himself to the matter of eating. To Diane. who was crouching near, he offered food, but she refused to eat. In the midst of Chico's labored exposition to Boul of why he was an atheist the church door opened and Père Chevillon came out. In Chico the priest recognized the man who had saved him from death under the wheels of an omnibus. To Chico's utter astonishment the priest gave him a medal and a card which took him out of the sewer and made him a streetwasher. His exaltation, however, was interrupted by Diane who, having secured possession of Chico's knife, tried to end her life:

CHICO—Hey, what the devil are you doing there?

DIANE—No— don't stop me!

Chico stood away breathing heavily, staring at her as, shaken with emotion, she collapsed in the gutter, her head on the curb. He wiped the cold sweat from his hands and neck. After a moment he said:

¶ *Arlette* (Beatrice Noyes) *confesses to Père Chevillon* (William Post) *that she has yielded to small vanities in the purchase of trifles dear to girls.*

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¶ *On the eve of their wedding Chico and Diane* (Helen Menken) *are interrupted and torn apart by the sudden breaking out of the World War.*

¶ *"Ah, cherie," cries the blind, happy Chico, "my eyes are still filled with you."*

CHICO—To think you meant it! It is a thing terrible to do!

DIANE (suddenly on her feet)—Give it back to me!

CHICO—I like that! And with MY knife! What did you take my knife for?

DIANE—You can't prevent me! I'll go to the Seine!

CHICO—Very well, then, go to the Seine! Jump off then! Drown yourself then! Lie in the morgue with a rope around your hair then! What the devil do I care? Women like you sicken me—I spit you out! Why did you want to take your life?

DIANE—I can't go on.

CHICO—You mean—you don't like what you are?

DIANE—No! No!

CHICO—Your sister, eh? She's cruel?

DIANE—It's because I'm afraid.

CHICO (gently)—But you say you don't like this life!

DIANE—No!

CHICO—Well, if you don't like it, you're not bad!

DIANE—Why?

CHICO—I don't know why—but I know. You see, when you say you don't like it, it makes all the difference. I am a sewer man—as near nothing as a man can be—but I'm NOT nothing! You know, I have noticed that I am a very remarkable fellow! All my life in the sewer has never made me feel low. Sometimes I feel like a king—for no reason at all!

DIANE—There's no one you're afraid of?

CHICO—No one. Some day you stand up and fight your sister——

AT THIS POINT the police arrived with several women whom they had arrested, among them Nana. They were on the point of seizing Diane when Chico declared that the girl was his wife. The officer, persuaded of the truth of this statement, took Chico's address and went his way, with the parting warning, "Tomorrow we will come to your house to see if you speak the truth." At this statement, Chico alarmed at his temerity and dreading the consequences of his words bursts out: [*Continued on page 144*]

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SLEEP, *by Walter Ufer*

Awarded the Temple Gold Medal, 1923, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts

Walter Ufer *in the* South West

By Rose V. S. Berry

THIS prize-winning picture of Taos Indian life is the work of a lover of the American South West. Six years ago Walter Ufer left Chicago and went out to New Mexico and became one of the first members of the Taos Society of Artists. They are painters who find in this part of the country subjects which stir them deeply and which inspire them with a new feeling of the possibilities of American art. Ufer believes that the great American picture, the great American Opera, or the great American Epic may come from this region where the Indian has been least disturbed, where he has lived more remote from the influence of the white men. With this always in view he lives with the Taos Indians and makes them a constant study.

He has studied in Chicago, Dresden, Munich and Paris. He is an Associate of the National Academy of Design, and belongs to various art clubs and art societies in the United States and Europe. Each season sees some important work of Ufer's hung in one or two of the museums. Each year brings him some new award. In 1916 he was given the Cahn prize by the Chicago Institute of Art. In 1917 he carried off the first Logan Medal of the Chicago Institute of Art; in 1918 the Clark prize from the National Academy of Design. In 1920 he took third place in the International Exhibition at the Carnegie Institute of Art, in Pittsburgh. In 1921 he won the Altman Prize from the National Academy of Design. He has just captured the Temple Gold Medal in the exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

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The New Young Life *in* Germany

¶ Things are happening in Germany today which recall the romantic and creative movements of her past. May it be that the youth of Germany will lead us in the end away from material ideals to a life of the spirit?

By Anna Louise Strong

Illustration by Winold Reiss

ARE THEY going to make a new Germany and a new world—the young men and maidens who have swung so irresistibly into the Youth Movement of Germany—or are they merely escaping from unbearable reality into a dream-world of folk-worship and nature lore?

Nobody really knows. The adult leaders of such groups as have adults give each their own philosophies; the young things themselves are more united, but it is a unity of spirit and a common mode of life, not any similarity of theory or plan.

All over the countryside you find them on Saturdays and Sundays and summer holidays, boys with bare knees and bare heads, in short corduroy pants and rough belted shirt; girls with hair uncovered to the wind, sometimes apart, sometimes swinging comradely along with their brothers. A green tree goes sometimes before them and sometime a red flag; sometimes there comes a group bearing a painted pennant and sometimes no organized group at all, but merely three or four boys, with violins and flutes, who stride through the countryside singing.

They all know each other when they meet, and call each other "thou" after the fashion of brothers and sisters. There are three or four million of them now, one-third of all the youth of the land.

They all have a simple, half-pagan worship of freedom and open air, and beautiful bodies and health and hard plain living. All of them are seeking, as they wander through the woods and hills, or camp in some old castle or by some historic stream, to sink themselves "deep into the land" in a mystic worship which is half-patriotism, half-religion. And all of them hope for something new in the world—something different from the horror they have known.

For they are the children of the war-years and of the revolution. In place of the hope that young things need, their heritage was crushing national defeat followed by grinding, incessant, humiliating serfdom. In place of the little luxuries and sweets that young things crave, they have not had even butter on their bread. They have seen their companions die away by thousands from tuberculosis, that swift scourge of growing youth deprived of fats and milk. As for the chocolate creams, the sodas, the parties and pretty clothes that make up young America's play-time—these are things that they can never, never know.

So they laugh at these things and seek hardship deliberately. They take pleasure in tests of endurance; in place of glittering parties they have campfires under the stars.

THEY MAKE their own clothes of corduroy and embroider them with designs from old legends, ornamenting them with hand-hammered copper pieces of their own craftsmanship. They even develop a philosophy of hardship and self-mastery and fellowship and a world which must be remade from within.

"You in America," said one of them to me, "who outwardly have won the war—you are full of butter and milk and eggs and automobiles and multitudes of things. You are choked by them; you cannot draw free breath or create anything new; your life grows horrible under materialism.

"But we who in outer seeming have lost the war, for us naturally is much hardship to endure. To see friends die, and not to have good food for them, to see the old order of society breaking and the old morality rotten, to have to fight our parents for the freedom we believe in—this is not easy. But just because the whole frame of our life is broken, here more than anywhere else in the world we shall make it again from within. A new country, a new religion—all that is needed by life grows again. Either there will be a worse breaking than we can imagine, or else a new world will be made."

These were two of the older members of one of the more philosophic sections. For the young folks made their "wanderings under scores of different organizations."

There are religious groups, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish; there are political groups, from extreme monarchist to extreme communist; gymnastic groups organized under the older gymnastic societies, labor groups in every trade union that has young members; and independent groups growing out of the Wanderbird (Wandervogel) Movement, which began even before the war, but spread rapidly with the breaking down of all old forms which followed the defeat.

A REVOLT against all that was old, and staid, and stiff, and proper—that was how it began. A revolt against military discipline and formal gymnastics in favor of free air; against the rigid life of respectable society in favor of "wanderings." In the middle class environment where youths and maidens met always under strict chaperonage, they shocked their parents by going in mixed groups for all-night walks through the country.

Some of the groups went further. Coming at the close of a hot day to a flowing stream, they stripped and bathed, sometimes boys and girls together. Only a few of the radical groups do this, but it is enough to scandalize the country. I heard a boy of such a group reproved by an older woman for indecency. With a pure, clear gaze he faced her down: "If you feel anything evil about it," he said, "of course you should not do it; but we feel nothing evil about it."

Out of such freedom have come real scandals; it could hardly be otherwise. Youth does not choose its path of revolt without making mistakes, but they are mistakes of high feeling and unwise devotion, not so many nor as ugly as the simpering, concealed excesses which all young folks of our "civilization" know. In general, sex freedom is not characteristic of the youth movement; their standards are rather greater self-control, and a spiritualizing of all relations, the relation of comrades, of sex, even of man to the earth.

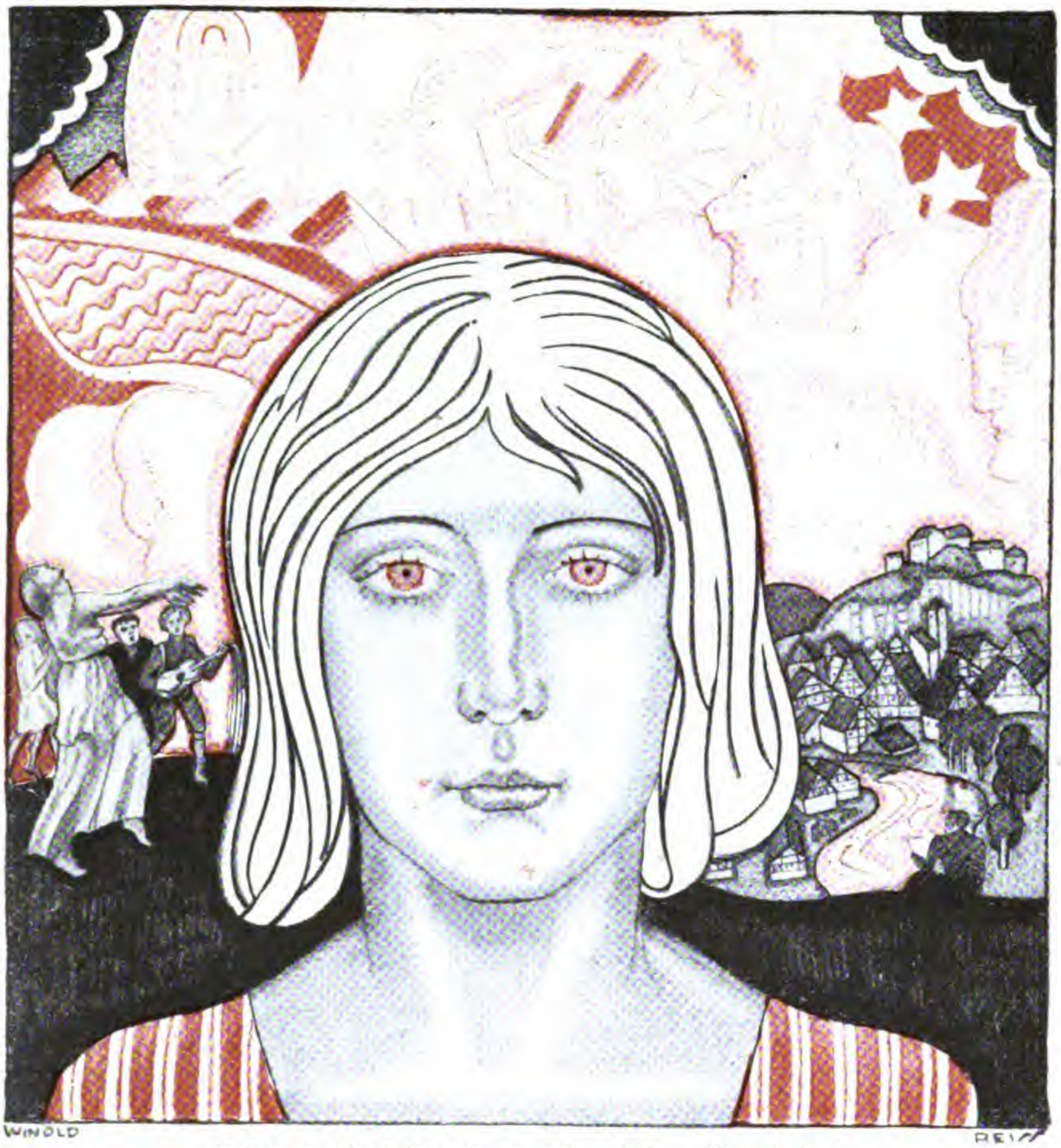
They are deadly serious and very mystical in their pursuits.

If you travel with them you find that they are by no means just young folks out for a good time. When they walk across country through darkness, or morning mists or noonday, they are "journeying deep into the land," trying to lose themselves in something beyond themselves, the folk-life, sometimes the life universal. They all feel it, though some can put it more plainly than others.

"It is very hard to express," said one to me, struggling for words. "We call each other 'thou' not as a mark of equality, but because we really feel related." He paused and then added: "But we feel the same even with the trees."

On festival days in summer some of the groups hold great assemblies in the woods or on hilltops, staring for hours into the fire and singing old chants to the nature gods of ancient Germany,

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¶ *They are the children of war and revolution. Their heritage was crushing national defeat, followed by humiliating serfdom.*

with a sincerity which is half a revival of legend, and half a real worship of Wotan and other nature deities.

They revive old folk-dances and make new ones. In their dances and in their wanderings, they have always the double aim: to develop perfect bodies under harmonious control by the spirit within; and also to merge themselves into the life of their land, its hills, its forests and its gods.

The war has destroyed the "fatherland" in whose greatness they might take pride; so they seek out the motherland whom they can love even the more for her sufferings.

FROM THE stark slavery of life in the German cities, laboring under the lash to produce more and ever more that the foreigner may take and consume, they escape into the freedom of the German hills and the lore of the German past. If there was no such escape, life indeed could not be borne, not by young things who must have some beauty to believe in, some future to hope for.

But it's a hard life, even for those who are willing to choose hardship. "We can't take long trips any more," said one of them to me, "because of the cost of carfare. We can't have a special costume, for we can't afford new clothes. We can't have coffee at our campfires (these Germans who always ate and drank whenever they gathered in fellowship, even at concerts) for coffee is very expensive. Even our exchange of letters is stopping, because of the high cost of postage."

Postage! It costs one-tenth of a cent to send a letter in Germany, reckoned in foreign gold. But the falling mark has carried the German wage down to five or six dollars a month for the skilled, organized workman. The middle classes and salaried people—they are being wiped out completely. To the children of all Germany, a tenth of a cent is something to be saved.

I listened to a financial report in one "nest" of the Wanderbirds. There were 191 marks in the treasury, at that time about three cents. They had bills for thirty cents, "ten times as much debts as capital," they said with a laugh. They were trying to sell tickets to a mystery play they were giving—tickets which cost from three-quarters of a cent to one cent—and they were urging each other to "be a sport and take the expensive seats."

They were planning to help each other get jobs to add to the common fund. "That stove eats lots of coal," said one of them looking reproachfully at the iron creature in the corner which was keeping the room warm for the weekday meeting of the "nest." "We don't need heat on singing and dancing evenings," protested a charming girl from an aristocratic family. In the old days she would have been swathed in furs and shod in high rubbers, and chaperoned at parties. Now she sat in a mended thin cotton dress in mid-November, planning to laugh and dance her way out of the shortage of coal.

Plans were begun for a parents' evening, to which a number of the "opposed parents" should be invited, together with a few of the "safe parents" who might convert the others. They were amusingly free in their sizing-up of the various parents and the ways of influencing them severally. After that they danced more folk-dances, and I realized as I never had before that a folk-dance is not just pleasant gymnastics, but a serious expression of common life and aspiration.

Then they sang—songs about a blue flower hidden in the wilds which could only be found by the wanderer; and about white lilies on a red field of battle, ending with the cry: "When will peace come?" And about a tree which was not to be climbed and which they yet must climb; and about a linden tree and a rose and a bird and a maiden in a garden.

Simple old songs of an ancient people close to the earth, and full of mystic meaning which the leader explained, hinting at connections with Germanic gods, and with the Garden of Paradise, and the Tree of Life and the Rose of Love. He was talking religion, that was quite plain; a mystical religion to which they thrilled. But it was so far from any "proper Christianity" that no wonder their Lutheran parents were worried.

Are they merely going to dream their way into the new world they long for? What is their program? They have none. There are indeed nationalist youths with a monarchist program and communist youths with a communist program, for every section of adult thought is trying to train youths to follow it. But the vast body of the youth movement is annoyed by politics.

"There must be again a whole people without party strife," said one of them to me. And I wondered if that beautiful dream would not lead at last to an impatient terrorism of Fascisti.

"The healing of mankind will come," said one of the leaders of the Pathfinders, "not through change of labor conditions, or better laws, or sanitary and police regulations, or political parties, but by a change of heart from within, like a great hot wave."

They hate the life which is breaking to pieces about them and they have a faith which is still rather blind, that somehow they will make it different. But will they? Or will adult life sweep them into the economic clash and the war of parties and nations.

Perhaps that is too much to hope. At least a freer and more wholesome social life is coming through the youth movement. New sources of human joy also, or rather, the old, old sources, from which the raking teeth of pain and struggle have torn the choking of dead leaves.

Youth pays a heavy price in Germany, for the shadow of hunger and death and national humiliation has fallen on each young soul, and there is a steady, serious look in their eyes which the youth of our land do not know. But the grown folks of Germany are paying the heavy price also, and buying for it nothing but despair. The young folks at least are buying dreams.

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¶ *To Ordinary Human Beings* COAL *is the Most Pressing of Problems. Nobody in the United States can Speak on this Subject with as Much Authority as Our Greatest Manufacturer. A Very Serious Contribution, Therefore, is this statement made to* Allan L. Benson *by*

HENRY FORD *on* What To DO About COAL

WE ARE mining coal for a little less than two dollars a ton. We own a number of mines and shall buy others. We shall not be content merely to supply fuel for our industries. We shall sell coal to the public.

We shall put this coal out over our railroad, the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton. This is now but a single-track road. We shall double-track it, electrify it, and put a radio on each locomotive. We want to be able to direct all train-movements through the air from our offices in Dearborn, Michigan.

The Detroit, Toledo & Ironton crosses every transcontinental railroad and a number of others—nineteen in all, I think. We shall therefore be able to ship and sell coal everywhere, provided the railways that we cross will carry it. We shall give them an opportunity to show whether they will carry it.

What we are doing shows what we think of the coal situation. It is intolerable. Some people say it is intolerable because it is so badly organized. That is nonsense. It is intolerable because it is so well organized. It is one of the best organized businesses in the United States. The main business of the coal robbers is not to mine coal but to plunder the people. The mining of coal is but incidental. I have no doubt that there is a lot of bad management in the mining of coal. When men think only of the money they want to get and not of the service they should give, management is always bad. But in the chief department of the coal business—the skinning, robbing and buncoing department—the organization is thorough, elaborate and complete. It overlooks nothing and takes all it can get. It begins with great bankers and goes down to the smallest coal bootlegger. The bankers finance everything—down even to the coal bootlegger, mind you—control everything and take everything.

These bankers control the railroads, and through the railroads control the coal industry. *Did you ever try to talk big business to a railway president? If you have not, you have missed an experience. You might as well talk to his office boy.* There is nothing important that a railway president can say about his railroad. All he can do is to toddle off with your question and bring back the answer from the bankers that control the roads and control him.

The coal situation will go on from bad to worse until we break the hold that these bankers have upon it. We can break their hold only by taking from them their control of the railroads. I am in favor of government ownership of the railroads. No people can be free and go unrobbed who lack the power to move about, and to have their goods moved about without making terms with private interests. *Railways should be public thoroughfares.*

What we call the coal situation is but the result of a tremendous conspiracy to rob the people. I charge that the labor unions in the coal industry are a part of this conspiracy. I don't say that the rank and file of the unions are guilty. I don't believe they are. But I believe some of their leaders are guilty. The miners themselves are victims. They share the suffering that is endured by the general public.

One cannot believe that it is either accidental or unavoidable that strikes continue to occur in the coal industry at just such times as will best serve the purposes of those whose desire it is to impose upon the public robber prices for coal. To believe this is too much of a tax upon credulity. Yet if the strikes did not occur, it would be difficult if not impossible to put the price of coal where it is and keep it from falling.

To enable the robbers to get their loot it is first necessary to create in the public mind a feeling of uncertainty as to whether it will be possible for everybody to get the coal he needs. The feeling of shortage must be created. What could create this feeling better than a strike? Every year, the strikes are permitted to last long enough to cause widespread apprehension. Then the miners go to work and the robbers begin picking pockets. The price of coal goes up from the preceding high notch. The public pays because it believes it must. It grumbles but it pays. The coal robbers do not care how much the people grumble, provided they do nothing else.

And at that, most of the talk we hear about a shortage in the supply of coal is untrue. I know because we are big consumers of soft coal and are in a position to ascertain the facts. Last fall when there was talk of a tremendous stringency in the supply of soft coal, we found that there was enough coal above ground to last the country, with economy, for many months.

We found plenty of bootleggers who were prepared to furnish us with all the coal we wanted—at a price. Their price was anywhere from six dollars to ten dollars a ton. We didn't pay it. We jammed them until we got our coal for about two dollars and fifty cents at the mine.

IN THE ANTHRACITE industry, the cry of shortage enabled the coal robbers last winter to work off upon the public, at prices ranging from twelve dollars to eighteen dollars a ton, culm banks, almost mountain high, that had been regarded as worthless. What is a culm bank? It is a pile of dust. Before the coal robbers became so bold and so greedy, it was the custom both to pick the slate out of coal and to sift out the fine stuff.

Now the slate is left in and sold at coal prices and last winter, even the dust was sold. It was almost impossible to burn and made many a family's winter horrible, but the coal robbers got their money. People were told that they must buy dust at coal prices because there was not enough anthracite of proper sizes.

People were also told that a large part of last winter's coal situation was due to the incapacity of the railroads. There was said to be a "lack of motive power." That is to say, there were not enough locomotives to draw the coal that the public required. Yet there were apparently enough locomotives to draw all the dust and slate that the public would buy at coal prices. *I know something about locomotives, but I know of no kind that can draw coal dust but cannot draw coal that is big enough to burn in a domestic furnace.*

And all the while the railroads, at the instigation of the bankers, were talking about a lack of motive power, there were thousands of cars of anthracite on sidetracks that were not moving. They were being held until the bootleggers could get enough orders to dispose of them. This is true and can be proved.

Here is a situation that is plainly intolerable. Winter is becoming a time of plague and torment because millions of families are both frightened and robbed. Coal we must have if we are to continue to live here and keep our industries going.

Yet our coal supply is in the hands of a group of Wall Street bankers who seem determined to plunder the public to the fullest extent. What the limit of their greed may be I do not know. I know only that the price of coal goes up and up, from year to year. *Compared with pre-war* [*Continued on page 150*]

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CORDELIA, The

¶ *A Novel of New York Life*

By Leroy Scott

Who wrote
Children of the Whirlwind



¶ *That old all-confident Cordelia, who could do everything, was now quite dead, without strength, without power.*

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MAGNIFICENT

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

OF COURSE as soon as her spirits began to lift themselves slowly out of their dazed stupor, Cordelia, being human, craved vengeance, vindication. Oh, how she wanted vengeance and vindication! Perhaps she had been a fool—undoubtedly she had been made one—but how she would love to strike back, and strike back, and strike back again, at Gladys and Franklin—make known to everybody their treachery and perfidy.

But even as this desire flamed up from the ruins of her pride, there rose with it, chilling it back into her pride's ashes, the conviction that if ever she were revenged and vindicated, revenge and vindication must come from some other source than herself. That very desire was no more than an impotent emotional gesture of the old Cordelia Marlowe. That old all-confident Cordelia Marlowe, who could do anything and everything, was now quite dead; she was without strength, without power of any kind.

The financial adjustment, the domestic rearrangement, of the household, were of necessity radical and rapid. Within two weeks they were out of the Park Avenue apartment; it was a highly desirable apartment and Mitchell, by his same unabashable methods of bargaining, had sublet it for the balance of the period of the Marlowe lease for several hundred dollars advance upon the Marlowe rental.

Mrs. Marlowe had decided to retire to some small, obscure city where living expenses were comparatively low; upon her income she could no longer afford New York, and her pride could not countenance the probability of her meeting, in her new reduced circumstances, the friends of her reigning days. Cordelia was remaining in New York to try to make her own way; and Lily elected to stay with Cordelia. Lily, after much discussion, was given by her mother an allowance of fifteen dollars a week—she would not take more; Cordelia refused to accept anything whatever.

In such manner, and upon such terms, the Marlowe family parted and began its effort to start life afresh.

There was one financial matter which troubled Cordelia more than all others. This was the humiliating fifteen thousand dollars she had received: Franklin's or Gladys's money—the money they were suing to recover.

"Now don't you worry about that money," Mitchell ordered her. "Gladys and Franklin are tickled to death with having spent it!

"That suit is just a grandstand play on their part. Just a play for publicity. I'll hire a ten-dollar lawyer to handle your end of it. They'll string it along, getting it postponed for this and that, then they'll drop it as quietly as they can. They'll never press that suit to a trial; they won't dare to. You just wait and see."

Just as Mitchell prophesied—to let this history run ahead of itself a bit—just so did the matter of the suit come to pass.

One bit of financial driftwood was saved out of the wreckage of the Marlowe fortune. This was Cordelia's racing roadster. It was saved, of course, by Mitchell. He blandly admitted, in private, that the method of the car's salvation was perhaps not irreproachably honest.

Within an hour from the time he set Cordelia down at her home on the day of the disaster, he had the car out of the garage where Cordelia kept it stored and in another garage.

Thereafter, in the course of the squabble with the creditors, he claimed that Cordelia, several days prior to the bankruptcy, had turned the car over to him in settlement of a claim; and in holding on to his own, in the matter of keeping this car, Mitchell proved the most relentless and bloodthirsty creditor of the whole crew of creditors.

Cordelia and Lily had moved into a two-room kitchenette apartment in Harlem; they were doing their own cooking, housework, washing; and Lily was freshly entered in public high school.

Cordelia had made up her mind how she was going to earn her living. She was going to be a motion picture actress. Picture actresses made an awful lot of money, everybody said; and Kyle Brandon had always spoken in easy, offhand, impressive figures. Besides, he had said she would be a sure-fire in pictures.

She was dressed in her best—the best then remaining to her—and she looked her best, when she entered Kyle Brandon's outer office. She had to wait quite a while after she gave her name; quite a long while; but when, after an hour of waiting, she was told Mr. Brandon would see her, she went in with her brightest smile. He seemed strangely altered. He shuffled at his desk, seemed uncertain in all his movements, when he received her. But she refused to let that dim her smile.

"I've come to hold you to your promise, Mr. Brandon," she said cheerily. "I've decided to go into motion pictures."

He looked most uncomfortable. The easy flow of ample-gestured language seemed entirely lost. His speech came haltingly; it was made up of isolated, orphaned phrases; sentences that weakly began nowhere and breathed their last before they got anywhere. These jagged fragments, broken odds and ends, so incongruous and alien in that fluent mouth, touched with vague staccato quality upon such subjects as the general financial depression, you know—worst year picture business ever had, you know—small exhibitors closing their houses—this censorship—most actors and directors idle, glad to work at a fifth what we used to pay—and so on and on the great man wandered through the byways and labyrinths of his inarticulation.

When Cordelia finally got the solid residuum, the slight precipitate of his murky speech, she perceived that the golden opportunity for stardom had in some manner dwindled to this: a chance to be used as an "extra woman"—the pay five to fifteen dollars a day, according to importance of character, and according to clothes required, she to furnish her own wardrobe—perhaps two days' work a week, perhaps not, certainly no more—she to pay all traveling expenses to Los Angeles and all living expenses—and no part of this to be considered as a guarantee on his part, or as a promise.

This was the day Cordelia decided she was not going to be a motion picture actress.

AFTER giving up motion pictures, her mind turned to something which she knew she really could do. She was an excellent all-round athlete, the star of her years in Harcourt Hall. The returned Lily had told her that the position of physical instructor at Harcourt Hall had just become vacant. Cordelia determined to apply for it.

Swallowing her pride—what was left of it—and putting on the pleasant smile she had worn into Brandon's office, Cordelia went out to her dear old school home and asked to see Miss Harcourt. Always before, when she had dropped in here for a visit, Miss Harcourt had instantly hurried out with a proud, ingratiating smile. Now Miss Harcourt's secretary asked her kindly to state her business. This Cordelia did, and the secretary vanished softly into the inner shrine. Presently she reappeared and reported to Cordelia that Miss Harcourt could not spare the time to see her and did not care to consider her for the vacant position.

So, at last, Cordelia's mind turned toward that very occupation which had occurred to her in the beginning of this history. She would become a stenographer. Here her determination settled, and here it remained. She entered a business college and took up stenography and typewriting.

In such manner, at last, Cordelia Marlowe, Cordelia, the Magnificent, twenty-three going on twenty-four, started out upon the humbler end of that long road which stretched between trained competency and true magnificence. She was starting out to try to learn to be just an ordinary, average, self-supporting person.

She found it hard, tremendously hard. What her studies most required was application; and in all her life she had never applied herself to anything, except pleasure. But she was determined. So during that fall and winter Cordelia drove herself relentlessly all day at school; and then again at night, when her share of the housework was done, she drove herself at the keys of her rented typewriter until exhaustion and sleep would let her drive no more.

As for Lily, that lazy, irreverent child lived the life of these days with a tireless zest as if this were the great adventure for which she had always hungered. Lily decided to add to her

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main qualification for being a stenographer—her ability to chew gum—by learning to typewrite.

The two of them did not remain alone, nor in that first tiny flat, for more than a month. Escorted by Mitchell Esther came to call; and after a visit or two, and debates about the basis on which expenses should be divided, a larger flat was taken; and after that the household was comprised of Cordelia, Lily, Esther and François, with Mitchell calling almost every evening.

Esther's finances were a bit easier now than when she had left Rolling Meadows, for Mitchell was turning over to her the income from a small sum which he, as the best friend of François's father, had managed to recover from the father's muddled estate. He told Esther this fib, as he confided to Cordelia, for the reason that if Esther knew the truth, that the money



¶ *Lily lived the new life with a tireless zest as if this were the great adventure for which she had always hungered.*

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he was turning over to her was really the income from the sums he had extracted from Gladys, he knew she would regard the money as Gladys's and would refuse to take it.

These months, almost with her being unconscious of the accretion, details were added to Cordelia's estimate of Mitchell; his picture slowly filled out to a full-length living portrait. His business, she learned, was Eastern representative of a Cleveland firm manufacturing automobile parts.

ITS HEAD was the friend to whom Mitchell had turned over his bonds as security, and whose temporary disaster had forced Mitchell to return to domestic service; the same friend who, in the letter Cordelia had long ago discovered in Mitchell's pocket had thanked Mitchell for the remittances he had been sending. It was with this concern that François's tiny fortune was invested.

Also she learned that the facetious, fantastic, jesting quality which had so irritated her at first because she had set it down as an assumed mannerism, was a true element of the man.

He was just that way in all things. In him was a lot of the mischievous boy, the Peter Pan who would never grow up. She knew that he worked with a jesting smile; he had made love to her with a jesting smile; and she imagined that he had gone into battle with that same smile of high banter.

Cordelia finished her business course in March. She was a fair stenographer, for one without experience; and she had the makings of an exceptional typist.

The day she graduated Mitchell proposed to her again. Mitchell had gradually come to be an accepted part of her life; she felt more of easy comfort, of at-homeness, with him than with any other man she had known. But she didn't know whether she ever could love anybody; the nerve-centers of romance were still dazed from what had happened to her, and perhaps there was permanent paralysis. These things she told Mitchell. And she added one other thing.

"I'm not any too proud of what I used to be. But everybody believes I was a blackmailer. I was not—at least not consciously; but it wouldn't be fair to any man for me to come to him as his wife bringing along my terrible reputation as a blackmailer. And I'm not going to."

"If we could ever clear that reputation, what would you say?"

"You're suggesting the remote and improbable, if not the impossible."

"But if we ever could—and ever do—may I ask you again?"

"I suppose you may." Then she smiled at him. "I'm only saying you may ask, though, merely because I know I couldn't stop you anyhow."

"I'm taking that as a promise. Please remember it. Now I've got another proposal. If you won't marry me, will you work for me?"

This proposal she accepted. But not until after a long wrangle about salary. He offered to start her at twenty dollars a week. She knew that was twice what a beginner ordinarily could get, and refused it. They finally compromised on twelve. At twelve dollars a week Cordelia, the Magnificent, began her career as a wage-earner.

On Fifth Avenue, one day she saw Gladys walking toward her with Jerry Plimpton. This was the first time she had seen either since that century-distant day in Gladys's library. Jerry held his face straight ahead, though she knew that he had seen her. But Gladys gave her a look of hard, exultant triumph, not otherwise recognizing her, slipped a hand through Jerry's arm, laughingly said something close against his ear; and thus, arm in arm, they swept by her.

She knew from Gladys's manner what had happened, and was therefore not surprised the following morning when she read the announcement of their engagement.

AT ABOUT this time a new acquaintance came inconspicuously into the very small circle of friends of the little family in the Harlem flat. Mitchell introduced him as Mr. James Aldrich, a business friend from the West, whose affairs in New York were being delayed, and who therefore having little to do for the present and being almost a stranger in the city, would be mighty happy if the family would receive him within its gates.

"He's been good to me, so be good to him," said Mitchell, and the family obeyed.

Mr. Aldrich was Mitchell's age, near thirty; was a big, pleasant-faced, clumsy figure of a man, diffident of manner and unready of speech. Cordelia saw little of him but was inclined to like him; he went on walks with Esther and François or played with François in the flat while Esther was busy with housework. It seemed to Cordelia that there was a vague, strained something in Mr. Aldrich's manner, but she had not the time to try to analyze this quality.

It was just a week after the announcement of the engagement of Gladys and Jerry—and all that part of the world which is interested in the doings of society was still aflutter at the news—that, when Cordelia appeared in the office at the usual nine o'clock, Mitchell said to her: "I'm going to have a little conference here today. I want you to be present, and I want you to keep hold of yourself."

There were two strangers whom Mitchell introduced as "Mr. Emerson and Mr. Bailey, interested in a little matter with me;" they were silent, composed men, and so remained throughout the conference. Then came Esther. Then, together, came Gladys Norworth and Jerry Plimpton. Their entrance was the real surprise to Cordelia.

The meaning was then known only to Mitchell and Gladys; there had been a brief note from Mitchell to Gladys of which this was a portion:

"I now have the definite proof of who is the real mother of François. I shall let the illegitimacy of his maternity become a matter of widest public knowledge, if you are not in my office Wednesday morning at ten o'clock and if you do not bring Mr. Plimpton with you. I leave entirely to you the method of influence by which you get Mr. Plimpton here."

As Gladys entered her manner was proud, defiant, disdainful; then she saw her stepsister, and sudden fear flashed into her green eyes. Jerry stood formally at Gladys's elbow.

Mitchell had taken the situation in hand, with brisk pleasantness, with perfect ease, the moment these last two had entered. He had noted that both had ignored the presence of Cordelia.

"By the way, Miss Norworth, Mr. Plimpton," he inquired, "have you ever met my secretary, Miss Marlowe?"

Gladys and Jerry bowed stiffly, and Cordelia responded in like manner. At Mitchell's request all took seats.

"AND NOW to our little business," said Mitchell, in his most pleasant tone. "But, Miss Norworth, before we go into the real matter that has brought us here, there is a small affair I wish to clear up. To clear this affair up satisfactorily will require answers from you to a few questions which I shall put. Before putting these questions, Miss Norworth, I wish to remind you of something. In a note you received there was reference to a certain fact. I wish to state again that I can prove that fact. I have all the evidence I need, have I not, Miss Stevens?"

Gladys, suddenly pale, looked swiftly across at her stepsister.

"You have all the evidence," said Esther.

Gladys needed no further assurance upon that point.

"The questions I desire to put to you, Miss Norworth," Mitchell resumed, "all relate to Miss Marlowe, and all relate to a certain incident which occurred in your library some months ago. Are you inclined to answer those questions, Miss Norworth?"

Cordelia had tensed at this. After all, there might be something in this conference which concerned her.

Gladys tried to appear calm, at her ease, but her voice was strained. "Go ahead."

"Thank you. On the occasion referred to, Miss Norworth, Mr. Franklin stated that sometime before Miss Marlowe began her visit to your home he had been retained by you as her attorney. You then supported Mr. Franklin by testifying that his statement was the truth. Now as a matter of fact, when Miss Marlowe's visit began, was Mr. Franklin then employed as your attorney, or was he not?"

Gladys hesitated. Her eyes wavered appealingly to Esther. She saw no mercy there. She flashed a look of hate into Cordelia's eager, waiting face.

"He was not," Gladys admitted.

Cordelia caught a sharp breath. Mitchell went on.

"Mr. Franklin, to prove his statement that he had been your attorney all the while, produced a letter undeniably written by you which you dated the middle of May. Did you write that letter at this date, or much later?"

"I wrote it much later."

"Mr. Franklin also referred to an alleged contract for his services, also signed by you about the middle of May. Did you sign this contract at this date, or sign it much later?"

"I signed it much later."

"On this same occasion Mr. Franklin stated that, as your attorney, he devised a plan, in fact the two of you devised the plan—in advance for trapping Miss Marlowe in a blackmailing

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"All those five years, Gladys," Mitchell's voice drove at her, "if you had not been a snob—if there had been one streak of true woman in you—you need not have paid one cent of hush-money."

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scheme. You testified to the truth of these statements. Now, as a matter of fact, was any such plan made in advance, or was there not?"

"There was not."

"On this same occasion Mr. Franklin stated that, in carrying out this plan you had been paying blackmail to Miss Marlowe through him. You testified that this was the truth. As a matter of fact, was any of your money paid to Miss Marlowe directly or indirectly, that you can prove to have been blackmail money?"

Gladys hesitated a moment over this, frantically searching her mind, for proof.

"No," she said finally.

"But you did pay money to Mr. Franklin that you were morally certain was blackmail?—which in fact, you were told was blackmail?"

"Yes."

"In brief, all these statements which you made against Miss Marlowe on that day—which was to have been her wedding-day—all your statements were lies?"

Gladys hesitated again; but the answer came:

"Yes."

"And you know nothing whatever against Miss Marlowe, which you can prove, that is to her discredit?"

"No."

"In brief, then, all the things you said that day against Miss Marlowe, and in support of Mr. Franklin, you said to carry out a conspiracy whose purpose was to damage Miss Marlowe's reputation?"

Gladys balked at this; stared at Mitchell in frightened obstinacy.

"Go on!" he ordered sternly. "Were all these statements just a conspiracy to ruin Miss Marlowe?"

"Yes," Gladys whispered.

"That will be all, Miss Norworth. And now while the matter is fresh in mind, we will just put the substance of your present statements into an affidavit. I'll dictate the affidavit to Miss Marlowe. And you'll sign it, Miss Norworth, and all the other persons here present I'll ask to sign as witnesses, and I'll have the notary from the next office present during the proceedings to make the thing legally shipshape."

As Mitchell said, so was it done. Fifteen minutes later the affidavit was properly signed, witnessed, and attested in duplicate. Besides these two official copies there were half a dozen unsigned carbons. Mitchell handed Cordelia one of the signed affidavits.

"This document, Miss Marlowe, properly used," he remarked, "will remove every slur from your name, except the one cast on it by Mr. Plimpton. And properly used—and I shall see that it is properly used, and shall see that Miss Norworth supplements it if necessary with testimony on the witness stand—properly used, I rather believe it will make Mr. Franklin a somewhat unhappy gentleman."

Cordelia took the affidavit with trembling hand.

"Thanks—thanks!" she stammered weakly. That this thing had happened, and happened so swiftly and unexpectedly, still seemed incredible to her. Just how Mitchell was making it happen, she could not understand.

"I should explain to you, Miss Marlowe," he went on, "that what I have just done now I could not have done on that day at Rolling Meadows because I then did not have the evidence I now have, especially the support of Miss Stevens."

"I—I think I like it this way very much better," Cordelia said.

"And now," said Mitchell in his pleasant voice, "let's get to our real business. But before going further, Miss Marlowe, I desire to remind you that I once remarked to you that when the proper time came I might have something to say. You remember?"

"Yes—I remember," said Cordelia.

"The right time has come for me to say what I have to say. I shall now proceed. But first, Mr. Plimpton, in order that you may understand what is to follow, you should know a few facts which are already known to most of us here. One of these preliminary facts is that I have known Miss Norworth since 1916, now almost six years. That is correct, is it not, Miss Norworth?"

"Yes," admitted Gladys.

"Through this long acquaintance I am in a position to know pretty thoroughly what I am talking about. The second preliminary fact, Mr. Plimpton should know, already known to the rest of us, is that Miss Norworth is the real mother of François."

Cordelia, herself stunned by this, saw Gladys come wildly to her feet.

"You promised not to tell that!" she cried frantically. "You promised—in your letter!"

"My letter promised no such thing. Read it carefully and you will find no such promise. What I promised——But wait and see."

"Gladys," breathed Jerry Plimpton, "Gladys." And then seeming unable to go further he stopped.

Gladys in her frenzy turned appealingly to Esther.

"Esther," she choked out—"Esther—your promise—Esther——"

But this time there was no rushing to her rescue on Esther's part. Esther's gaze was cold, devoid of sympathy.

Inevitably Cordelia's eyes went to Jerry. Jerry was very pale; his was the face of a gentleman who was having a most unhappy time in his attempts at marriage. But he now did get his words out; they came in a strained, stupefied voice.

"Gladys—is this true? Is François *your* child? *Your* illegitimate child?"

Gladys slumped into her chair, and covered her face with both her hands. The admission which for so many years Gladys had fought to keep from making, now came a thinnest whisper through her fingers.

"Yes."

Jerry Plimpton straightened up sharply, white as his collar, and stood rigid with the rigidity of one incapable of motion.

"We still have not come to our real business," continued Mitchell. "But before going further, I must again touch upon some preliminary facts—a bit of history. I shall briefly give this history partly for Mr. Plimpton's information, but more with the hope that Miss Marlowe may see my point of view, may understand why I did what I did. What I now have to tell, Miss Marlowe, may put me in some of its details, in an unfavorable light, and I want you to think as well of me as possible."

"Go on!" Cordelia breathed, wondering where he was leading now.

He continued to direct his speech to Cordelia.

"You know what I have first to tell, Miss Marlowe, but Mr. Plimpton does not. The best friend I ever had, Billy Grayson, then a sergeant in the Canadian Army in France, and then about twenty-three or four, met Miss Norworth while we were both on leave together in Paris.

"He and Miss Norworth fell in love, and wanted to marry at once. They were married, secretly, at Miss Norworth's insistence, for she wished to avoid trouble with her stepsister, and thereafter the marriage was kept a secret.

"We went back to the front; and almost at once Grayson was reported killed. I was wounded slightly, and landed in a Paris hospital. Within a month from the time Grayson and I had said good-by to her I saw Miss Norworth again. She was tremendously relieved, she even rejoiced, at the death of Grayson.

"Up to this time, Miss Marlowe, though I disliked her, I had never done a thing against Miss Norworth beyond urging my friend not to marry her. But this attitude of hers was too much. I made her even happier yet about keeping the marriage a secret by something which I told her. I told her that before going into his last action Billy Grayson had had a premonition that this was to be his end and he had asked me, in case he did go West to tell Miss Norworth the truth—that he already had a wife, a French girl he had married a year and a half earlier.

"I told Miss Norworth this, produced the French wife and her six-months-old child, and the marriage certificate. Miss Norworth was horrified. The bigamous wife of an automobile mechanic! What if that were known in her world—the disgrace of it! She thanked God again that the marriage had been kept safely secret and that the bigamous husband, who had never been her husband at all, was safely dead."

All this while Mitchell had been addressing himself to Cordelia. But now he wheeled about upon Gladys, and his voice, which had flowed evenly throughout his narrative, rang out in sharp command:

"Listen to what comes next, Gladys!"

Till then Gladys's face had been buried in her hands. His recital had contained nothing new for

[*Continued on page 120*]

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¶ BOOK *of the Month*

The Cathedral

HERE is given each month, in brief form, the book about which your friends are talking

By Hugh Walpole

ADAM BRANDON was born at Little Empton in Kent in 1839. He was educated at the King's school, Canterbury and at Pembroke College, Cambridge. Ordained in 1863, he was first curate at St. Martin's, Portsmouth, then Chaplain to the Bishop of Worcester; in the year 1875 he accepted the living of Pomfret in Wiltshire and was there for twelve years. It was in 1887 that he came to our town; he was first canon and afterwards archdeacon. Ten years later he had, by personal influence and strength of character, acquired so striking a position among us that he was often alluded to as the King of Polchester. His power was the greater because both our Bishop (Bishop Purcell) and our Dean (Dean Sampson) during that period were men of retiring habits of life. A better man, a greater saint than Bishop Purcell has never lived; but in 1896 he was eighty-six years old, and preferred study and the sanctity of his own library at Carpledon to the publicity and turmoil of a public career; Dean Sampson, gentle and amiable as he was, was not intended by nature for a molder of men. He was, however, one of the best botanists in the County and his little book of "Glebshire Ferns" is, I believe, an authority in its own line.

Archdeacon Brandon was, of course, greatly helped by his magnificent physical presence. "Magnificent" is not, I think, too strong a word. Six feet two or three in height, he had the figure of an athlete, light blue eyes, and his hair was still, when he was fifty-eight years of age, thick and fair and curly like that of a boy. He looked, indeed, marvelously young, and his energy and grace of movement might indeed have belonged to a youth still in his teens. It is not difficult to imagine how startling an effect his first appearance in Polchester created. Many of the Polchester ladies thought that he was like "a Greek God" (the fact that they had never seen one gave them the greater confidence), and Miss Dobell, who was the best read of all the ladies in our town, called him "the Viking." This stuck to him, being an easy and emphatic word and pleasantly cultured.

Indeed, had Brandon come to Polchester as a single man there might have been many broken hearts; however, in 1875 he had married Amy Broughton, then a young girl of twenty. He had by her two children, a boy, Falcon, now twenty-one years of age, and a girl, Joan, just eighteen. Brandon therefore was safe from the feminine Polchester world; our town is famous among Cathedral cities for the morality of its upper classes.

IT WOULD not have been possible during all these years for Brandon to have remained unconscious of the remarkable splendor of his good looks. He was very well aware of it, but anyone who called him conceited (and every one has his enemies) did him a grave injustice. He was not conceited at all—he simply regarded himself as a completely exceptional person. He was not elated that he was exceptional, he did not flatter himself because it was so; God had seen fit (in a moment of boredom, perhaps, at the number of insignificant and misshaped human beings He was forced to create) to fling into the world, for once, a truly Fine Specimen, Fine in Body, Fine in Soul, Fine in Intellect. Brandon had none of the sublime egotism of Sir Willoughby Patterne—he thought of others and was kindly and often unselfish—but he did, like Sir Willoughby, believe himself to be of quite another clay from the rest of mankind. He was intended to rule, God had put him into the world for that purpose, and rule he would—to the glory of God and a little, if it must be so, to the glory of himself. He was a very simple person, as indeed were most of the men and women in the Polchester of 1897. He did not analyze motives, whether his own or anyone else's; he was aware that he had *weaknesses* (his ungovernable temper was a source of real distress to him at times—at other times he felt that it had its uses). On the whole, however, he was satisfied with himself, his appearance, his abilities, his wife, his family, and, above all, his position in Polchester. This last was very splendid.

His position in the Cathedral, in the Precincts, in the Chapter, in the Town, was unshakable.

He trusted in God, of course, but, like a wise man, he trusted also in himself.

¶ Charity, Worship, Individualism, Beauty—Every man and woman, alive or dead, has chosen one of these four or a mixture of them. But finally, when all is said and done, we remain ourselves. It is our own life that we must lead, our own goal for which we are searching. At the end of everything we remain alone, of ourselves, by ourselves, for ourselves.

MR. WALPOLE is the son of the Bishop of Edinburgh, thirty-nine years old, and one of the best-known of the younger British novelists. The Duchess of Wrexe, The Golden Scarecrow, The Dark Forest, The Green Mirror, and The Secret City, have been his most popular books in America. In The Cathedral, the Book of the Month, he is dealing with a condition and with a setting with which he is perfectly familiar. Having clearly presented the Archdeacon as the dominant character in Polchester, Mr. Walpole hurries into a history of rather tragic events.

The Archdeacon's family consisted of a wife, an unobtrusive and quiet creature, whom the Great Man has always taken for granted, a son, Falk, and a daughter, Joan. Falk was at school, and the first slight blow at the Archdeacon's self-confidence was struck when his son was *sent down*. After all, he was Brandon's son and if he chose to turn his nose up at the old college, that, at least, showed some character.

At the same time that Falk was sent down there came to Polchester a new treasurer of the Cathedral—Canon Ronder, and his spinster aunt. Then there was Mr. Morris, Rector of St. James's, who was so quiet and unobtrusive that the great Archdeacon paid him scant attention—but, of course, he couldn't know what that man was going to mean in his life. And that is a thread that winds through the entire book: Mrs. Brandon was going to have tea with Mrs. Combermere and it was at that lady's home that Mr. Walpole, for the first time, shows Mrs. Brandon and Mr. Morris together:

Soon two more visitors arrived—first Mr. Morris, then Mrs. Brandon. They came close upon one another's heels, and it was at once evident that they would, neither of them, alter very considerably the room's atmosphere. No one ever paid any attention to Mrs. Brandon in Polchester, and although Mr. Morris had been some time now in the town, he was so shy and retiring and quiet that no one was, as yet, very distinctly aware of him. Mrs. Combermere was occupied with her own thoughts, and the others were talking very happily beside the fire, so it soon happened that Morris and Mrs. Brandon were sitting by themselves in the window.

There occurred then a revelation. . . . That is perhaps a portentous word, but what else can one call it? It is a platitude, of course, to say that there is probably no one alive who does not remember some occasion of a sudden communion with another human being that was so beautiful, so touching, so transcendentally above human affairs that a revelation was the

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¶ *Hugh Walpole, one of the younger English novelists, is known among his friends as "the man of many words." He frankly admits talking is his chief recreation.*

only definition for it. Afterwards, when analysis plays its part, one may talk about physical attractions, about common intellectual interests, about spiritual bonds, about what you please, but one knows that the essence of that meeting is undefined.

It may be quite enough to say about Morris and Mrs. Brandon, that they were both very lonely people. You may say, too, that there was in both of them an utterly unsatisfied longing to have someone to protect and care for. Not her husband nor Falk nor Joan needed Mrs. Brandon in the least—and the Archdeacon did not approve of dogs in the house. Or you may say, if you like, that these two liked the look of one another, and leave it at that. Still the revelation remains—and all the tragedy and unhappiness and bitterness that that revelation involved remains too. . . .

This was, of course, not the first time that they had met. Once before at Mrs. Combermere's they had been introduced and talked together for a moment; but on that occasion there had been no revelation.

They did not say very much now. Mrs. Brandon asked Morris whether he liked Polchester and he said yes. They talked about the Cathedral and the coming Jubilee. Morris said that he had met Falk. Mrs. Brandon, coloring a little, asked was he not handsome? She said that he was a remarkable boy, very independent, that was why he had not got on very well at Oxford. . . . He was a tremendous comfort to her, she said. When he went away . . . but she stopped suddenly.

Not looking at him, she said that sometimes one felt lonely even though there was a great deal to do, as there always was in a town like Polchester.

Yes, Morris said that he knew that. And that was really all. There were long pauses in their conversation, pauses that were like the little wooden hammerings on the stage before the curtain rises.

Mrs. Brandon said that she hoped that he would come and see her, and he said that he would. Their hands touched, and they both felt as though the room had suddenly closed in upon them and become very dim, blotting the other people out.

FALK BRANDON, home and idle, wandered aimlessly around until he met and fell in love with Annie Hogg, daughter of the man who ran "The Dog and Pilchard," a resort for creatures not at all admirable. This of course had to be kept secret from his family. He would not yield his secret to his mother even when, in the tangle of her affairs, she pleaded with him to stay near her, to take her to London. He tried in a way to get advice from Canon Ronder, the man whom his father hated. But even to the Canon he could not tell his poor story and he had simply to follow his own impulses. These led him at last to run away with Annie whom he married, and in London he started working out his own destiny.

That was another blow for the Archdeacon to withstand. He loved his son but his rage and conceit would not permit him to forgive or condone this frightful affront to his dignity. Then there was the matter of the living at Pybus St. Anthony. Morrison, the incumbent, was fatally ill and as the place was important in the history of the church, talk of his successor started early. It developed at once that there was lack of agreement between the Archdeacon and the other members of the Chapter. Canon Ronder's opposition was especially galling. Then into the midst of this slight irritation, there fell a bomb shell: A Miss Milton, a former librarian, dismissed at the instigation of the Archdeacon, was the messenger of scandal. The Archdeacon was in his library:

THERE was a knock at the door. The maid said, "A lady to see you, sir. She says it's important." Before he could ask her name someone else was in the room with him and the door was closed behind her.

It was Miss Milton—who was the librarian. Shabby she looked. Come down in the world. He had always disliked her.

"I beg your pardon, Archdeacon Brandon," she said, "for entering like this at what must be, I fear, an unseemly time. My only excuse must be the urgency of my business."

"I am very sorry, Miss Milton," he said sternly. "It is quite impossible for me to see you just now on any business whatever."

"I am very sorry, Archdeacon," she said. "I think you would do well to listen to what I am going to tell you."

"What do you mean?" he asked, disgust thickening his voice. "What can *you* have to tell *me*?"

[*Continued on page 118*]

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Steinmetz Deplores Present Mechanical Waste—Continued from page 87

The World Is in a Rut

one end of the wire to the other, creating a pressure of thousands of pounds to the square inch. This spark makes a bubble in the oil.

Meanwhile, the alternating current is reversing its course 120 times each second. The oil is so made to flow that at one of these momentary occasions when no current is passing, the oil breaks the spark and prevents the current from starting.

We are thus prepared to control any amount of power. If it were possible to gather into one pool all the electricity that could be generated in the United States from the burning of coal and the use of water-power, we could control it by linking it up and placing reactors and circuit-breakers at the proper points.

THE experiments that I am making with "artificial lightning," involving the shattering of wood and other phenomena connected with real lightning, have to do with another problem. It is not enough to know how to generate electricity, make it work and protect it from itself. We must also know how to protect the current we have generated as it travels along the wires.

A bolt of lightning would wreck a power plant if measures were not taken to prevent it. We have devised lightning arresters for this purpose. They are reasonably efficient, but not as much so as we should like to have them. To make them better it is necessary to see exactly how they act when struck by lightning. Nobody is ever around when real lightning strikes, so I am producing "artificial lightning" that can be watched.

From the havoc that lightning works when it strikes there has developed a widespread belief that there is an enormous amount of electricity in a thunder-cloud—so much that it might be profitable to devise means by which it could be collected and used for commercial purposes. This is an error. *The electricity in a cloud that can hurl a thousand lightning bolts is worth just ten dollars.*

Each bolt from such a cloud is equivalent to 600,000,000 horsepower for two-millionths of a second, which is 1,200 horsepower for a second, twenty horsepower for a minute, or a third of a horsepower for an hour. This is the power of a single bolt. Multiply this by 1000, which is the number of bolts in the cloud and we find that the total expenditure of electricity is equivalent to 333 horsepower for an hour. The market price of current sufficient to produce 333 horsepower for an hour is ten dollars. The thousand bolts were equivalent to 600 billions of horsepower—for two-millionths of a second.

Few things in nature are more awe-inspiring than a severe electrical storm. When the peals of thunder are reverberating among the hills, and the lightning is flashing from the sky in a dozen places, one is impressed with the fact that tremendous forces are at work. What we forget is that each display of force lasts but an infinitesimal period of time. A thousand-bolt thunder-cloud is a 600-billion horsepower power plant—for two-millionths of a second.

In all the world there is not enough coal and water-power to provide the current for such a plant if it were desired to operate it continuously, but the price of a pair of shoes is sufficient to operate it two-millionths of a second. A quarter-horsepower washing machine in ten hours consumes current equivalent to forty-five billion horsepower for two-millionths of a second, or enough for seventy-five bolts of lightning at 600,000,000 horsepower for each bolt.

These figures suggest the small amount of power required to make "artificial lightning." In a sense, *I reverse the processes of nature as revealed in a thunderstorm.*

Nature, to produce her effects, expends a tremendous amount of power for a short time. I use a small amount of power for a relatively long time. The crash when it comes, lasts but two-millionths of a second, as it does in a natural storm, and a million horsepower of energy is released. But I use a small amount of power for relatively a long time in accumulating the mass of energy required to produce the crash.

These figures tell the story: one horsepower for an hour is equivalent to sixty horsepower for a minute, or 3,600 horsepower for a second or 1,000,800,000,000 horsepower for two-millionths of a second. The lightning I make is a million horsepower.

THE process I employ is new but the principles that underly it are not. I have simply applied known methods to a new purpose. I produce the electricity, store it in glass plate condensers, and release it in million horsepower lots. It is a very useful method of finding out exactly what electricity does when it strikes. It enables us to determine with certainty which lightning arresters will work, which will not, and which will work the best.

Such is the status of electrical development in its relationship to power. It is ready for the biggest things that industry can offer. It is far ahead of industry. What a distance electrical development has come in fifty years. Half a century ago, electricity turned no wheel anywhere, nor lighted any street. Pull the electric wires out of the world today and our civilization would look like a sieve. Electricity has even gone into the heart of the radio, warmed it, and given us music.

What will electricity do for us yet? It will do whatever energy can do for us. Electricity is energy. It is the means by which we extend our arms and apply energy to places that we would not otherwise reach, and in volumes that we could not otherwise assemble. *Morse's telegraph was but the extension of Morse's arm.* He could not reach from Washington to Baltimore to pull down the armature of a telegraph instrument and make it click a signal, but he could make electricity do it.

Nobody could reach inside of a radio vacuum tube and chafe the filament until the friction made it glow, but electricity can perform the same service in another way. Nobody today or ever can fix the limits to which the use of electricity may go. We can say only that it will go as far as human need for energy goes. Electricity is energy and energy is the basis of civilization. We have always had to have it and always will. We first got it from our arms—then from animals.

We call this the age of electricity, but it isn't. The age of electricity hasn't begun. *All that we have yet done is but preparatory to the ushering in of the electrical age.* When the age of electricity comes, as it will, electricity will do for everybody all that it can do for everybody—it will do this in addition to doing a multitude of things of which we have not yet dreamed.

AN "electrical age" that does not help everybody as much as it can help anybody is not an electrical age. Electricity now works for everybody in some fields but not in all. Most people have not even electric light: I was just thinking about my electric light bills the other day. They are about what they were twenty years ago. But the price of electricity is only half what it was then, while a given amount of electricity produces ten times as much light as it did then.

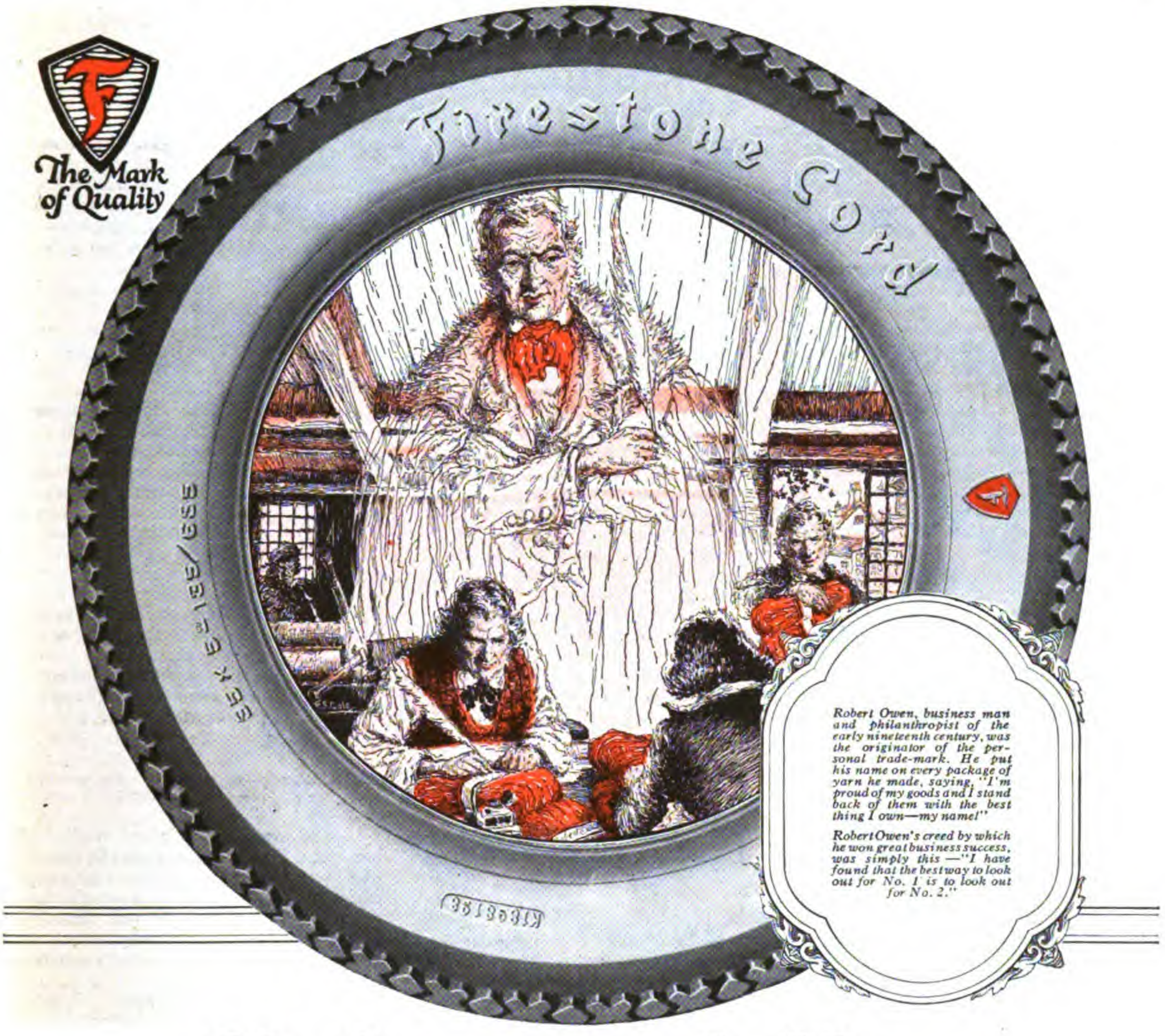
Why are my bills the same? Because I use many times more light. That part of the world that uses electricity is better lighted than it ever was before. Human beings like light. Some day we shall all use electricity, as a candle power of electric light is cheaper than the same amount of gas light.

I am indebted to Prince Bismarck for the fact that I have devoted my life to the study of electricity, and also for the fact that I have done my work in the United States. If it had not been for Bismarck, I should have been a professor of mathematics in Germany. Bismarck's government was about to arrest me for "conspiracy" merely because, as a Socialist, I was taking part in the party's ordinary educational work. When I heard what was coming, I went to Switzerland, remained a year, and then decided to go to the United States.

I was interested both in chemistry and electricity and formed the opinion that in one of these fields I should find my best opportunity in this country. I obtained letters of introduction to several men in America, in the hope that I might find employment with one of them, and such proved to be the case. I went to work for Mr. Rudolf Eickemeyer of Yonkers, New York, and when the General Electric Company succeeded to a part of his business, I went with the General Electric and have been with it ever since.

I came to America in 1889. It seems a long way back to think where the development of electricity was at that time. It seems a long way ahead to think where it will yet be. For the age of electricity is yet to come. And it will be a great age.

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Louise Dutton's Story of Girls and Marriage—Continued from page 48

Songs My Mother Taught Me

empty, too, and they ached for a little lost baby that they had held awkwardly, tenderly, was it years ago or yesterday? That baby was hers, her own, though this June was not, this proud and splendid June.

"Songs my mother taught me——"

The tune rang in her ears faintly, like something dying here in this little room that would never be hers and June's again.

"Mother——" it was hardly a spoken word, just a little heartbroken cry, but Nita heard and lifted her head and looked.

In the curtained dark of the room she could not see June's face, only a white, slim figure poised on the threshold, swaying, uncertain, as if tired feet could carry it no farther. This was no princess. It was only a child, afraid of the dark, groping for comfort to a familiar place. It moved forward, dropped on the floor by the chaise-longue and then June's hand found Nita's hand. Found it and clung to it tight, without question or sound, as babies cling in the dark to mothering hands that touch them. Then the old chaise-longue creaked as it always did under the double burden and June was in Nita's arms.

"Mother, you're here? You heard?"

"I couldn't help it. I'm sorry."

"I'm so glad. Mother, I wanted you so. I want you so."

"You've got me. Don't cry. You don't need to, now."

"Mother, what have I done?"

"Don't you know, dear?"

"I've lost Jerry and I love him."

"He loves you."

"I'd go with him if he'd take me. I can't help it."

"He won't take you, dear."

"But I've lost him."

"Wait. Everything is all right. Just wait."

"I don't know what you mean, but you make me feel better. You always do."

"You won't have to wait very long."

"Mother, I—I think I knew you were here all the time."

"I was, dear."

"Because—mother—don't think that I'm silly——"

"You are wise, more wise than you know, June."

"Because those things that I said to Jerry, those cruel things, I've wanted to say them before but I was afraid, always until tonight. And tonight, all the time I said them, I was thinking of you."

"What were you thinking of me?"

"Just that you were with me somehow, holding my hand, telling me what to say. Almost as if—oh, it's too silly to tell——"

"Tell it."

"You were—singing."

"I—was."

"Mother, you're crying. You told me not to cry. Why are you crying?"

"I am so happy, June."

"What's that? Mother, don't leave me."

Nita's desk telephone, muffled, but poignant and clear in the tiny room, rang once and a second time before she rose, putting June's clinging arms gently away, with a kiss on the warm, clasped hands. She picked up the telephone, and it thrilled to her touch, as if she had laid her hand upon some old instrument, spinet or harp, that was dusty with age and choked with music, long unsung, but never forgotten. And again, all the notes of the music there were gold.

She held out the telephone to June.

"Answer, dear," she said. "This will be Jerry, asking you to marry him."

J. Frank Davis's Story of a Bright Gambler—Continued from page 59

The Gay Señor

Before I went away we shook hands very cordially, and he was most elated, although over and over he made me assure him that all he would have to do would be to play the hand I dealt him.

The game was arranged for the second night thereafter—Valdez and Tinoco and I and two other fellow-countrymen. On that day I went to my safe-deposit box and took out my twenty-two thousand dollars. Valdez and I met in a room in his house before the company gathered, and I arranged the cards.

I fixed them so that Valdez, who was to sit on my left, would get a pat five-full on sixes—it is never well to make a set-up winning hand too spectacular—and young Tinoco would get an ace-king flush, also pat. The other two players would have not even a pair at the beginning, so they could pretty certainly be depended upon not to stay.

When I had the deck all arranged, Valdez said to me:

"Let us be sure they come out exactly as we wish. Let me deal them."

I passed him the deck and he dealt them, very slowly, face up, and the hands came out exactly as fixed, of course. He nodded, satisfied, and began to replace them in reverse order. I watched him closely, to see that his clumsy fingers did not make any bust. They did not. He got the cards back absolutely all right. He was about to return me the deck when he had a thought, and said:

"It is as certain as anything can be that the two outsiders will not draw cards—but if they should, we want to be sure they do not get anything worth betting on. Being my friends, I do not want to entice them into that hand, of course."

So he found some deuces and treys and sevens and other foolish cards that could not help the two extra players' hands, and put them there in the deck, very slowly and carefully, and I watched him closely to see that his awkwardness did not do any damage. He squared the cards, then, and passed them to me, and I wrapped them in a handkerchief and put them into my left-hand trousers pocket. I gave him the twenty thousand dollars, reserving two thousand for my own playing, and we remained closely together until the game.

The two men he had invited were neither very good nor very bad players. The game went on, pleasantly, for more than an hour, with occasional heavy play but nothing sensational, and then, just before it became my turn to deal, I got my handkerchief out of my pocket—with the stacked cards inside—brushed my forehead with it, and dropped it in my lap. When the cards in play came to me, Valdez did something to attract everybody's attention, I waved a fly or mosquito away from my head with my right hand, and substituted the cold deck with my left. I dealt.

"I will open it for a hundred," said Valdez, and the two others dropped out.

"Five hundred better," said Tinoco.

I laid down. Valdez studied his cards carefully, and said, "I will have to raise you a thousand."

"Five thousand better than you," Tinoco came back at him.

Valdez considered this and studied his hand, and I had to admit, except that his fingers were trembling a little with excitement, that he did it as well as a professional would have done it. "I will raise you five thousand," he said, finally.

Tinoco got out all his money, and then a check.

"This is certified," he said. "I got it today at the bank to use tomorrow as a deposit in a little cattle deal for my father. There is ten thousand dollars in the check and forty-two hundred in cash—a total of fourteen thousand, two hundred."

Valdez did not hestitate any more.

"I wish to call that," he said, "but I have not quite enough. Have you any objection to my borrowing, if I can?"

"None whatever," said Tinoco.

"Señor Cordova," said Valdez to me. "I cannot show you this hand, because you are the dealer, but would you be willing to lend me eighteen hundred dollars?"

"With pleasure, señor," said I, and gave it to him, and he pushed it with all of my other dollars that he was handling, into the pot.

"How many cards?" I asked.

"I will play these," he replied.

Tinoco looked startled.

"Oh, the devil!" he cried. "If you have got a pat hand, from the way you bet it I think it beats mine." He sized up his hand again, and suddenly threw away three cards. "Give me three, if you please, señor," he exclaimed to me, "and make them very good ones."

"As we have no money, it is a showdown, no?" said Valdez to him. "I have a five-full, on sixes."

"The saints are good to me and there is your receipt!" cried Tinoco, laughing

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loudly, and he faced his cards and took in the pot.

I ask you to believe me, honestly, that I never got such a shock in my life! He had three kings and two aces!

At the first immediate moment possible, while Valdez is speaking with his other two guests, I take Tinoco to one side. My money is gone; I must have a stake.

"Señor," I said. "You will forgive me, but I am a person of very small means and this loan that I made Señor Valdez—— Can you lend me for a few days a thousand dollars? As a friendliness to a fellow-countryman?"

He grinned most unpleasantly as he said, so loud that everybody in the room could hear him, "I love my fellow-countrymen, señor, but not that much." And then he added: "There was another thing besides that which Uncle Calgero asked me to say. It is an English proverb. He asked me to tell you that 'All things come to him who waits.'"

"Uncle Calgero!" I exclaimed, puzzled.

"Surely you have not forgotten my uncle, Calgero Heras of San Luis Potosi," he smiled. "He said you and he were once of a close friendship."

Then I see that Valdez is laughing, and, by damn, so are the two others!

"What does this mean, Señor Valdez?"

"The name—it is not complete," he told me. "Here in the States, where the compounded family name is not common, we do not use all our names; you yourself do not, I believe. My full name, señor, is Narcisso Valdez y Santana—of Guadalajara. at your service."

"Not—not Santana the Shuffle-King!"

"Friends have been so flattering as to call me that," said he.

"Then you——" I have to confess that for a moment I lost my usually perfect nerve and repression. "Then you palmed two kings and an ace!"

He bowed, and his eyes twinkled behind his glasses. "You do me too much honor," he murmured.

"But why——"

"Calgeros Heras and I are old friends," he said, "and, with his nephew about to wed my daughter——"

"Que diable!" I cried. "But after all these years?"

"Oh, he has never forgotten you, señor. He has indeed, been to some trouble and expense to keep track of you. And when he thought you had become sufficiently prosperous to repay him the little amount due him, and to give me, in addition, something to make my poor services worth while—which, I assure you, I propose to settle on my daughter at her marriage—he suggested to me that a trip on our part to San Antonio might involve—What was that English phrase he used Amador? Ah, I have it! 'Good pickings'."

I bowed to him, and then to the others, and I said to them, almost calmly:

"Señors, I have the honor to bid you good night."

They bowed, smiling, but with no words—all except Tinoco. He said, in English: "*Good night* is correct."

I did not reply to him. It was beneath me. Besides, what could I say?

Blasco Ibañez's New Novel of a Woman Waster—From page 27

The Temptress

Moreno and Don Carlos, all of them dressed in black. Behind this group came a tall, heavy old man. He carried a surgeon's instrument case. This was the doctor whom Rojas had gone to fetch the day before.

A FEW minutes later Canterac, Torre Bianca and Watson arrived. The captain and the Marquis wore long frock coats, less striking than Pirovani's, and black neckties. Watson alone wore a dark colored business suit.

Torre Bianca, because of his experience in such matters, directed the arrangements.

The antagonists stood facing one another, Canterac rigid, his face grave but inexpressive, like a soldier awaiting the word of command. Pirovani's eyes glowed like coals, he looked aggressive, furious. When Moreno came up to him to give him a revolver, he said, very low: "You watch me kill him. I know I'm going to do it."

The two opponents held their pistols aloft, the barrels pointing up. Taking a stand between them both, the Marquis removed a paper from his pocket, and read slowly:

". . . Secondly; the director of the duel will clap his hands three times, whereupon the principals are to take aim and fire when they are ready, in the interval between the first and the third handclap.

"Thirdly; if one of the two principals fires after the third handclap he will be disqualified, and declared an outlaw to the gentleman's code."

The Marquis then put away the sheet of paper and addressed both antagonists.

"It is my duty to ask those present if they are able to come to terms without firing. Is it possible for you gentlemen to settle this difficulty without having recourse to the duel? Does either of you wish to offer excuses to the other?"

Pirovani violently shook his head. "No!" Canterac remained motionless. Not a line of his somber expression softened.

"Then Fate is to decide between you, and each of you is to comply with the requirements of the field of honor."

He took a few steps backward, keeping the combatants in full view. Then he raised his hand. Were they ready? Pirovani nodded. His adversary continued motionless.

The Marquis brought his hands together, slowly uttering "Fire! . . . One. . . ."

Both men brought their revolvers down simultaneously.

Pirovani, whose sole thought at the moment was that he must not shoot after the third handclap, fired at once. His opponent blinked one eye and the muscles of his cheek on the same side contracted

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slightly, as though he had felt a projectile brush close by. But he at once recovered his impassivity and went on taking aim.

The Marquis clapped his hands again. "Two!"

Torre Bianca gave the third clap. "Three!" But the instant before Canterac had fired.

There was a general rush in one direction. Only the captain remained motionless.

Pirovani lay stretched on the ground, an inert mass. The men who reached him first saw a thread of blood coming from the top of his head, and running out, a miniature stream, on the grass.

In a few moments the doctor looked up, and stammered:

"There's nothing to be done . . . he's dead!"

Seeing that Canterac was approaching to learn what had been the effect of his shot Torre Bianca went up to him, quickening his steps. His gesture told Canterac what had happened even before he spoke.

Torre Bianca judged it necessary to get him away from the field and ordered him to follow. On the other side of the sand dunes a vehicle was waiting.

When this cart deposited them in front of the house that had once belonged to Pirovani, both men stood hesitant . . . Torre Bianca could not ask the captain to enter the house of the man he had just shot; nor did Canterac move toward it.

So they were standing, unable to make a decision, when Robledo appeared. When he saw Canterac he looked questioningly at him.

"And the other?"

Canterac bowed his head and the Marquis with a gesture told Robledo what had happened.

All three men stood silent. Finally the Frenchman said very low:

"My career is ended, my family lost to me. . . . And the most frightful part of it all is that I can feel no hate when I think of that poor man. . . . What is to become of me?"

Robledo was the only one of the three capable at that moment of coming to a determined decision.

"The first thing you must do, Canterac, is to get away to the Andes at once. When you get into Chile you can wait there. . . . The first thing to do is to get away," he repeated. "I'll see that you have what you need to do that. Come!"

Canterac however hesitated to obey. He was looking back at Torre Bianca.

"Before I go," he murmured, "I would like to say good-by to the Marquise."

Robledo listened with a pitying smile to this plea. Then he took hold of him with paternal superiority.

"Let's not lose time," he said. "Look after yourself, and nobody else."

And he took Canterac with him to his quarters.

At about the same time of the day, Watson returned to town. After the morning's tragedy he had accompanied the seconds and the doctor while they transported the victim's body to a dilapidated ranch house near the river. Then they determined to remove it to Fuerte Sarmiento since Pirovani was to be buried there, in order to avoid the outbreaks that would be imminent if this ceremony were performed in La Presa.

As he was riding into town, just as he



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reached the first houses of the settlement, he encountered Canterac.

The latter also was on horseback; and he wore a sombrero and a poncho just like the gauchos. From his saddle hung a sack of the kind used by the cow-punchers to carry clothing and various belongings.

As soon as Watson recognized him he stopped to say good-by, for Canterac had all the appearance of one prepared to cross the Patagonian desert.

CANTERAC, by way of replying to his question, pointed to that part of the horizon where the first stars were beginning to glitter over the invisible Andes. Then he told him that he counted on spending the night at a ranch near Fuerte Sarmiento, and that he would probably be under way again before dawn.

"Good-by, Watson," he said. "It would have been a good thing for us if that woman had never come here. Strange, in what a different light I see things now. But . . . it's too late."

For a few seconds he looked hesitatingly at the youth; then finally with decision, he said:

"I've earned at least the right to speak through my folly . . . listen to what I am going to say, and don't be offended if I give you advice that you don't ask for. . . . Never let anything come between you and Robledo, boy. . . . There are few souls in this world like his. It's thanks to him that I am getting away. Everything in this outfit belongs to him. . . . Don't trust anyone who speaks ill of him. . . ."

He eyed the boy sadly at these words; and before he rode away, he offered him still another bit of advice.

"And don't on any account forget that young lady, Celinda." Then he shook Watson by the hand, waved him good-by, and leaning down, spurred his horse.

Watson, as he went on toward the town, felt the prick of a conscience that has lost its accustomed tranquillity.

With remorse he remembered the brief dialogue in Canterac's park, in the course of which he had answered Robledo harshly.

"And for this woman," he thought, "for this woman who coolly sends men to their death, I treated my best friend in such fashion!"

And after Robledo's image came that of Celinda, with unhappy, reproachful eyes. . . .

"Tomorrow I must go beg her to forgive me . . . if she will listen to me. . . ."

Absorbed in his thoughts, he rode into La Presa, letting his horse pick the way. Suddenly he noticed that the animal was hesitating, about to stop. Raising his head Watson saw that he was in front of Elena's house.

One of the windows of the Torre Biancas' house had opened. A woman's hand was beckoning to him. Watson remained indifferent to the summons, and the window swung out wide enough to let Elena appear in the opening. She was dressed in black as though in mourning, but she wore her floating veils with considerable coquetry.

Richard felt that he must at least approach the house sufficiently to offer his greetings. He took off his hat in response to Elena's affectionate signs to him.

"Such a long time since I have seen you, Richard! Come in at once. . . ."

But he shook his head, looking at her sternly.

"I shall come to see you when you are living in some other house, and when your husband is present. I cannot come now."

That night after supper Watson offered Robledo his apologies for his unfriendly words to him at the garden fête; but Robledo cut him short.

"That's all over and done with, Watson. We're as good friends as before, aren't we? So what does all that matter? The terrible part of this affair is what happened to poor Pirovani . . . and in some ways it's even worse for Canterac. Of course his words made an impression on you. Poor fellow! He's going to wait for news from me in Chile, he says. I must get some letters of recommendation for him from friends of mine in Buenos Aires. . . . But what a catastrophe, Watson! . . . And all for a woman!"

Robledo was silent for a while. Then he added optimistically:

"She isn't *bad*, she's merely a woman of impulse, whose emotions have never had the slightest training; and so she sows evil, without knowing always what she is doing, because all her attention is centered on herself. She has never discovered that she isn't the center of the universe. If she were rich, she would perhaps be good. But she cannot be content with a modest sort of existence, and she's incapable of sacrificing herself. All the trouble in her life comes from the fact that she has so little and desires so much!"

HE SMILED sadly and then went on after a pause:

"She really believes that she was born for higher things," Robledo went on, "and yet fate seems determined to make her roll downhill. . . . It isn't surprising that she should appear to be a bad woman, when you consider that she doesn't know what resignation means.

"Our contractor dead . . . our chief engineer a fugitive. . . . How can we carry on the work, Watson?" said Robledo after a silence. "The construction at the dam will be delayed and the spring floods will come before we have braced the walls. What are we going to do? I'll have to run up to Buenos Aires to get help."

The next morning Watson got on his horse; but instead of riding toward the canal works he took the road to the Rojas ranch. There was no use going on with this secondary part of the work until the government sent down a new engineer to take over the completing of the work on the dam.

When he reached the ranch he was about to dismount and open the barrier poles that closed the way. But near it he discovered a small half-breed, about ten years of age.

"The master went out early this morning," he said in reply to Richard's question. "Last night someone stole one of his cows."

"And where's your mistress, Cachafaz?"

The boy pointed vaguely to the horizon line.

"She just now left. You'll find her somewhere near."

When Celinda grew tired of being shut up in the ranch house she went to get her horse and rode him hither and yon over the desert with no goal to reach. She never wore boy's clothes now. She hated those clothes because of the memories they awoke. She preferred riding in skirts; and she had laid aside too the lasso that had once been her favorite plaything.

That morning she had been galloping for more than an hour over the ranch when she noticed, on a slight elevation, a rider standing motionless; the distance diminished him to the size of a little tin soldier.

She stopped when she noticed that the miniature rider was plunging down the slope and galloping toward her as though he had recognized her. For some time he was lost to sight, then he reappeared much bigger in size, on the edge of a deep depression. When she saw that the rider was Watson, her first impulse was to flee. But she repented of this impulse as though it were cowardly, and turning her horse about, remained motionless in a disdainful attitude.

Richard rode up to her, and with his hat in his hand and eyes humbly cast down, he was about to beg her pardon. He opened his mouth to speak but the words would not come. Nor did Celinda give him time.

"What do you want?" she asked harshly. "Has your gringo dismissed you? Other people's leavings aren't welcome here."

She began to move away; but she stopped long enough to tell him with the cruelty of a spoiled child:

"I don't like men who ask for pardon. Anyway I vowed that if you wanted to see me again you'd have to catch me with the rope. . . . But you'll never be able to. You're nothing but a tenderfoot, and a gringo and you're awkward and I don't like you!"

And spurring her horse she went off at a gallop, not however, before casting at Richard a look of complete scorn.

The workmen from the dam were either in the Gallego's shop or gathering to talk in different places on the outskirts of the town, where they heatedly discussed the possibility of the immediate suspension of the work, which would leave most of them out of employment.

Some of the more optimistic ones were certain that on the very next train a new chief engineer would arrive, quite as though the government at Buenos Aires could not go on for a day without starting up the works at the dam again. The Galician and some of the other Spaniards were betting on Don Manuel Robledo as the new director of the works.

MEANWHILE Elena, standing behind the window, was gazing at the solitary street and mentally reviewing all the difficulties of her present situation. Pirovani dead. . . . Canterac a fugitive. . . . She no longer even knew who owned the house she was living in. Besides this, Robledo must have been talking about her to the only man whose presence gave emotional interest to the monotony of her life in that God-forsaken country. Perhaps at that very moment this man, whom she needed, was with that girl who had tried to lash her face with a riding-whip. . . .

Never, in the whole course of her complicated history, the many phases of which she alone knew, had she found herself placed in a situation so difficult. Even that heterogeneous mob in which there was many a man with a European crime record, dared to criticize her, and went so far as to

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force the public authorities to set a guard over her . . . there they were, those two men armed with sabers, just within sight of her window! And she had crossed the ocean and come to live in this wild land only to find herself in this lamentable situation!

She had always found a way out of the difficulties of her life, she had always discovered a solution. Sometimes it was a bad one, and sometimes profitable . . . but what was the solution of the difficulties that faced her now? . . . Should she go away? But how? She and her husband were as penniless as when they arrived; more so, since Robledo was not going to pay their fare back. And where could they go, with the law lying in wait for her husband if he should return to Paris?

[To be continued]

In the atmosphere created by Elena, tragedy is always near and certainly things cannot long continue as they are. For the swift turn of events that throws many lives into strange turmoil, see Hearst's International for June, ready May 20th.

Konrad Bercovici's Story of Love and Strife—From page 77

Rutka

Not one Tartar did he kill. No daughter of mine will ever have anything to do with such a man—dead or alive."

Radu's youth carried him through the danger. Though the bullet had remained inside him, the young tissue formed a pocket around it. "Where is Leana?" were the first words he asked when the fever had abated. "She will come," the father soothed. But a few days later Radu had to be told the truth. "Her father won't let her come."

Radu called for Rutka. But they could not get him to come near his young master. It was not the master's illness that affected him so, but it had penetrated his slowly groping intelligence that his master was not all he had thought him to be.

At once Radu understood what had come between him and his dog. Rutka cringed and whined and turned on his back, but all the time he kept at a distance.

"That dog of yours is a traitor," old Buzor said to his son.

But Radu understood better. Brooding over it, he began to realize how much the friendship of the dog meant to him. What cared he for people, for anybody, if he had not the friendship, the confidence of his dog? Nothing counted against that. Even the loss of Leana . . . and he determined to win that confidence back. . . .

BEFORE the snow had melted Radu had made his plans to overpower the Tartar village on the other side of the border-line. The older people of the village opposed the plan. Kengizes were a savage and cruel lot. But Radu, the silent son of Buzor, was now like fire, and his words like honey and sharp steel.

The priest called the men to the church to talk matters over. He pointed out that in former years also, Tartars had stolen sheep, yet no one had dared to go into the enemy's camp for revenge or to recover the losses. It seemed for a moment that the priest's word was final.

But Radu, whom they had known to be so quiet, rose and said: "Are we to work all our lives and raise sheep so that the Tartars should take them when they are full grown? Has the Lord ordained that we be the slaves of the Tartars, and furnish them meats for their wedding feasts and wool for their clothing and beds? Is it the Lord's desire that good Christians be slaves to heathens? Speak, Popa!"

That hour, right from the church, the fifty and more young men from the neighborhood, headed by Radu on horseback, all with guns slung across their shoulders, rode out toward the Tartar village. Rutka saw his master ride away. He followed at a distance. The wind brought the scent of the black desecrators of the flocks, yet his master rode against the wind.

FOR several hours the group rode in a solid mass. Then, after fording a river, they all sat down to decide upon definite plans of action. In the dim light of a burning fire, Rutka saw his master standing and talking, while the others listened. Rutka sensed the return of power in the beloved man's voice.

Stealthily and by devious ways, the young shepherds surrounded the cluster of huts of the Tartar village at dawn the following morning. In the mud huts the Tartars were sound asleep. Even the barking of the dogs did not awake them. The screech of an owl was the signal for readiness of Radu's men. At first one, then another, then ten, twenty, fifty men screeched. It was as if the whole world had suddenly started screeching like owls. Then galloping around and around the huts, the shepherds fired their guns into the houses.

Still heavy with sleep, the Tartars poked their heads out of the huts. The attackers were ready and they were good marksmen. The thatched straw roofs began to smoke. The Tartars, now fully awake, began to defend themselves.

"Shoot into the straw of the roofs," Radu ordered to his men as a bullet whistled past his head. Then as he rode around he saw standing in a door the very man who had laid him low a few months before. With a wild cry Radu leapt at him from the saddle and sunk his hands into the black devil's throat.

The impact bore the man to the ground. Without letting go of the man's throat Radu rolled with him in the mud while the shots from both sides were whistling overhead. Neither the Tartars nor Radu's men dared to use their weapons on the grappling, rolling piece of mud. And when it remained still, and one of the men rose



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to his feet, neither side knew who was the victor until Radu's voice was heard again.

The battle went on for an hour. Then when half of the thatched roofs were burning, the fire on the other side ceased suddenly and an old man appeared at a door with a white flag in his hand.

"Stop firing," Radu ordered his men.

The old man approached the shepherd.

"Our huts are burning. What are your conditions?"

"That you give us all your firearms and swords and that you return the number of sheep you have stolen from us," Radu answered.

The huts were burning. Women were screaming. Children were crying. The cattle and the sheep bleated.

"You are the masters," the man said.

In less than a half-hour there was not a firearm in the Tartar village. Not a firearm and not a sword. The shepherds tied them up in bundles and hung them on the back of the saddles.

The low corrals holding the sheep were then broken open and four sheep were tied and slung across each saddle. Radu's men shouted and shot their guns into the air, over-exuberant at their victory.

From afar, Rutka had watched his master. When he realized that they were again before the enemy, and that his master was not afraid of the dark men who had thrown fire into his foot and taken sheep from his flock, he took heart again. He saw his master throw himself upon one of these dark men and roll with him in the mud until the other lay still. His confidence in his master was restored.

LATE THAT afternoon, the triumphant youths, shouting, singing, with only one wounded man, reached their own village. There was great merriment, and a feast, and there was dancing and music.

Radu was hailed as the one who was responsible for the victory. It was he who had carried it out to a successful finish. His father cried. His mother cried.

"Radu, Radu, Buzor's son. The Hero, the fearless one!" they all shouted as they dragged him into the inn. "He battled with the Tartars to redeem our honor."

Radu turned and looked around. At the entrance stood Rutka, his head turned toward his master, waiting.

"It was to redeem myself in his eyes that I have led you to battle with the Tartars!" he called out.

"Rutka!" he cried. Instantly Rutka was at his feet, crouching and hugging them as he had not done in all the months since the Tartars had stolen the sheep.

"Ask whatever is mine, and it is yours," Constantine, Leana's father, begged.

"All I want is that you give Mussa her freedom."

"Is that all?" Constantine asked, pale, trembling as with ague.

"Radu!" cried Leana, falling into the boy's arms.

Radu lifted her head and looked into her eyes.

"Like Mussa he had chained you, I understand," he told her as he put out both his hands to Constantine.

"They shall not touch our flock again, Rutka, I swear they shall not," Radu assured his dog.



They danced only one dance

IT all happened at the country club.

They had had something of a flirtation that afternoon. But he hadn't managed an introduction.

She was simply wonderful and he just *had* to meet her.

Through some mutual friends, he finally arranged to be at her table at dinner.



She said she was tired, but he suspected some other reason

At last he secured the dance upon which his entire evening had been centering itself.

It proved both his first and last dance with her.

Of course, he asked her again, but she pleaded she was tired. Quite naturally he suspected some other reason.

* * *

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For **HALITOSIS**



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¶ *Hugh Walpole Contributes the Book of the Month—From page 107*

She smiled. She crossed the floor and came close to his desk. Her fingers were on the shabby bag that hung over her arm.

"I was greatly puzzled," she said, "as to what was the right thing to do. I am a good and honest woman, Archdeacon, although I was ejected from my position most wrongfully by those that ought to have known better. I have come down in the world through no fault of my own, and there are some who should be ashamed in their hearts of the way they've treated me. However, it's not of them I've to speak today." She paused.

Brandon drew back into his chair. "Please tell me, Miss Milton, your business as soon as possible. I have much to do."

"I will.". She breathed hard and continued. "Certain information was placed in my hands, and I found it very difficult to decide on the justice of my course. After some hesitation I went to Canon Ronder, knowing him to be a just man."

AT THE name Ronder the Archdeacon's lips moved, but he said nothing.

"I showed him the information I had obtained. I asked him what I should do. He gave me advice which I followed."

"He advised you to come to me."

Miss Milton saw at once that a lie here would serve her well. "He advised me to come to you and give you this letter which in the true sense of the word belongs to you."

She fumbled with her bag, opened it, took out a piece of paper.

"I must tell you," she continued, her eyes never for an instant leaving the Archdeacon's face, "that this letter came into my hands by an accident. I was in Mr. Morris's house at the time and the letter was delivered to me by mistake."

"Mr. Morris?" Brandon repeated. "What has he to do with this affair?"

Miss Milton rubbed her gloved hands together. "Mrs. Brandon," she said, "has been very friendly with Mr. Morris for a long time past. The whole town has been talking of it."

The clock suddenly began to strike the hour. No word was spoken.

Then Brandon said very quietly, "Leave this house, Miss Milton, and never enter it again. If I have any further trouble with you, the police will be informed."

"Before I go, Archdeacon," said Miss Milton, also very quietly, "you should see this letter. I can assure you that I have not come here for mere words. I have my conscience to satisfy like any other person. I am not asking for anything in return for this information, although I should be perfectly justified in such an action, considering how monstrously I have been treated. I give you this letter and you can destroy it at once. My conscience will be satisfied. If, on the other hand, you don't read it—well, there are others in the town who must see it."

He took the letter from her.

> DEAREST—I am sending this by a safe hand to tell you that I cannot possibly get down tonight. I am so sorry and most dreadfully disappointed, but I will explain everything when we meet tomorrow. This is to prevent your waiting on when I'm not coming.

It was in his wife's handwriting.

The Cathedral

"Dearest . . . cannot possibly get down tonight. . . ." In his wife's handwriting. Certainly. Yes. His wife's. And Ronder had seen it.

He looked across at Miss Milton. "This is not my wife's handwriting," he said.

He must exercise enormous self-control. That was his only thought. The tide of anger was rising in so terribly that it pressed against the skin of his forehead, drawn tight, and threatened to split it.

He was aware, too, once more, of some huge plot developing around him, some supernatural plot in which all the elements were involved—earth, sun and sky, and also everyone in the town, down to the smallest child there.

They would catch him in their plot as in a net, but he would escape them, and he would escape them by wonderful calm, and self-control, and the absence of all emotion. So that, although his voice shook a little, it was quietly that he repeated:

"This is not my wife's handwriting. You know the penalties for forgery."

She smiled back at him. "I am sure, Archdeacon, that all I require is a full investigation. I have only done what I consider my duty. I have done my duty, Archdeacon, and now I shall wish you good evening."

She gave a little bow and retired from the room, softly closing the door behind her.

He sat there looking at the letter. . . .

> Thus the devastating shot was fired; the Archdeacon, in the season of his greatest pride and strength, was mortally wounded. For a time he kept the oppressive secret to himself; then he told it to the Bishop and afterwards he went to his wife, that the strange ghost risen between them might be laid forever. Mrs. Brandon was in bed, awake, not moving. He sat down in the chair beside the bed, stretched out his hand and took hers.

"AMY, DEAR," he said, "I want us to have a little talk."

Her hand lay still and hot in his large cool one.

"Someone brought me a letter, Amy. They said it was a letter of yours."

She did not move nor stir. Then, after a long silence, she said, "Let me see it."

He felt in his pocket and produced it. She stretched out her hand and took it. She read it through slowly. "You think that I wrote this?" she asked.

"No, I know that you did not."

"To whom was it supposed to be written?"

"To Morris of St. James."

She nodded her head. "Ah, yes, we are friends. That's why they chose him. Of course it's a forgery—a very clever one."

"What I don't understand," he said eagerly, at his heart the strangest relief that he did not dare stop to analyze, "is why anyone should have troubled to do this—the risk, the danger——"

"You have enemies," she said. "Of course you know that. People who are jealous."

Then she added very quietly:

"And what do you mean to do about the letter?"

"I will do whatever you wish me to do. What I would like to do is to leave no step untaken to bring the authors of this forgery to justice. No step. I will——"

"No," she broke in quickly. "It is much better to leave it alone. What good can it do to follow it up? It only tells every one about it. We should despise it. The thing is so obviously false. Why you can see," suddenly holding the letter toward him, "it isn't even like my writing. My s's, my m's—they're not like that——"

"NO, NO," he said eagerly. "I see that they are not. I saw that at once."

"You knew at once that it was a forgery?"

"I knew at once. I never doubted for an instant."

"Look well at that letter," she told him. "You are wrong. I did write it."

Brandon said, staring at her, "Don't laugh at me. This is too serious."

"I'm not laughing. I wrote it. I sent it down by Gladys."

She watched his face. It had turned suddenly gray as if someone had slipped a gray mask over the original features.

He whispered, leaning quite close to her as though he were afraid she would not hear, "You wrote that letter to Morris?"

"I did." Then suddenly springing up, half out of bed, she cried, "You're not to touch him. Do you hear? You're not to touch him! It's not his fault. He's had nothing to do with this. He's only my friend. I love him, but he doesn't love me. Do you hear? He's had nothing to do with this!"

"You love him!" whispered Brandon.

"I've loved him since the first moment I saw him. I've wanted someone to love for years—years and years and years. You didn't love me, so then I hoped Falk would, and Falk didn't, so then I found the first person—anyone who would be kind to me. And he was kind—he *is* kind—the kindest man in the world. And he saw that I was lonely, so he let me talk to him and go to him—but none of this is his doing. He's only been kind. He——"

"Your letter says 'Dearest'," said Brandon. "If you wrote that letter it says 'Dearest'."

"That was my foolishness. It was wrong of me. He told me that I musn't say anything affectionate. He's good and I'm bad. And I'm bad because you've made me."

Brandon took the letter and tore it into little pieces; they scattered upon the counterpane.

"You've been unfaithful to me?" he said, bending over her.

She did not shrink back, although that strange, unknown, gray face was very close to her. "Yes. At first he wouldn't. He refused anything. But I would. . . . I wanted to be. I hate you. I've hated you for years."

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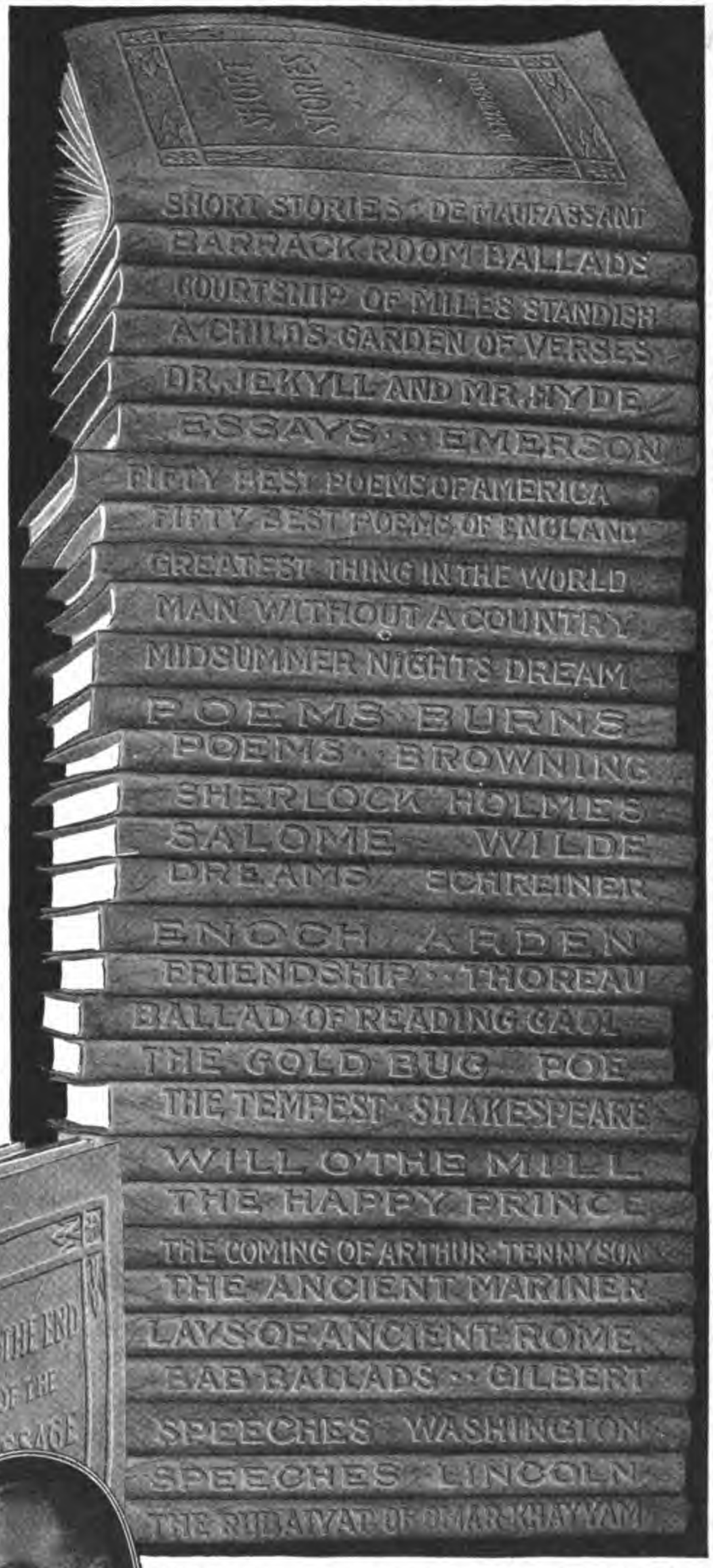
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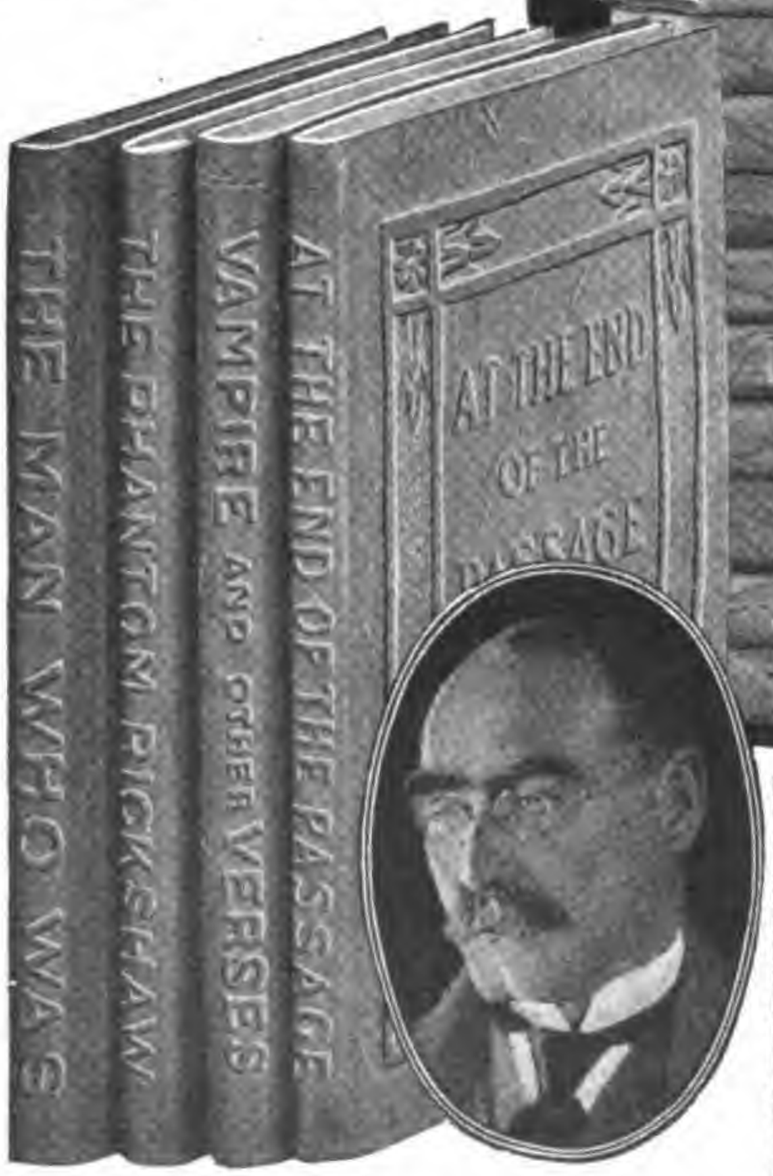
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"Why?" His hand closed on her shoulder.

"Because of your conceit and pride. Because you've never thought of me. Because I've always been a piece of furniture to you—less than that. Because you've been so pleased with yourself and well-satisfied and stupid. Yes. Yes. Most because you're so stupid. So stupid. Never seeing anything, never knowing anything and always—so satisfied. And when the town was pleased with you and said you were so fine I've laughed, knowing what you were, and I thought to myself, 'There'll come a time when they'll find him out'—and now they have. They know what you are at last. And I'm glad! I'm glad! I'm glad!" She stopped, her breast rising and falling beneath her nightdress, her voice shrill, almost a scream.

He put his hands on her thin bony shoulders and pushed her back into the bed. His hands moved to her throat. His whole weight, he now kneeling on the bed, was on top of her.

"Kill me! Kill me!" she whispered. "I'll be glad."

All the while their eyes stared at one another inquisitively, as though they were strangers meeting for the first time.

His hands met round her throat. His knees were over her. He felt her thin throat between his hands and a voice in his ear whispered, "That's right, squeeze tighter. Splendid! Splendid!"

Suddenly his eyes recognized hers. His hands dropped. He crawled from the bed. Then he felt his way, blindly, out of the room.

ARCHDEACON BRANDON was mortally hurt, physically and mentally. All his life he had lived on his pride and the admiration of his friends. Now both of these were taken from him at once. In a short time Mrs. Brandon left him, Mr. Morris joining her in London and thence the two of them set out for a new life in South America. And the storm beat around the Archdeacon and he who had always fought to win was buffeted and beaten on every hand. The last stand came at the Chapter meeting to fill the living of Pybus St. Anthony. When the vote was taken it was found that the Archdeacon was alone in supporting his man and the opposition candidate was therefore declared appointed to the living.

BRANDON was on his feet. His body trembled like a tree tottering. He flung out his hands.

"No. . . . No. . . . Stop one moment. You must. You—all of you——

"Mr. Dean—all of you. . . . Oh, God, help me now! . . . You have been influenced by your feelings about myself. Forget me, turn me away, send me from the town, anything, anything. . . . I beseech you to think only of the good of the Cathedral in this affair. If you admit this man it is the beginning of the end. Slowly it will all be undermined. Belief in Christ, belief in God Himself. . . . Think of the future and your responsibility to the unborn children when they come to you and say: 'Where is our faith? Why did you take it from us? Give it back to us!' Oh, stop for a moment! Postpone this for only a little while. Don't do this thing! . . . Gentlemen!"

They could see that he was ill. His body swayed as though it were beyond his control. His hands were waving, turning, beseeching. . . .

Suddenly tears were running down his cheeks.

"Not this shame!" he cried. "Not this shame!—kill me—but save the Cathedral!"

They were on their feet. Foster and Ryle had come round to him. "Archdeacon, sit down." "You're ill." "Rest a moment." With a great heave of his shoulders he flung them off, a chair falling to the floor with the movement.

He turned round as though he would go from the room. Stumbling, he caught Foster by the shoulder as though he would save himself. He bent forward, staring into Foster's face.

"God is love, though," he said. "You betray Him again and again, but He comes back."

He gripped Foster's shoulder more tightly. "Don't do this thing, man," he said. "Don't do it. . . . Give me a chair. I'm ill."

He fell upon his knees.

"This . . . Death," he whispered. Then, looking up again at Foster, "My heart. That fails me too."

And, bowing his head, he died.

Leroy Scott Concludes His New Novel of Society—From page 105

Cordelia, the Magnificent

her; just the bare facts that had constituted her monotonous but poignant dread for years. At his command she raised her sickly, stricken face.

"When all those five years, Gladys," his voice drove at her, "if you had not been a snob and a coward—if there had been one tiny streak of true woman in you—you need not have paid one penny of hush-money, and need not have had a single moment of fear!"

"Wha-What?" Gladys mumbled.

He turned back to Cordelia. The formality, the evenness of speech and manner he had maintained through the scene was now dropped.

"Remember this in my behalf, Cordelia," he said rapidly, pleadingly. "I don't justify all I did. But I was twenty-four—a boy. And I hated this snob for the way she had despised my dead friend. I—I was ready for anything that would square the insult she had put upon a fine man!"

He turned quickly upon Gladys.

"You need not have had one single moment of fear!" he repeated. "There was nothing to fear! Nothing whatever to be ashamed of, except yourself! For everything I told you was lies!"

"Lies?" she said stupidly. "Lies? How?"

"Isn't it getting pretty obvious? I wanted to make you suffer for being ashamed of such a man as Grayson. I thought a lot about it; thought well as a young fellow of twenty-four could think, and I saw a way. My friend was dead; a slander on his name wouldn't hurt him; besides it probably would never become known.

"Since you were ashamed of being married to a mechanic, and afraid it might be found out it struck me that nothing else would hurt your snobbish pride so much as feeling you were not merely the wife of a mechanic, but worse than that, his illegal wife, his bigamous wife. So I worked the plan out and put it over. It was all a lie."

There was stupid bewilderment in the stare of Gladys's wide eyes. It is difficult, all at once, to accept the reversal of an obsessing fear that has been the central fact, the ever uncertain foundation, of one's existence.

"But—but that marriage document? That other wife, the child?"

"That document was forged. And purposely forged so clumsily that its forgery would have been obvious if you had had the nerve to demand its investigation. The woman was the widow of a French poilu; the child was his. The poor thing needed money, and she really didn't know what she was doing. I paid her twenty francs."

Gladys gazed at him, blinking, speechless.

"At the time I did this, I had no thought beyond making you personally do a lot of squirming in your pride. I then did not foresee the child. When I learned of the child and how you were ashamed of his father—well I decided you had earned any new suffering your pride and cowardice might bring to you. But I did not intend the boy ever to suffer; I was going to see to that."

GLADYS's dazed faculties were slowly realizing the, to her, stupendous facts.

"Then—Billy Grayson was not what you said—a bigamist—a crook——"

"Billy Grayson was about the finest and straightest man any woman ever had the honor to call her husband!"

"And—and—my marriage—it was——"

"As legal as law can make a marriage."

"Oh, Jerry—Jerry!" Gladys cried sobbingly, happily. "Jerry—everything's all right! You heard—there's nothing against me! Nothing! My marriage was legal! François is legitimate! And I'm—I'm a real widow! Oh, Jerry, after what I've been through—isn't it wonderful! There's nothing now to stop our marriage, Jerry!"

Jerry gazed at her uncertainly.

Gladys turned again to Mitchell. Cordelia had never seen a swifter transformation in a person than that in Gladys; Gladys, so abject and lifeless but a moment before, had never been more haughty, more imperious, more triumphant.

"Now that you have completed your confession, Mr. Mitchell," she said, "I presume we are quite through with the business on which [*Continued on page 125*]

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If you could see your face in a mirror while you are typewriting, you would probably observe a set, rigid expression which is gradually causing tiny, downward lines to appear at the corners of your lips and about your eyes. This is the result of the constant noise and the physical effort required to operate your machine and will eventually cause the facial muscles to droop and sag and the fine lines to become wrinkles.

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This Cream quickly stops the sting, heals cuts and the close-shave effect. It neutralizes any astringent action of the soap; prevents and relieves windburn and chapping, keeping the skin soft and ready for the next day's shave.

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[*Continued from page 120*]

you brought me here, and we shall be going." She wheeled on Esther. "And I wish to serve notice on you, Esther," she said severely, "that as soon as I can arrange for it, I am going to have François back. You know that he is my child, and you have just heard that he is my legitimate child. And I am going to have him back!"

Gladys now turned upon Cordelia.

"I don't care if you are cleared—at least I stopped you!" she cried. "I suppose you and Mitchell fixed this little scene up hoping to injure me! Well, you see how your little scheme has worked out: You've cleared me, set me free of everything. As for you, Cordelia, the Magnificent, I hope you'll enjoy your sweet, beautiful career of being a magnificent stenographer! Good-by to you!"

She turned next to Jerry.

"Come on, Jerry! We're through here. We've had quite enough of these people!"

She took Jerry's arm. He responded obediently to her proud touch and she swept him toward the door.

But before Gladys, leading Jerry, reached the door, Cordelia again heard Mitchell's voice. It was polite, pleasant.

"Just one other little matter before you go, Miss Norworth. Excuse me, I should now give you your correct name—Mrs. Grayson. I have not quite finished what you term my confession, Mrs. Grayson. And you, too, Mr. Plimpton—I think you also should hear the rest of my confession before completing the plans for your marriage."

The pair turned about.

"Please make it brief!" Gladys ordered haughtily. "We've been here quite long enough!"

"I shall be extremely brief, Mrs. Grayson, for I now have very little left to tell. And it all relates to one single fact. I believed as thoroughly as you did, and as other people did, that the report of Billy Grayson's death was true. When the war was over, and my regiment was waiting in England to be returned to Canada, and straggling prisoners of war from German prison camps were being returned to their original outfits—why, just imagine my surprise, Mrs. Grayson, when Billy Grayson came plumping into me."

The flashing hauteur of Gladys's face turned instantly to gray ashes, her mouth fell loosely agape. She swayed, and clutched Jerry.

"Billy Grayson—was alive?" her stiff lips whispered.

"He was as alive as you are, Mrs. Grayson. Only very thin, and horribly dirty, and terribly in need of a shave."

Again Gladys swayed into a chair, and sat staring at Mitchell with wide, uncomprehendingeyes.

"Alive?" She mumbled. "Alive? . . . How?"

"That's a very commonplace story, though it was anything but commonplace to Billy in living it for two years and more. The war had thousands and thousands of cases just like it. Men officially reported dead; no news from them; and then, the war ended, the German prison camps emptied, this officially dead man turned up."

With her gray, loose face, Gladys stared at Mitchell in silence.

"Billy's first question, Mrs. Grayson," Mitchell continued, "was about you. All those two years in the prison camp he had been thinking of little else except you. Thinking of you was the one bright thing for him in that hell of his life. He was more in love with you than ever. He wanted to go right to you. I wasn't going to let a fine, loyal man like Billy be humiliated by you, have him break his heart in your presence. I was going to cure him, if a cure was possible.

"But I certainly had my work cut out for me. I broke the thing to him bit by bit. I told him a few technical lies, but in its essence everything I told him was the truth.

"There was one important fact I held back from him—François. I was afraid if he knew he had a son it might upset all my plans to cure him, to save him. He has seen you often, Mrs. Grayson, when you didn't know he was watching you. What he learned at first broke his heart, but it cured him. He's simple and modest, Billy Grayson is, but he's got a real man's pride; he wanted nothing to do with a wife who was ashamed of him."

Again slow, dazed words came from Gladys's stiff lips.

"So—he's really alive? . . . Still alive?"

"He's still alive, Mrs. Grayson. He's gone back to his old trade. He runs a garage out in Cleveland."

"And he," she mumbled on, "he knows all this?"

"He didn't know it all the time. But he knows it all now. Everything. Five days ago I told him everything, including the deceptions I'd practiced first to revenge him, and later to save him. And he's forgiven me. Not till five days ago did he know that he had a son."

Breathless from this swift development, Cordelia looked across at Esther. Esther was pale, but her set face held no surprise. It was evident that Esther had known all these things before she had entered the office—had perhaps known them for days. Cordelia's head turned back just in time to see the limp figure of Gladys fling itself with galvanic energy from its chair.

"I don't believe it!" she cried to Mitchell with a hysterical burst of imperious defiance. "You're trying to trick me again! As you did before! It's lies—all lies! But you can't fool me this time! I don't believe a word of it!"

"This time I'm not asking you to believe a word of it!" Mitchell stepped to the door of his inner office, opened it and called:

"Just step in here a minute, Billy."

Cordelia, her breath again held, watched the open door; and then in walked the big, pleasant-faced "Mr. Aldrich" who had been so much about Cordelia's apartment these last few days and who had grown so friendly with Esther and François. As he entered, the glow of her imperious defiance left Gladys as though it were a light that had been switched off, and her face had the wild, appalled stare of those who gaze upon the unwelcomely resurrected dead.

"Billy. . . . Billy Grayson. . . ." came in a faintest breath from her.

Gladys said no more; she could say no more. No one else spoke. Grayson showed no surprise, though he was very white as he gazed straight into the eyes of the wife who had been ashamed to own her husband, the mother who had been ashamed to own her child.

Once again, Gladys spoke wholly from the angle of self-pity.

"Billy Grayson . . . why have you kept this hidden all these years? . . . only to make it known at such a time . . . such a time when I was to marry . . . marry. . . ."

"Let me answer her, Billy," cut in Mitchell. "I've begun this business with her; let me finish it. Mrs. Grayson, I'll divide what you ask in two parts: why was this kept hidden from you all these years? To suit me, that is part of the answer.

"And now, Mrs. Grayson, for the second part of your question," Mitchell went on. "But first there is still one other little fact I should make known to you and Mr. Plimpton. I have told you that these two gentlemen, Mr. Emerson and Mr. Bailey, were interested in our conference, but I did not tell you the nature of their interest. That information I shall now give you.

"You and Mr. Plimpton will recall that on an earlier occasion when Mr. Plimpton's marriage arrangements were disturbed, there was present a very considerable representation of the press. It seemed to me that on this occasion, when Mr. Plimpton might feel that his marriage arrangements were being a second time disturbed, it would be no more than fair that the press should be again represented.

"But I could not accommodate a crowd. Only these two. Mr. Emerson represents the Associated Press, which serves newspapers throughout the country—and, through allied agencies, throughout the world. Mr. Bailey is from the City News Association, which serves news to all the papers of New York City. Together, I am certain they will secure us adequate publicity."

Neither Gladys nor Jerry at that moment seemed concerned over this matter of adequate press attention.

Mitchell now turned to Jerry.

"On that previous occasion, Mr. Plimpton, you were asked if you had any little announcement you wished to make to the press concerning your marriage. You had. The situation now is more or less the same. So again the same question is put to you: Have you any little announcement you wish to make to the press concerning your marriage?"

The sick-faced, benumbed Jerry apparently had neither anything to say, nor the power of saying it if he had had.

Mitchell took him by the arm.

"I've been a butler in my time, Mr. Plimpton, and as such it has been my duty to show many men the door. But in all my life I have never had so much pleasure in showing any man the door as I now have in showing you the door! And I hope that all the world shows you the door!"

As he spoke, Mitchell had been pressing Jerry, unresisting and still speechless, before him across the room. At the last words Mitchell pushed Jerry through the door, and then closed it.

Thus, with wife and husband gazing at each other, several moments passed. Then Gladys's eyes wavered; she turned away, and without another word to him or any of them, her body drooping forward, she

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unsteadily crossed the room, fumbled at the door, and passed out.

Cordelia's eyes remained upon the door for several moments after Gladys had gone. Her own feelings toward Gladys at that moment she could not have analyzed; dominating these personal feelings was an awed sense of what had happened to Gladys.

While she thus thought Cordelia had been conscious of voices in the room, but not of the words spoken. Now the words dimly registered upon her brain; they came from the City Press man.

"It's a whale of a story! The papers won't be satisfied with City Press dope on a story like this. I'll 'phone in to my office, and the office will flash a bulletin to all the papers, and in about ten minutes you'll have ten dozen reporters here. Might as well get ready for them."

Cordelia was aware that the next moment the two newspaper men had gone. She was utterly dazed by what had happened.

She stood up, and spoke to Mitchell.

"I want to thank you—for all you've done for me—and that's all I can say now."

She shook the hand he offered her. And she gripped Esther's hand, and Grayson's, neither of whom spoke.

"If you don't mind, please," she went on, "I'd like to be alone—for a while."

SHE PASSED into her little cubby-hole of an office, closed the door, sank into her chair and dropped her head in her folded arms upon the desk beside her typewriter. She sat soundless, tremors running through her. She had not a single thought; just then thought was beyond her. Wild sensations whirled through her, but they were as inarticulate, as formless, as impermanent as are the swift, roaring phantasms of a person who is going into, or coming out of, ether.

An hour, perhaps several hours, may have passed. She pulled herself up out of her swirling emotional anesthesia, and looked at the paper Mitchell had brought her. It was an afternoon paper, and in it was a hasty, preliminary account of that morning's happenings. But there, printed in full, was Gladys's affidavit.

HER BRAIN began to clear, to function. Her heart leaped at that affidavit—Mitchell's work!—clearing her. She was cleared! The world might think her a fool—she herself thought she had been a fool. But the world could no longer think her consciously and wilfully dishonest.

She pushed the paper from her, and her clearing brain began to go about in the groove of a circle her thoughts had worn a few months earlier when she had begun slowly to re-win her self-respect and had first begun to philosophize a bit.

She was dazed, her breath was swept from her, by the swift upward rush of her thoughts.

Why, after all, she was making the best finish of the lot! She had found something real in life, something worth while! Of the four, she was the success!

Presently Mitchell came in again and quietly sat down, the room's tiny size forcing him to sit within a foot of her. Hours must have passed. She did not know.

"There is just one more little thing I have to tell you," he said quietly. "My name; my last name. It's Harrison. Harrison nobody-at-all. I told you long ago Mitchell was quite as good a name, and quite as important. My only reason for not using my own name was, when I went to work as a butler, I thought another name might do as a butler just as well. And I kept the name, after my plans concerning Gladys began to take shape, because I feared, if my real name were known, through my real name someone might trace down Billy Grayson and the truth would come out before I was quite ready for it to come out. That's all there is to that. That's the last of my little mysteries, and now you know as much about me as I know about myself."

She hardly heard this. He had been looking at her very steadily while he spoke. She had never before noted, so clearly as now, what fine, candid, sympathetic, understanding eyes he had. All the great feelings in her—she felt as though they were about——

His quiet voice went on; but there was that look in those fine eyes that required no words.

"You will remember you once said, if you were ever cleared, I might again ask——"

THAT WAS as far as she let him go. The gratitude, humility, joy, swelling in her, had now swelled to where nothing could confine them. They burst forth.

"You needn't ask!" she cried. She flung her arms about his neck, and held him tightly as one clutches joy and salvation; and her words went on, broken and choked with thrilled ecstatic sobs; "Oh, I'm so happy! . . . so happy! . . . And I haven't deserved it! . . . I haven't deserved it! . . ."

THE END

Norman Hapgood Trails Secret Society to the Capital—Continued from page 63

The Ku Klux Klan at Washington

Christian, the President's Secretary, was the cause of much discussion and correspondence among the Klan officials. We find the Grand Goblin in Washington writing F. W. Atkin, formerly King Kleagle of the realm of Ohio. Here is the letter:

August 4, 1921

Mr. F. W. Atkin,
P. O. Box 1573,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Esteemed Klansman:

You will no doubt recall our conversation concerning the application of George Christian, of Marion, Ohio.

If this is the George Christian who is the President's Secretary, and I have no doubt but what it is, I would like very much to have the application here because, as you know, Mr. Christian is indefinitely in Washington and in all probability will be, except for very brief absences, for at least the next four years. If I can Naturalize him here, provided it is Christian, I will see that the Kleagle who is now in possession of the application is informed of it in order that he can use the information with Klansmen when desirable.

In view of the persistent reports that Christian is already a Klansman, which you mentioned to me, I think it highly advisable that we should get to him at the earliest possible moment, because Christian is going to have inquiries coming to him sooner or later to know if he does belong and is going to be told that the report is current that he does belong. Even should Mr. Christian become a member, my own opinion is that by reason of the position he occupies that we should be very, very careful with whom we use his name (even Klansmen), because when Mr. Christian is given to understand that it is a highly secret Organization and then learns later that the report is being circulated that he is a member he would certainly not think very favorably of the Organization, and instead of doing anything for it or us would no doubt take reverse action.

Faithfully and sincerely yours, in
The Sacred Unfailing Bond,
Harry B. Terrell,
G. G. Capitol Domain."

On the same day Terrell sent a copy of this letter to E. Y. Clarke, Imperial Kleagle. Terrell says:

"I am enclosing herewith copy of a letter I am today writing Grand Goblin Atkin. I have been asked several times if the President's Secretary, Mr. George Christian is a member of the Organization and have had intimated to me that the report is being circulated that he is. For my information, confidentially if you so desire it, please advise me whether or not Christian is a member. Love and Lathrop told me that they did not Naturalize him and I know I have not done so.

If Christian is not a member the circulation of this report is going to injure us for the reason set out in my letter to Grand Goblin Atkin if the report is permitted to circulate.

Kindly let me know if this report is true or not."

THIS letter resulted in Clarke's writing to Atkin as follows:

"Aug. 10, 1921. AK-LV
Fearful Month
Weeping Week
Doleful Day

Mr. F. W. Atkin,
Box 1573.
Philadelphia, Pa.
My Faithful Klansman:

I am in receipt of copy of letter to you from Klansman Terrell, dated August 4th, in regard to the report that George Christian, who is the President's secretary, is a member of this organization.

If this report is true, I wish you would advise me to that effect immediately,

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SUCH famous men as Theodore Roosevelt, Thomas A. Edison, John Burroughs, Henry Ford and Luther Burbank have found their greatest enjoyment in their understanding and appreciation of Nature. For them the fields and forests held a host of friends—the birds, the butterflies, the flowers, the trees—each with its own individuality, its personal charm.

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An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

giving me the name of the Kleagle who secured his application. From Terrell's letter it would appear that you mentioned the name of this Kleagle to him recently while you were in Washington. It would be proper also to secure from your Kleagle this application and send it to Terrell immediately in order that he may get in touch with Christian and have him naturalized, if this has not already been done.

If the report is not true, the rumor should be suppressed quick; even if it is true it is not advisable to give undue prominence to the fact even among Klansmen, for as Kl. Terrell remarks, such action as this is likely to cause embarrassment to Christian and perhaps annoyance through receiving letters of inquiry from Klansmen.

Please write me fully in regard to this by return mail.

Sincerely yours, in
The Sacred Unfailing Bond,
E. Y. Clarke,
Imperial Kleagle."

A few weeks later we find Terrell again writing Atkin:

"September 3, 1921
Mr. F. W. Atkin, Grand Goblin,
702-3 Belview Court Building,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Esteemed Klansman:

Please advise me what you have heard from the Kleagle who you told me had the application of George Christian, Secretary to the President. I intend to see Christian as soon as possible and if he actually made application, and it is at all possible to get it, I would like to have it before I see him.

Faithfully and sincerely yours, in
The Sacred Unfailing Bond,
Harry B. Terrell,
G. G. Capitol Domain."

So much for the attempt to land the President's secretary. On with the story.

It has been reported that the Klan used the House Office Building in Washington for a Naturalization ceremony. *This the Klan denied.* It is a fact, however, that the Klan has used the *Senate* Office Building of the United States for this purpose. This is proven by a report dated June 15, 1921, which the Grand Goblin in Washington made to E. Y. Clarke, the Imperial Klaliff. A portion of this report reads:

". . . . I am sure I recall saying to you before I left Atlanta that you need not expect highly colored reports from me because I would not send them; and that, on the other hand, whatever I gave you in the nature of a report you could depend on with as much certainty as you now depend on tomorrow's sun. Not having given you any rosy-hued report I will give you now something I am a little proud of: *On Sunday, June 12th, I used the Senate Office Building of the United States for the purpose of naturalizing. . . . Please say to those Kleagles who have been boasting of naturalizing men clad only in their pajamas and who seem to have been quarreling as to who should first claim that distinction, that I claim the distinction of being the first man, while clothed in the regalia of a Kleagle, to give the oath of Allegiance to two good men and true in the Senate Office Building of the United States of America.* While it will not be carried on this report I had the pleasure also last night of naturalizing three good men, one of them Judge Gilbert O. Nations, a very able lawyer, and editor of the Protestant magazine, a copy of which I am enclosing you."

The reference in this report to naturalizations by Kleagles while clad in their pajamas was no doubt prompted by that portion of the Klan's weekly news letter No. 14, dated May 20, 1921, which states:

"DISPUTES GOBLIN LOVE'S CLAIM

In a letter just received from Kleagle F. E. Maxey from Norfolk he disputes Grand Goblin Love's contention that he is the only man who ever naturalized an alien while barefooted and in his pajamas. He says:

'Received the weekly letter of April 29th and certainly enjoyed reading the good news therein. However, I cannot let Grand Goblin Love get away with the distinction of being the first and only representative who has naturalized an alien while barefooted and in his pajamas, as I had the same experience last February in Norfolk where I finished with a class of eighteen at one o'clock on Sunday morning and was awakened at 5:45 the same morning by three aliens who I naturalized while I was barefooted and in my pajamas. I just write you this to let you know that we have some anxious ones in 'Old Virginny' also. You know we old razor backs down here are very clannish and if anyone gets ahead of us we want to know 'how come.'

You may state in your weekly letter that in one city in Virginia we have the chief of police, the commonwealth attorney, the postmaster, the police court judge, members of the city council and the managing editor of the leading paper and many other prominent business and professional men. This is Newport News.' "

All the Federal Departments are well represented in the Klan. Many acted without solicitation or on merely receiving blanks, as shown by the following letters:

"April 11, 1921
Mr. W. H. Lathrop,
P. O. Box 3, 11th St. Station,
Washington, D. C.
Dear Walter:

Mr. D. W. Moser, 151 U Street, N. E., Washington, D. C., telephone—North 9495, business address Room 1559, Fourteenth and B Streets, who is an auditor in the Income Tax Department called at my office and asked that a representative in Washington call on him as he was desirous of becoming a member and has several friends who have manifested a like desire. Trusting this information may prove of value to you, I am

Faithfully yours, in The Sacred Bond,
Charles W. Love,
Chief of Staff to the Imperial Kleagle."

"Apt. No. 1,
1119 Robinson St. S. W.
February 10, 1921
Colonel Simmons,
Chief Wizard, K. K. K,
Atlanta, Ga.
Dear Sir:

Having learned that you are the Chief Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan through a news item appearing in a local paper, I am addressing this letter to you with the hope that I may learn something of your order. I have always entertained a desire to become a member thereof and I respectfully request that you inform me as to the requirements and procedure.

I am an active member of the following named lodges in the Masonic Fraternity:

Hope No. 20, F. A. A. M.
Columbia Chapter No. 1, R. A. M.
Adoniram Council No. 2, R. S. M.
Columbia Commandery No. 2, K. T.
Almas Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.

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All of Washington, D. C.

You are invited to communicate with the Worshipful Master, High Priest, Commander and Potentate of the above mentioned lodges, for reference as to my character and social standing in this city.

Hoping this request will meet with your favorable consideration, I am

Very sincerely,
Herbert Simmons,
Captain, Q. M. R. C."

"Office of The Public Printer,
Washington, January 3, 1921

Col. William J. Simmons.
Atlanta, Ga.
Dear Sir:

About six weeks ago I received a question blank from you to fill out and did so and returned this blank within a few days after receiving same. Up to this time I have received no reply from you either rejecting or accepting my reply and being desirous of becoming a member of your Order I wish to make a few statements which I neglected to do when I answered your questions.

Although being born in the north and being on the Republican side of Politics does not make any difference with me for my sympathies have always been with the People of the South who, after the surrender of Lee, did not get the treatment from the North they should have been given. I have always blamed the Government for that and if President Johnson had any backbone it would not have happened.

I am the ninth generation in this country and think I am very near a pure American and believe that America should be governed by Americans only and not by any foreigners and also believe the negroes should be kept in their place. If there were a few of your order here it would be very much better for the Women and Girls of this city.

Hoping to receive a favorable reply to this, I remain

Yours truly,
Henry H. Sperry,
629 H. St., S. W.
Washington, D. C.

"Treasury Department,
Washington,
January 30, 1921

Col. W J. Simmons,
Atlanta, Georgia.
Sir:

According to newspaper reports the Order of the Ku Klux Klan stands for

1. 100 percent Americanism
2. White supremacy
3. A separate church and state
4. Anti-modernism

Being in accord with these principles I would like to know more about this order, either through the mail or a representative.

Very truly yours,
Joseph Q. Bristow,
Office Auditor Navy,
Washington, D. C."

"House of Representatives,
Committee on Military Affairs,
Washington, D. C.
April 27, 1921

Col. W. J. Simmons,
Atlanta, Ga.
Dear Col. Simmons:

I am a Mississippian by birth and a citizen of that state. I am a Southerner through and through and believe in the great cause you espouse to which you have given a good part of your life.

Now I want to know more about the Ku Klux Klan, and I will thank you to send me all the literature you have on hand relative to this matter. I recently saw a booklet entitled "The Ku Klux Klan,

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If the subscriber paid direct

Suppose that every Monday morning all the people who have a hand in furnishing your telephone service came to your door for your share of their pay. From the telephone company itself, would come operators, supervisors, chief operators, wire chiefs, linemen, repairmen, inspectors, installers, cable splicers, test-boardmen, draftsmen, engineers, scientists, executives, bookkeepers, commercial representatives, stenographers, clerks, conduit men and many others, who daily serve your telephone requirements, unseen by you.

There would be tax collectors to take your share of national, state and municipal taxes, amounting to over forty million dollars. There would be men and women coming for a fair return on their money invested in telephone stocks and bonds—money which has made the service possible. Then there are the people who produce the raw materials, the supplies and manufactured articles required for telephone service.

They would include hundreds of thousands of workers in mines, smelters, steel mills, lumber camps, farms, wire mills, foundries, machine shops, rubber works, paint factories, cotton, silk and paper mills, rope works, glass works, tool works, and scores of other industries.

When you pay your telephone bill, the money is distributed by the company to the long line of people who have furnished something necessary for your service. The Bell System spares no effort to make your service the best and cheapest in the world, and every dollar it receives is utilized to that end.

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yesterday, today and forever" which I would like to get, and the booklet, "Americans, take heed!" I want to subscribe to your paper also, and will remit when you let me know how much a year it is.

I know that I am a very small pebble on the beach, but if there is anything that I can do to aid you in the noble work that you have undertaken, I will thank you to command me.

Yours very sincerely,
R. Lee Stamps.
Room 139 House Office Building,
Washington, D. C."

THE FOLLOWING is a partial list of names of applicants in Washington, D. C., submitted for consideration before May 1st, 1921, after efforts to organize had been going only about a month:

Algire, C. E.
Adams, Raymond E.
Ashby, G. B.
Amonette, C. O.
Avirette, John A.
Amos, H. P.
Bryant, R C.
Burdis, Joseph A., Jr.
Brewster, Hugh
Birge, Theodore L.
Chumbley, John A.
Copeland, James W., Sr.
Clagett, Curtis L.
Degman, C. G.
Davis, Ernest E.
Dorsett, Wm. N.
Dayton, R. Lee
Durst, I. Fowler
Entwisle, Henry R.
Edson, C. R.
Echols, Thomas J.
England, Daniel C.
Eshleman, Norman B.
Fenton, Arnold P.
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Godine, George Ames
Grimes, Frank G.
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Hoadley, Howland
Hodgkin, D. C.
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Leonard, P. T.
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Lowman, F. E.
Lucas, Ernest E.
Magruder, Willis B.
Mathewson, Harley P.
Morgan, S. E.
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Marshall, Claude H.
Mooneyhorn, Floyd H.
Moyer, Bruce R.
Miller, Thomas L.
Moses, Sam D.
Newberry, Milton W.
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Norris, W. E.
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Osborne, R. M.
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Rabby, Horace E., Jr.
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Rush, Lee D.
Schuman, Antony, Jr.
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Simpson, John Park
Sperry, Henry Harrison
Shipe, Archie K.
Spencer, Donald G.
Saxon, Thomas L.
Simmons, Herbert
Street, St. Clair
Stone, Ralph W.
Searcy, H. B.
Tillotson, Hilary P.
Watson, Frank F.
West, John S.
Williams, Ben S.
Williams, Chester LeR.
Zukle, Doll Matthew

THE ARTICLE in our February issue contained a statement by Clarke showing that he was being informed of certain activities within the United States Secret Service in Washington. Clarke mentioned Judge Acuff as the person who furnished the information. This is Harmon O. Acuff, member of the Knoxville Klan, who was an attorney for the Alien Property Custodian in Washington at the time he reported to Clarke what had taken place in the Department of Justice.

Acuff was of assistance to Terrell not only in obtaining new members in Washington but also in Terrell's efforts to bring about legislation and to secure federal appointments.

WE HAVE just seen that more than two years ago the Klan awakened to the importance of fortifying its position in the national Capital, of obtaining membership in every branch of the Government service, in thereby strengthening itself in general and at the same time providing offices for its members. We shall have much to say about this office-seeking. In the meantime, we close this illustration with one more typical letter:

"May 11, 1921

Mr. H. B. Terrell,
P. O. Box No. 3, 11th St. Station,
Washington D. C.

Re:—Prospects—District of Columbia.

Dear Terrell:

Klansman Newton of Oklahoma recommends for membership in the order Major Harry Gilstrap who is secretary to Manuel Herrick, Member of Congress from the 8th District of Oklahoma.

Klansman Newton states that Major Gilstrap will prove a valuable asset to the organization and will be able to exercise much influence in our behalf among the Members of Congress in Washington.

Will you kindly give this matter your attention?

Sincerely yours in the
Sacred Unfailing Bond,
E. Y. Clarke,
Imperial Kleagle."

Next month the Ku Klux Klan exposures deal particularly with the state of Louisiana, which the whole country has been following in connection with the outrages at Mer Rouge and the attempt of Governor Parker to shake the state free from the control of the Klan. See Hearst's International for June.

H. G. Wells's Novel of Utopia—From page 92

Men Like Gods

She would talk to him of his sons as if she envied him because of the loss of her own, but all she said reminded him of the educational disadvantages and narrow prospects of his boys and how much stouter and finer and happier their lives would have been in Utopia. He would have risked drowning them a dozen times to have saved them from being clerks and employes of other men.

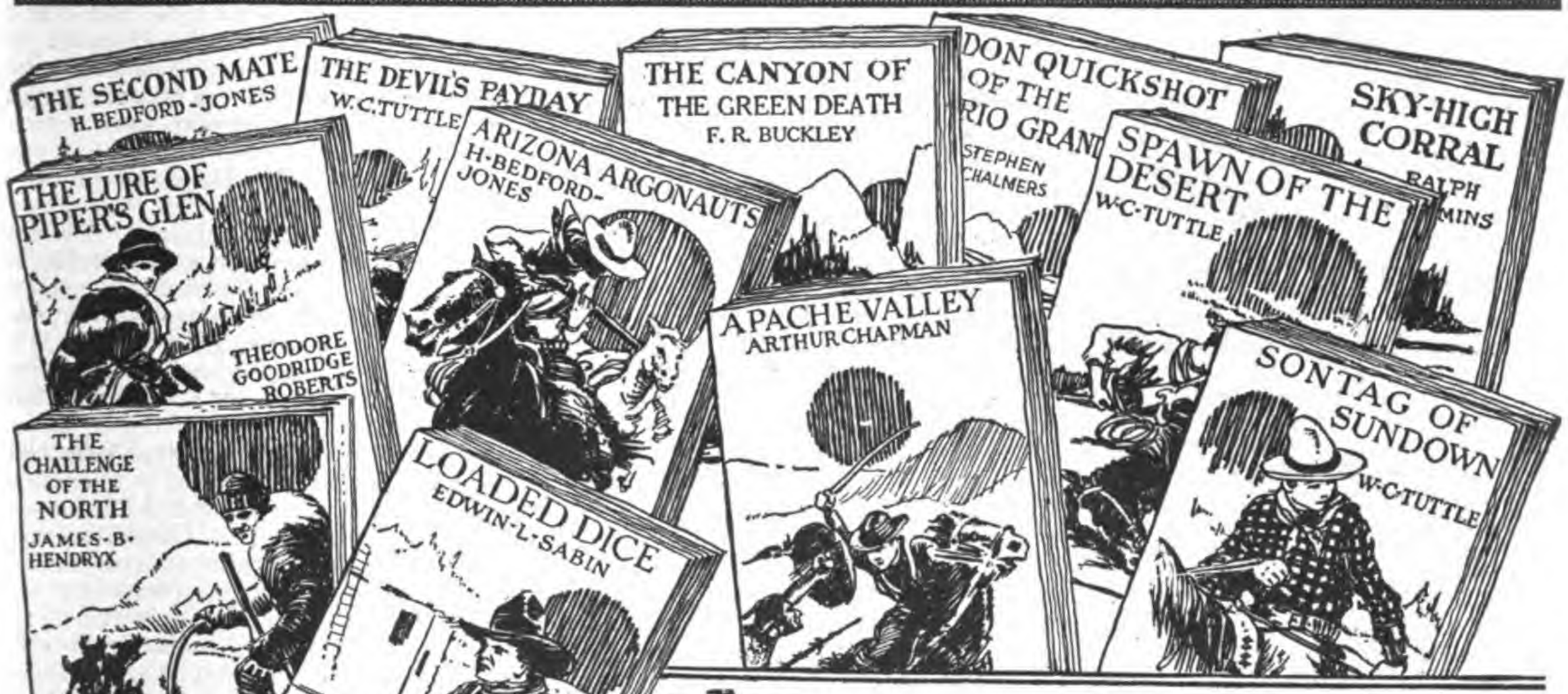
EVEN by earthly standards he felt now that he had not done his best by them; he had let many things drift in their lives and in the lives of himself and his wife that he now felt he ought to have controlled. Could he have his time over again he felt that he would see to it that his sons took a livelier interest in politics and science and were not so completely engulfed in the trivialities of suburban life, in tennis playing, amateur theatricals, inane flirtations and the like. They were good boys in substance he felt, but he had left them to their mother; and he had left their mother too much to herself instead of battling with her for the sake of his own ideas. They were living trivially in the shadow of one great catastrophe and with no security against another; they were living in a world of weak waste and shabby insufficiency. And his own life also had been weak waste.

His life at Sydenham began to haunt him. "I criticized everything but I altered nothing," he said. "I was as bad as Peeve. Was I any more use in that world than I am in this? But on Earth we are all wasters. . . ."

He avoided Lychnis for a day or so and wandered about the valley alone. He went into a great reading-room and fingered books he could not read; he was suffered to stand in a workshop, and he watched an artist make a naked girl of gold more lovely than any earthly statuette and melt her again dissatisfied; here he came

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The Devil's Payday — **W. C. Tuttle**
A sky of brass, the sun a flame,
And the land no place to dwell;
The only spot that God forgot,
A hunk of earth, so doggone hot
That it still belongs to Hell.

The Canyon of the Green Death — **F. R. Buckley**
Who were the devils in human form, whose haunt was the lost barranca? Invisible, terrible, they brought the redoubtable young officer of the law to a strange dilemma. The law of the land commanded him not to desert his prisoners; the law of the desert ordained that he stand by his companions. Which did the Fates decree he should obey?

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upon men building and here was work upon the fields, here was a great shaft in the hillside and something that flashed and scintillated strangely deep in the hill; they would not let him go into it; he saw a thousand things he could not understand.

He began to feel as perhaps a very intelligent dog must sometimes feel in the world of men, only that he had no master and no instincts that could find a consolation in canine abjection. The Utopians went about their business in the day time, they passed him smiling and they filled him with intolerable envy. They knew what to do. They belonged. They went friendly in twos and threes in the evening, communing together and sometimes singing together. Lovers would pass him, their sweetly smiling faces close together, and his loneliness became an agony of hopeless desires.

BECAUSE, though he fought hard to keep it below the threshold of his consciousness, Mr. Barnstaple desired greatly to love and be loved in Utopia. The realization that no one of these people could ever conceive of any such intimacy of body or spirit with him was a humiliation more fundamental even than his uselessness. The loveliness of the Utopian girls and women who glanced at him curiously or passed him with a serene indifference, crushed down his self-respect and made the Utopian world altogether intolerable to him. Mutely, unconsciously, these Utopian goddesses concentrated upon him the uttermost abasement of caste and race inferiority. He could not keep his thoughts from love where everyone it seemed had a lover, and in this Utopian world love for him was a thing grotesque and inconceivable. . . .

Then one night as he lay awake distressed beyond measure by the thought of such things, an idea came to him whereby it seemed to him he might restore his self-respect and win a sort of citizenship in Utopia.

So that they might even speak of him and remember him with interest and sympathy.

The man to whom Mr. Barnstaple, after due inquiries, went to talk was named Sungold. He was probably very old because there were lines of age about his eyes and over his fine brow. He was a ruddy man, bearded with an auburn beard that had streaks of white, and his eyes were brown and nimble under his thick eyebrows. His hair had thinned but little and flowed back like a mane, but its copper red color had gone. He sat at a table with papers spread before him, making manuscript notes. He smiled at Mr. Barnstaple for he had been expecting him, and indicated a seat for him with his stout and freckled hand. Then he waited smilingly for Mr. Barnstaple to begin.

"This world is one triumph of the desire for order and beauty in men's minds," said Mr. Barnstaple. "But it will not tolerate one useless soul in it. Everyone is happily active. I belong nowhere. I have nothing to do. And no one—is related to me."

Sungold moved his head slightly to show that he understood.

"It is hard for an Earthling, with an Earthly want of training to fall into any place here. Into any usual work or any usual relationship One is—a stranger. But it is still harder to have no place at all. In the new work, of which I am told you know most of anyone and are indeed the center and regulator, it has occurred to me that I might be of some use, that I might indeed be as good as a Utopian. If so, I want to be of use. You may want someone to risk death—to take the danger of going into some strange place—someone who desires to serve Utopia—and who need not have skill or knowledge—or be a beautiful or able person?"

Mr. Barnstaple stopped short. Sungold conveyed the completest understanding of all that was in Mr. Barnstaple's mind.

Mr. Barnstaple sat interrogative while for a time Sungold thought.

Then words and phrases began to string themselves together in Mr. Barnstaple's mind.

Sungold wondered if Mr. Barnstaple understood either the extent or the limitations of the great discoveries that were now being made in Utopia. Utopia, he said, was passing into a phase of intense intellectual exaltation. New powers and possibilities intoxicated the imagination of the race, and it was indeed inconceivable that an unteachable and perplexed Earthling could be anything but distressed and uncomfortable amidst the vast strange activities that must now begin. Even among their own people the more backward Utopians, were disturbed.

For centuries Utopian philosophers and experimentalists had been criticizing, revising and reconstructing their former instinctive and traditional ideas of space and time, of form and substance, and now very rapidly the new ways of thinking were becoming clear and simple and bearing fruit in surprising practical applications. The limitations of space which had seemed forever unsurmountable were breaking down; they were breaking down in a strange and perplexing way, but they were breaking down.

It was not theoretically possible, it was rapidly becoming practicably possible, to pass from the planet Utopia to which the race had hitherto been confined, to other points in its universe of origin, that is to say to remote planets and distant stars. . . . That was the gist of the present situation.

"I CANNOT imagine that," said Mr. Barnstaple.

"You cannot imagine it," Sungold agreed, quite cordially. "But it is so. A hundred years ago it was inconceivable—here."

"Do you get there by some sort of backstairs in another dimension?" said Mr. Barnstaple.

Sungold considered this guess. It was a grotesque image, he said, but from the point of view of an Earthling it would serve. That conveyed something of its quality. But it was so much more wonderful. . . .

A new and astounding phase has begun for life here. We learnt long ago the chief secrets of happiness upon this planet. Life is good in this world. You find it good? . . . For thousands of years yet it will be our fastness and our home. But the wind of a new adventure blows through our life. All this world is in a mood like

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striking camp in the winter quarters when spring approaches."

He leant over his papers toward Mr. Barnstaple, and held up a finger and spoke audible words as if to make his meaning plainer. It seemed to Mr. Barnstaple that each word translated itself into English as he spoke it. At any rate Mr. Barnstaple understood. "The collision of our planet Utopia with your planet Earth was a very curious accident, but an unimportant accident, in this story. I want you to understand that. Your universe and ours are two out of a great number of gravitation-time universes, which are translated together through the inexhaustible infinitude of God. They are similar throughout, but they are identical in nothing.

"YOUR PLANET and ours happen to be side by side, so to speak, but they are not traveling at exactly the same pace nor in a strictly parallel direction. They will drift apart again and follow their several destinies. When Arden and Greenlake made their experiment the chances of their hitting anything in your universe were infinitely remote. They had disregarded it, they were merely rotating some of our matter out of and then back into our universe. You fell into us—as amazingly for us as for you. The importance of our discoveries for us lies in our own universe and not in yours. We do not want to come into your universe nor have more of your world come into ours. You are too like us and you are too dark and troubled and diseased—you are too contagious—and we, we cannot help you yet because we are not gods but men."

Mr. Barnstaple nodded.

"What could Utopians do with men? We have no strong instinct in us to teach or dominate other adults. That has been bred out of us by long centuries of equality and free coöperation. And you would be too numerous for us to teach and much of your population would be grown up and set in bad habits. Your stupidities would get in our way, your quarrels and jealousies and traditions, your flags and religions and all your embodied spites and suppressions, would hamper us in everything we should want to do. We should be impatient with you, unjust, overbearing. You are too like us for us to be patient with your failures. It would be hard to remember constantly how ill-bred you were.

"In Utopia we found out long ago that no race of human beings was sufficiently great, subtle and powerful to think and act for any other race. Perhaps already you are finding out the same thing on Earth as your races come into closer contact. And much more would this be true between Utopia and Earth. From what I know of your people and their ignorances and obstinacies it is clear our people would despise you; and contempt is the cause of all injustice. We might end by exterminating you. . . . But why should we make that possible? . . . We must leave you alone. We cannot trust ourselves with you. . . . Believe me, this is the only reasonable course for us."

Mr. Barnstaple assented silently.

"You and I—two individuals—can be friends and understand."

"What you say is true," said Mr. Barnstaple. "It is true. But it grieves me it is true. . . . Greatly. . . . Nevertheless, I gather, I at least may be of service in Utopia?"

"You can."

"How?"

"By returning to your own world."

Mr. Barnstaple thought for some moments. It was what he had feared. But he had offered himself. "I will do that."

"By attempting to return, I should say. There is risk. You may be killed."

"I must take that."

"We want to verify all the data we have of the relations of our universe to yours. We want to reverse the experiment of Arden and Greenlake and see if we can return a living being to your world. We are almost certain now that we can do so. And that human being must care for us enough and care for his own world enough to go back and give us a sign that he has got there."

Mr. Barnstaple spoke huskily. "I can do that," he said.

"We can put you into that machine of ours and into the clothes you wore. You can be made again exactly as you left your world."

"Exactly. I understand."

"And because your world is vile and contentious and yet has some strangely able brains in it, here and there, we do not want your people to know of us, living so close to you—for we shall be close to you yet for some hundreds of years at least—we do not want them to know for fear that they should come here presently, led by some poor silly genius of a scientific man, come in their greedy, foolish, breeding swarms, hammering at our doors, threatening our lives, and spoiling our high adventures, and so have to be beaten off and killed like an invasion of rats or parasites——"

"Yes," said Mr. Barnstaple. "Before men can come to Utopia, they must learn the way here. Utopia, I see, is only a home for those who have learned the way."

HE PAUSED and answered some of his own thoughts. "When I have returned," he said, "shall I begin to forget Utopia?"

Sungold smiled and said nothing.

"All my days the nostalgia of Utopia will distress me."

"And uphold you."

"I shall take up my Earthly life at the point where I laid it down, but—on Earth—I shall be a Utopian. For I feel that having offered my service and had it accepted, that I am no longer an outcast in Utopia. I belong. . . ."

"Remember you may be killed. You may die in the trial."

"As it may happen."

"Well, Brother!"

The friendly paw took Mr. Barnstaple's and pressed it, and the deep eyes smiled.

"After you have returned and given us your sign, several of the other Earthlings may also be sent back."

Mr. Barnstaple sat up. "But," he gasped. His voice rose high in amaze. "I thought they were hurled into the blank space of some outer universe and altogether destroyed."

"Several were killed. They killed themselves by rushing down the side of the old fortress in the outer darkness as the Craig



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rotated. The men in leather. The man you call Long Barrow——"

"Barralonga?"

"Yes. And the man who shrugged his shoulders and said, 'What would you?' The others came back as the rotation was completed late in the day—asphyxiated and frozen but not dead. They have been restored to life, and we are puzzled now how to dispose of them. . . . They are of no use whatever in this world. They encumber us."

"It is only too manifest," said Mr. Barnstaple.

"THE MAN you call Burleigh seems to be of some importance in your Earthly affairs. We have searched his mind. His powers of belief are very small. He believes in very little but the life of a cultivated wealthy gentleman who holds a position of modest distinction in the councils of a largely fictitious empire. It is doubtful if he will believe in the reality of any of this experience. We will make sure anyhow that he thinks it has been an imaginative dream. He will consider it too fantastic to talk about because it is plain he is already very afraid of his imagination. He will find himself back in your world a few days after you reach it and he will make his way to his own home unobtrusively. He will come next after you. You will see him reappear in political affairs. Perhaps a little wiser."

"It might well be," said Mr. Barnstaple.

"And Rupert Catskill; he will return. Your world would miss him."

"Nothing will make *him* wiser," said Mr. Barnstaple with conviction.

"Lady Stella will come."

"I am very glad she has escaped. She will say nothing about Utopia. She is very discreet."

"The priest is mad. His behavior became offensive and obscene and he is under restraint."

"What did he do?"

"He made a number of aprons of black silk and set out with them to attack our young people in an undignified manner."

"You can send him back," said Mr. Barnstaple, after reflection.

"But will your world allow that sort of thing?"

"*We* call that sort of thing Purity," said Mr. Barnstaple. "But of course if you like to keep him. . . ."

"He shall come back," said Sungold.

"The others you can keep," said Mr. Barnstaple. "In fact you will have to keep them. Nobody on Earth will trouble about them very much. In our world there are so many people that a few are always getting lost. As it is, returning even the few you propose to do, you may excite attention, local people may begin to notice all these wanderers coming from nowhere in particular and asking their way home upon the Maidenhead road. They might give way under questions. You cannot send any more. Put the rest on an island, or something of that sort."

Their business was finished, but Mr. Barnstaple was loath to go.

He looked Sungold in the eye and found something kindly there.

"You have told me all that I have to do," he said, "and it is fully time that I went away from you, for any moment in your life is more precious than a day of mine. Yet because I am to go so soon and so obediently out of this vast and splendid world of yours back to my native disorders, I could find it in my heart to ask you to unbend if you could, to come down to me a little, and to tell me very simply and plainly of the greater days and greater achievements that are now dawning upon this planet.

"You speak of your being able presently to go out of this Utopia to remote parts in your universe. That perplexes my mind very much, probably I am unfitted to grasp that idea, but it is very important to me. It has been a belief in our world that at last there must be an end to life because our sun and planets are cooling, and there seems no hope of escape from the little world upon which we have arisen. We are born with it and we must die with it. That robbed many of us of hope and energy: for why should we work for progress in a world that must freeze and die?"

Sungold laughed. "Your philosophers concluded too soon."

He sprawled over the table toward his hearer and looked him earnestly in the face.

"Your Earthly science has been going on for how long?"

"Two hundred—three hundred years."

Sungold held up two fingers. "And men? How many men?"

"A few hundred who mattered in each generation."

"We have gone on for three thousand years and a hundred million good brains have been put like grapes into the wine press of science. And we know today—how little we know. There is never an observation made but a hundred observations are missed in the making of it; there is never a measurement but some impish truth mocks us and gets away from us in the margin of error.

"I know something of where your scientific men are—all power to the poor savages—because I have studied the beginnings of our own science in the long past of Utopia. How can I express our distances? Since those days we have examined and tested and tried and retried a score of new ways of thinking about space, of which time is only a specialized form.

"We have forms of expression that we cannot get over to you so that things that used to seem difficult and paradoxical to us—that probably seem hopelessly difficult and paradoxical to you, lose all their difficulty in our minds. It is hard to convey to you. We think in terms of a space in which the space and time system in terms of which you think is only a specialized case. So far as our feelings and instincts and daily habits go we too live in another such system as you do—but not so far as our knowledge goes, not so far as our powers go. Our minds have exceeded our lives—as yours will. We are still flesh and blood, still hope and desire, we go to and fro and look up and down, but things that seemed remote are brought near, things that were inaccessible bow down, things that were insurmountable lie under the hollows of our hands."

"And you do not think your race nor, for the matter of that, ours, need ever perish?

"Perish! We have hardly begun——!"

The old man spoke very earnestly. Unconsciously he parodied Newton.

"We are like little children who have been brought to the shores of a limitless ocean. All knowledge we have gathered yet in the few score generations since first we began to gather knowledge, is like a small handful of pebbles gathered upon the shore of that limitless sea.

"Before us lies knowledge, endlessly, and we may take and take, and as we take, grow. We grow in power, we grow in courage. We renew our youth. For, mark what I say, our worlds grow younger. The old generations of apes and sub-men before us had aged minds; their narrow reluctant wisdom was the meagre profit, hoarded and stale and sour, of innumerable lives. They dreaded new things, so bitterly did they value the bitterly won old. But to learn is, at length, to become young again, to be released, to begin afresh.

"Your world, compared with ours, is a world of unteachable encrusted souls, of bent and droning traditions, of hates and injuries and such like unforgettable things. But some day you, too, will become again like little children, and it will be you who will find your way through to us—to us, who will be waiting for you. Two universes will meet and embrace, to beget a yet greater universe. . . . You Earthlings do not begin to realize yet the significance of life. Nor we Utopians—scarcely more. Life is still only a promise, still waits to be born, out of such poor stirrings in the dust as we. . . .

"Some day here and everywhere, Life of which you and I are but anticipatory atoms and eddies, life will awaken indeed, one and whole and marvelous, like a child awaking to conscious life."

[To be concluded]

Mr. Barnstaple, unable to find a place for himself in this wonderful new world—this Utopia—decides to sacrifice himself in the interest of Utopian science. See Hearst's International for June, ready May 20th.

¶ *Sidney Howard Points the History of Drug Tragedies—Continued from page 19*

The Inside Story of Dope in this Country

and sent him home. Nowadays the boys go in on coke with their nerves all on edge and, when the watchman comes, they lose their heads and shoot. That's why you have so many murders nowadays in stick-up games. It's using coke that's responsible."

Cocain, then, is a police affair. Let the police handle its treatment whether its users be jail-birds, debutantes or movie stars.

But these opiates are another matter altogether. Out of 1700 addicts both [illegible]

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and female, Dr. Lambert records only 333 whose addiction can be blamed on anything but ill-health.

As long as the average general practitioner of medicine remains of the opinion that his job is no more than the gentle art of killing pain, we can expect a considerable overuse of morphin and a resulting population of innocent addicts.

Again and again I ask opiate users what their sensations are. Their answers run so consistently that I can typify them.

"I smoked opium for a while. I had fine dreams of castles in Spain and perfectly equipped harems and anything I happened to want and couldn't get. Then I stopped dreaming but I couldn't stop smoking. It made me sick when I tried."

THAT IS the answer of the opium smoker of the Underworld. Normally he will proceed to morphin and heroin. His pipe fails him. He follows it with more concentrated drugs hoping to regain that initial sensation.

Let such a man speak for himself: "After I laid off the pipe I had no more use for it. I was in for morphin and in for it right. It fooled me at first. I thought I had something good. At first it made everything seem so easy. That didn't last two weeks. I tried heroin. I use fifty grains a day now."

And when you ask him what they do for him, those fifty daily grains of poison?

Relief. Only that. Relief.

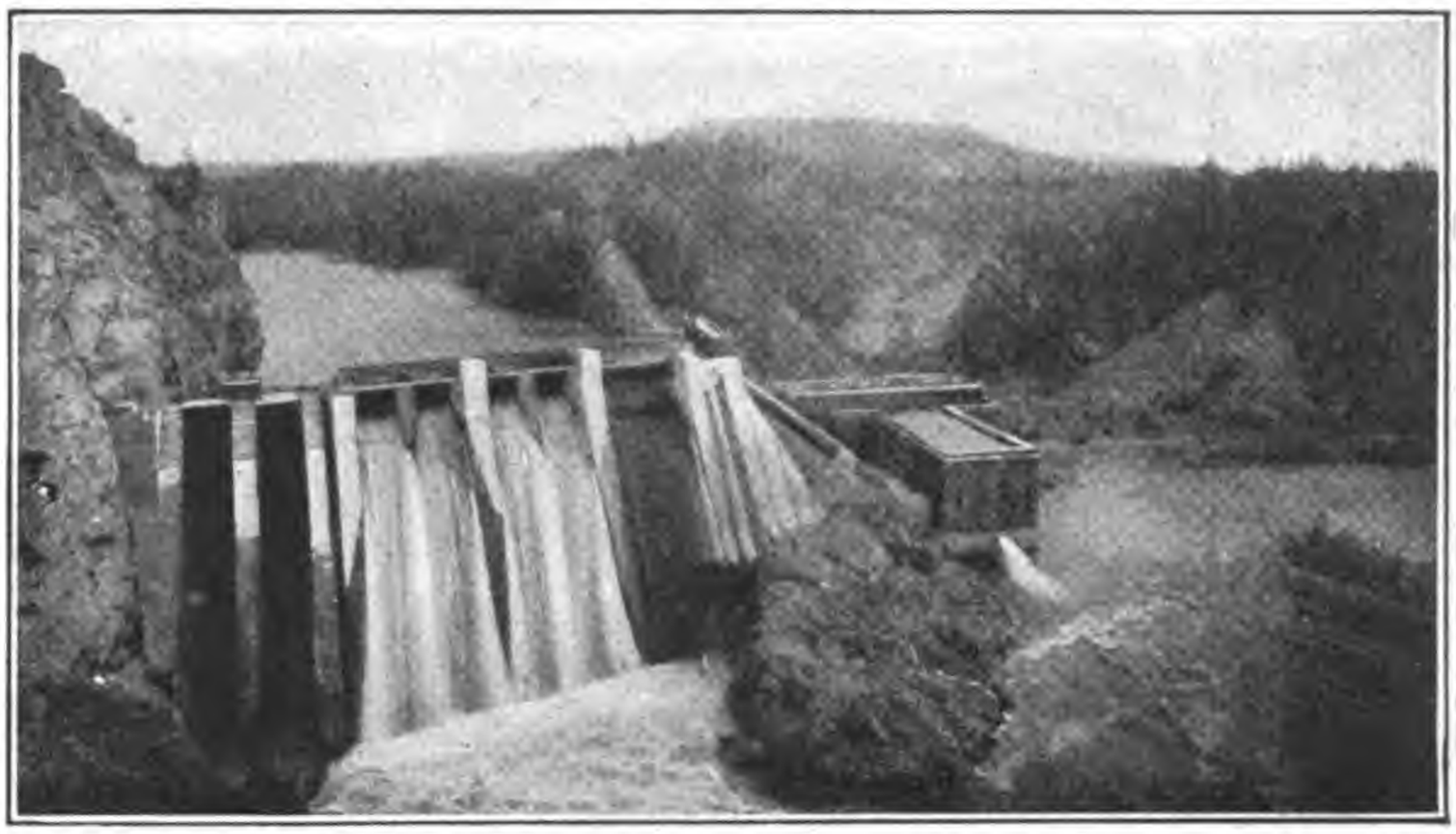
As Doctor Lambert put the case of dope to Congress: "First, in small doses, for a while, it stimulates the sense of personality, stimulates the ideas. Then it produces sleepiness and inhibits action. Morphin produces dreamy carelessness to one's environment, a blocking off of disagreeable memories. It produces the dreamy sense of dodging responsibility and a desire to be let alone and absolute indifference. . . . Heroin cuts off the sense of responsibility in a moral way, much more quickly than morphin. . . . Heroin addicts will much more readily commit crime and with no sense of regret after. But the herd instinct is obliterated by either. Cocain brings an acute insanity."

And the decent citizen who does not overdose for sensation, who goes from day to day, year in and year out, with never a quarter grain of increase, what does his drug do for him? Ask him if it gives him pleasure. He will answer you with silent horror. Relief. Only relief from that insufferable craving.

It takes from three to five weeks to make the average addict. Continued administration of the drug does the trick automatically.

The man who says that stopping addiction to an opiate drug is no more than an ordinary exercise of will power talks like a fool and should be whipped for his folly. Let the addict try his will and cut himself off. He has tried often enough. Every man or woman who has ever known the mastery of a drug has tried. I give you a doctor's description of what follows the attempt:

"There is at first a feeling of uneasiness, a 'nervousness,' as the patient expresses it, with an increasing sense of depression and apprehension of some impending calamity. This is followed quickly by yawning, sneezing, watering of the eyes and excessive



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When Men talk about Women

A MAN, hardly more than thirty-eight, leaned against a drug store cigar counter waiting for the druggist to resume their conversation after serving a woman customer.

As the druggist approached, the man said, "That beauty thing the lady just bought reminds me that my wife told me to get her another bottle of it, though I didn't care if I forgot it—can't believe that daubing the face with stuff like that will do much good. Tell me, Sam, what is there to it?"

"It's like that cigar you've stuck to faithfully for six years, now. Some one told you it was good, and you tried one. It pleased you, and has kept on pleasing you right up to the half dozen you just bought.

"It's the same with this A.D.S. Beauty Mud. If it didn't improve a woman's complexion at the first trial I would never be able to sell it again to the same woman, or her friends. I've sold five bottles today, and to women who have bought it before. The bottle you're going to take home will be the sixth your wife has used. Haven't you noticed how her skin has become clearer of late?"

"Yes, it has a little, but why give the credit to that beauty mud, and, anyway, how did you get my wife to try it for the first time?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I have been selling several kinds of beauty mud for a year or two, but haven't given any particular attention to them. Then the salesman for the American Druggists Syndicate came along and told me I ought to handle the A.D.S. Beauty Mud. Of course, when I found there was an A.D.S. Beauty Mud I knew it could be depended on to do all that was claimed for it. As you know, the letters A.D.S. are the trademark under which over 26,000 druggists co-operate in the manufacture and sale of high quality preparations. When a preparation comes out under the A.D.S. label, I know it has the approval of the leading druggists of the country, and I have no hesitation about urging my customers to try it.

"I suggest it to all of my customers, and I suppose your wife tried it for the first time on my recommendation. And I have had the satisfaction of having several of my customers thank me for bringing A.D.S. Beauty Mud to their attention."

"In other words, Sam, just another clever way to get the public's money?"

"You can smile all you please, Bill, but the fact remains that this A.D.S. Beauty Mud does the work. It is made from carefully selected earth deposits of great curative value. The earth is compounded with perfumes and cleansing ingredients, and is then sifted many times through fine silk, until it is smoother than anything you ever touched. I know it is bringing back that girlish pink and white color that many women thought had left them for ever."

"Well, let me have the bottle I am to take along. I suppose next thing I will be using it, too."

"Now, Bill, you think you're joking, but it isn't so much of a joke as you think. Can you go into a high-class barber shop these days without seeing several men getting a massage with a beauty clay? The only difference is that when you get your beauty massage at the barber shop you pay a dollar or more for it, whereas for that dollar spent by your wife on A.D.S. Beauty Mud she gets a good many treatments. After all, Bill, we have got to admit that the women have us beat when it comes to getting value for the money we spend."

"Guess you're right again, Sam, so I'll run along with my bottle."

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A Beautiful Complexion, meaning—

A skin firmly soft, with the delicate smoothness of girlhood, and without a blemish to be found even by your own frankly searching finger tips, or eyes that question your mirror. Plus a clearness—a pink and white coloring you have not seen since your teens, yet as much your own now as it was then.

Twenty-six thousand of the most reliable druggists in the country, one of which is your own A.D.S. druggist 'round the corner, guarantee these beauty results with



A.D.S. BEAUTY MUD

The application of the first light film shows a beginning of results. It thoroughly cleanses all impurities from every pore. After removing the blemishes it brings the rich blood circulating to the surface skin to keep it healthy.

A few applications and the skin health of youth is fully restored with a face of natural white and pink and soft smoothness you were once so proud of.

These 26,000 A.D.S. druggists guarantee that A.D.S. Beauty Mud cannot possibly harm your skin in any way.

Try a bottle today and note the immediate benefits in appearance and the invigorating feeling it leaves with you. Better than an expensive massage.

FOR MEN:—Apply a light film after shaving. It cleanses the pores and stimulates more than the kind of massage expensive barbers charge upwards of a dollar for.

Ask for It—Any A.D.S. Drug Store

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mucous secretions from the nose. The extremities become cold, and there is a clammy sweating, and purging, with tremors and muscular twitchings. These symptoms accompany or are quickly followed by intense abdominal pains, shooting leg pains, cramps, and a general feeling of abject misery and dilapidation.

"In this condition the pulse rate varies between extreme slowness and extreme rapidity, usually with a marked drop in the blood pressure. In short, the patient looks, acts and is a very sick as well as a very miserable individual. And occasionally he justifies his appearance by collapsing and passing on."

A CRAVING that begins with discomfort in the calves of the legs, that spreads like hunger pangs to the pit of the stomach, that may sometimes terminate in death if it is not satisfied. At any stage of the process a shot will stop the agony and restore the addict to normality. Until the whole thing begins over again.

As I have seen it happen over and over. There was a witness in the district attorney's office in New York. I mentioned him once before in these articles. I shall never forget the blue look of him lying on the floor, the deathly sickness, the pulse that, as I took it, was surely near to death itself. When we administered the shot which would enable him to continue his testimony, the effect was magical.

In two minutes he was talking again, as vigorously as any one of us. And he knew that in four hours more, unless he had the next shot in time, he might be mathematically certain of a repetition of the same ordeal. I saw them in Buffalo when, for a few days, the federal officers cut off the illicit drug supply of the city. They came in hordes to federal offices and such unspeakable misery I have never seen.

"Oh, that wonderful feeling of relief!" the addict says.

Relief and no more. Such is the pleasure of drug addiction.

One type of mind concerned with the dope problem credits all addicts with the pampering of a vicious habit. The other type talks convincingly of "addiction disease."

Applied to the addicted majority whose trouble began at the hands of the family doctor, "vicious habit" is as viciously libelous a statement as could possibly be conceived. For the pleasure that is only relief from pain is no pleasure at all and indulgence which must be maintained to make the least and most ordinary functions of living feasible must be as cruel a cross as ever man bore. This addict is no self indulgent as the Scotch and soda hound is. He is actually dependent upon his drug. Lacking it he is wretchedly sick.

AS TO the Underworld degenerate who begins his addiction on the opium pipe, he is, in that beginning, certainly a vicious character. But once the mastery of dope has declared itself, he, too, is in the same boat with the respectable and innocent victim.

It is safe to say that any drug addict who has ever been deprived of his drug would, in that moment of deprivation, gladly have sold his soul for a cure.

Well, an Italian, by name Valenti, addicted a dog to morphin. After the dog had fallen a complete victim, he withdrew the drug abruptly. The dog exhibited all the familiar symptoms of a human being accustomed to and dependent upon regular doses and suddenly deprived of them. Valenti watched the dog through its deathly sickness. Then he took a quantity of the dog's blood serum. He had waited a sufficiently long time to eliminate the possibility of its containing any residue of morphin. He injected this into the veins of a second dog which last had never known morphin.

Immediately the second dog exhibited all the symptoms which the first had shown upon the withdrawal of the drug. The second was quite as sick as the first. The second was, to all appearances, a drug dependent deprived of a drug which he had never before heard of. From which Valenti concluded that the sickness of the addict when he is deprived of his drug is due, not to the absence of the drug, but to something else.

Certainly it seems evident that there was present in the blood of the first dog something other than morphin which was positive and active enough to cause, when injected into the veins of an unaccustomed dog, all the symptoms and sickness of morphin withdrawal.

Paul Sollier, the one great French clinician on narcotic addiction, who has worked and written on the subject ever since 1894, finds that the withdrawal of opiates from the opiate dependent, though it brings about the elimination of the poison which affects him, also produces "*a true experimental disease which bears a close analogy to what takes place in an infectious disease.*"

IN OTHER words, the changes in the blood cells, the pain, the effect on the heart circulation and on the kidneys and other secretory glands are practically the same as those observed in many of the acute infections.

During the course of addiction, however, while the individual is getting his regular dose, *none of these toxic symptoms occur*. They become apparent only when the drug is abruptly withdrawn.

Now Valenti demonstrates the presence in the blood serum of an active toxic substance other than morphin. And we know that the addict uses his drug to maintain his body at par and must use it in order to function with any degree of normality. Does it not, therefore, seem evident that this substance is something manufactured by the body as its own balance to the poisonous drug? And that this substance, whatever its nature, is not only of itself powerful but also becomes poisonous after the drug which it was created to combat has been withdrawn?

Moral, working in France with Sollier has further demonstrated that the white blood cells, our bodies' powerful, natural defenses against poisonous substances, show the same changes in this struggle with this mysterious substance as they show, for example, in most types of blood poisoning.

I am not a doctor and only a doctor can say whether or not these discoveries prove that the continued use of opiates develops a physical condition which may be properly described as a disease. All of this interests me enormously, just the same, for I am instinctively distrustful of calling anything as serious as drug addiction "a morbid appetite" or "a vicious habit."

Remember that the pleasure of dope is very soon over even for the few who use it for pleasure. The rest is merely "relief."

Syphilis boasts an infinitely more vicious background than morphin. No one in his senses would call syphilis a habit.

THIS is important because, on it, hangs the whole technique and philosophy of addiction cure and the reason for its present failure. If cure means no more than the separation of the addict from his drug, it would not so consistently fail to be cure. Since most cures seem now to presuppose about ninety percent of relapses, cure evidently means more than mere separation. And I, for one, am prepared now to suppose that *the target of cure is properly this anti-toxic substance which the body creates to withstand drug poisoning, and that the end of cure is to find out what this substance really is and how to get rid of it.*

Charcot, the great French neurologist, as long ago as 1883, described the case of an unborn addict. A case in which the child, still in his mother's body, rebelled so violently against the withdrawal of the morphin to which she was addicted that the drug had to be restored to her to prevent miscarriage. The child was subsequently born an addict at birth and required special treatment for addiction cure.

Since this, many similar cases have been reported of babies born of addicted mothers and themselves addicts at birth. Most frequently such cases die because the attending doctors fail to recognize them. If, however, they are given opium in proper doses until the milk flow is established, they may be saved and do well and they will appear normal in every other respect. Such a baby will at birth require a dose of opium which would be fatal to a child of several years.

Morphin dependence knows no age limits. I stumbled, lately, upon a story in one of the richest and most secure families of a great western city. There are two children, boys, the eldest six, the younger four. Their doctor begins wondering if they are not subnormal, so delayed is their development. Child specialists consulted shake their heads in dismay at so sad a thing. Two defective children with everything in life at their beck and call. Whereupon it is discovered that they are both addicts, that their addicted nurse has persistently drugged them for a long time. They must be cured, actually, as adult addicts are.

THE prison physician of San Quentin penitentiary, Dr. Leo L. Stanley, has one case now under observation in which the addict began his addiction at the age of eight.

Three paragraphs from the finding of the Federal Grand Jury, sitting at El Paso on February 15th of this year are self-explanatory.

"It has come to our observation that boys between twelve and fifteen years of

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age are being taught the use of narcotic drugs; that these boys, once in the grip of this rapidly spreading vice, sell their clothing which their parents provide for them, steal and indulge in other petty crimes for the purpose of obtaining funds to satisfy their craving, engendered by the drug habit.

"We find that one boy has stated to officers of the law that he has some twenty companions of about his own age who are drug users: another boy discloses that there are forty of his childish companions using narcotics.

"Pedlers of drugs are giving them away to children to create narcotic addiction, thus enlarging the demand for their illicit traffic. Girls between the ages of seventeen and twenty confined in the El Paso county clinics are found to be drug addicts."

ARE THESE children, youngsters, mostly, of the lower grades such vicious characters that we can do no more for them than brand them as dope fiends? No. Nor are they exceptional cases, either.

Doctor C. E. Terry, probably the country's most enlightened authority on narcotic addiction saw the point of this in Washington during the hearings on the Porter Resolution, and threw it in the teeth of the crime melodramatists. "We need medical study," he said to Congress, "research teaching in medical schools and we should have it today. This is a pathologic state. We have got to get away from legendary ideas of vicious habits and the vicious habit and immorality cant. We have got to teach our medical students about this narcotic addicted baby."

Doctor Lichtenstein of the Tombs Prison in New York throws his challenge even more savagely. "Addiction is a disease and not a crime. Jail is no place for an addict."

A great deal has been said about the irresponsibility of the addict. Sound authorities do not say so much. Perhaps the stigma of the word dopefiend has made liars of many. Without a doubt, the degenerate addict was a liar and an irresponsible before ever he encountered his first dose. The demands of addiction are not good for the character. There does not, however, seem to be any scientific basis for the statement that drugs make liars of the tremendous number whose dependence upon them is unsuspected, whose daily and efficient work goes on reliably in spite of their all-compelling mastery.

THE IMMEDIATE and noticeable physical havoc of drug addiction is wrought only where over-dosage occurs. The Underworld character, who wants to recapture the thrill that the drug gave him before addiction commenced and robbed it of all thrill and made it an inexorable daily necessity, increases his dose, piles morphin upon opium, combines morphin with cocain, resorts to "blowing" (sniffing) enormous quantities of heroin. He goes speedily to pieces. The degeneration of the normal and regular addict is hardly noticeable.

But the Underworldling's addiction is no whit more stubborn, no whit more tyrannical, than that of the cautious addict whose dose has not been increased once through forty years of addiction. Doctors have told me that oftentimes an addict who uses sixty grains of morphin or heroin a day is more easily cured than another whose dose is strictly limited to a quarter grain morphin tablet administered only every other day.

A man came to me the other day fresh from a cure of one hundred days in the house of correction on Riker's Island, New York. He was quite evidently in fine shape. He admitted a gain of forty pounds. He boasted that he felt ready for anything. His only complaint was that he could not seem to stop the craving. He had been off the drug for better than three months. He still wanted it.

"I wake up in the night and want it and I can't go to sleep again for wanting it," he said. "Last night I walked all the way out to Coney Island to try to beat the feeling. That's a long way. I was dog tired when I came home, but still I wanted it. I haven't seen anyone who is using it. I try not to think about it. But it seems to be *in my blood*. I can't get rid of it."

Now this man may have preserved what is known as a memory impression of "that wonderful relief." He may have been suffering from what are called "post withdrawal symptom." I don't know. I suspect that he was not very thoroughly cured on Riker's Island.

HE LEFT Riker's Island on a Saturday. I saw him on Sunday and Monday last. We talked all this over then and I had a doctor tell him that one single dose or shot or sniff would probably reawaken everything and put him back on the drug worse than ever. He was determined on Monday night that he would stay off forever, that he knew what a long fight lay ahead of him, that he was prepared to win it.

On Tuesday I did not see him. I found him on Wednesday at death's door. He had returned to his drug at his former dose. Of course the cure had accomplished just enough to make that former dose almost as poisonous to him as it would be to you or me. He recovered presently, as firmly addicted as ever.

Now I am not excusing him. I am not saying that he was not weak. I am saying that before he began to use the drug he was a valuable and superior citizen and that his cure did him no good. And I insist that he is the general rule and not the exception among those who take cures, particularly enforced correctional cures. The very word cure, as it is now applied to drug addiction, is an inhuman blasphemy.

Withdrawal of the drug does *not* constitute cure. There is a period of acute sickness which passes. There are gnawing months afterwards every moment of which demand supreme strength of character and unceasing wariness. A single misstep will usually suffice to reactivate everything, to make the drug as desperate a necessity as ever. Years may elapse and still the wariness must be sustained.

Doctors have found cases of men who became addicts in an incredibly short time, on a very small amount of narcotics. The only explanation of such cases is that they were soothing syrup babies in the old days before the drug laws put a crimp in soothing syrups. But paregoric babies still exist. Only yesterday a doctor told me of a baby he had killed by stopping paregoric when it was brought to him for treatment in the hospital.

But I want to drive home these two things. That *the use of dope is more than a vicious habit once the mastery of dope is established. That we have not yet come anywhere near any scientific or medical or social root of cure for the dope victims.*

THE THREE thousand addicts arrested last year in conjunction with Carlton Simon's police campaign on the drug market were sent mostly to the cure on Riker's Island. Their experience there pretty typically describes the present attitude of authority in the matter of addiction cure.

A good many of those who voluntarily committed themselves for cure went to the same place. Criminals and citizens together, of the 376 now under treatment, 100 rate as "self-starters." That is to say self-committed cases who have gone to Commissioner Simon for his help. It must be a little disillusioning for them to bind themselves voluntarily to the company of addicted felons. But that is the way of it. In penitentiaries, non-addicted criminals are thrown with addicted criminals. In correctional cures non-criminal addicts are housed with criminals. And there you are.

This is the method used at Riker's Island.

A man is arrested for possession of narcotics or commits himself for cure of drug addiction. In either case a police magistrate sentences him for one hundred days. The self-committed addict is classed as a prisoner found guilty of no matter what offense.

Let an addict tell his story for himself. He is a decent sort, intelligent enough for any man, self-committed once to Dr. Simon and an unsuccessful cure, arrested now for possession.

"THE JAIL doctor came and questioned me as to how much of a habit I had. I told him I was taking thirty grains a day and that I was started by a liquor cure. He gave me a quarter grain of morphin. I wanted to get to Riker's and he promised I could go the next day. You are sent there without a trial for as soon as you take that pill you are pronounced an addict.

"I left the next morning for the pen on Blackwell's Island. We were three days in the pen. You get two shots a day there. One at three o'clock and one at nine at night. They are good shots. You kick and twitch and you are cold because you have no blood, or don't seem to have when a yen is on. . . .

"You hear them shouting down the line. . . .

" 'Hey, what time is it?'

" 'It must be about eight o'clock.'

"Another voice: 'Oh, it's not that yet.'

"Then from the flats below: 'Lay down you cokies!'

"Then another voice from one of our cells: 'What time is it?'

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"And the answer: 'Well, it's five minutes to six.'

"And then a roar because they think the screw's kidding them. And so on until the doctor comes and goes down the line to each one in turn, and each one frantic with waiting and so afraid he will be skipped or that another will get two shots to his one or that the needle will break or anything. . . .

"We were three days in the pen. I don't know why they kept us there three days. . . .

"The morning we left for Riker's they gave us another shot. They gave us that because a couple of months before two of the addicts on the way to Riker's jumped overboard. They don't want that to happen again. Oh, what a life saver that shot is! If you meet a junkie anywhere outside and he finds you have been to Riker's, the first thing he asks is: 'Did you get that extra shot before you took the boat?'

"There was a load of bread on that boat. We were hungry on that extra shot after three days of being sick and rotten grub. We bribed the deck hands to let us in on that load of bread. . . .

"You get to Riker's about noon. They take away your clothes and give you prison togs. All but your garters. Half the junkies sew dope in the triangular part of their garters. They never look there. They let me keep my notebook. If I hadn't wanted to be cured I could have dusted enough through the pages to carry me over the whole hundred days. . . .

"You get twelve shots on Riker's—two a day for the first five days, then a twenty-four hour shot, a big one. After that you're off junk. After that it's 'Cold Turkey.'

"You can't sleep. You can't eat. You're sick. All you try to do is to keep quiet as you can because some of the men raise such a row it makes you ashamed. You try not to yell at night. . . .

"The self-starter, who commits himself, is looked down on by everybody. He's the boy who wants to get cured and goes to his doctor and his doctor is afraid to cure him on account of the law and sends him to Simon. And Simon says, 'I will fix you up,' and that you must come to see him when you get out. And you think you're going up to Metropolitan or Riverside Hospitals like he says you are and you sign a paper. You're so upset and so excited about the whole thing. You've just thrown away your junk and nothing matters much—not until you find that Simon has sent you through the pen to Riker's with the others. You don't thank him so much for that.

"Because that's the chief trouble with Riker's. In my dormitory, a man who had done twenty-two years in the pen was right next to a kid of seventeen who got caught by Simon the first time he ever tried a pipe. And they ask you: 'What do you do outside?' And, if you say you work, you're suspected right away. If you aren't one of them, you feel out of it just like a small boy who's ashamed of being good. You can't talk to them because you don't know their language. You feel like using your imagination and making up some crime you had done so you could talk about it and compare notes.

"I'll bet Riker's is one of the best schools of crime in the country. Everybody there looks up to the big criminal. Boys of sixteen and seventeen. Even the older men. They sit on your bed at night and tell stories. I never heard such stories. If you're a self-starter they boot you around. You have to fight to make them leave you alone. I had three fights. Then I lined up with another guy because neither of us were criminals and we stood them off together.

"They hate self-starters.

"I have been out of Riker's five days and, if I let my mind relax, and don't keep busy, I still feel my yen. It starts in the calf of my leg and I think how a shot feels and then in my stomach and I remember what a shot used to mean. Now, at night, after a hundred and ten days off the stuff, there is something in the back of my head all the time. Like a feeling that something is missing. Like I ought to have something and can't get it. After a meal I feel it and when it begins to get dark. . . ."

A doctor who came from the west for a cure in New York voluntarily committed himself to Riker's Island for treatment. He offered money for hospital space. He soon found himself on Riker's Island. He said some interesting things about the results obtained there.

"There is no treatment given, no attempt at history taking or classification of cases and no examination of patients. The majority go through terrible suffering and ninety odd out of every hundred go back to their drug immediately on their release, a good many of them while they are still on the island, for there is always more or less smuggling under way. There is no cure. For months after I left I still had the pains in my legs and back, and the other signs, the nervous tension and the weakness. Of course we all gained weight. Anybody knows that has nothing to do with addiction cure. It seems to be during the worst period that you put on weight most rapidly. But the doctors don't seem to realize that. They don't seem to realize much of anything about addiction.

"Many go there with the best intentions in the world thinking they are going to a hospital where they will have real treatment. They are honest people who do not know how to get underworld drugs. Before they have been there long they learn all about it. They go out uncured and they know where to find the pedlers.

"There is a psychological effect, too, on the voluntary case, in being housed with the hardened criminal and treated like a convict. I'm not complaining about this for myself. I felt, though, that a lot of boys who went there wouldn't be much improved. It comes of calling drug addicts criminals, of course. Well, it's bad enough to disappoint them in the matter of cure and to neglect all medical responsibility for them. But it doesn't make things any simpler to send the young ones to a school of crime. And that's what happens. Say what you will, that's just what happens."

The most disastrous of all is the word of the Warden in charge. "They always come back to us. The average is four returns a man before he gets a penitentiary or state prison bit. We do the best we can for them, get them off their drugs and discharge them and in fifteen or twenty days they are back again. They get out in a hundred days, go right back to the same corner where they came from, meet the pedler and get another shot. My big trouble is keeping drugs off the island.

"If I had my way none of them would come back the second time. It's no use. If they would pinch the pedlers instead of the addicts, we wouldn't have so many coming over here."

Thus the police system answers its own philosophy and confesses that dope as a police problem is a blind alley.

Admitting the difficulty is this the best we can do with it? It would seem so at present. The Rockefeller Institute can say in so many words that it is not interested in research on so unimportant a problem as narcotic addiction. So unimportant a problem that a million victims are involved, more than half of whom are innocent of anything but their own unhappiness.

It is a staggering situation. We lump all addicts together as though every case of addiction resembled every other case. We conclude that a withdrawal of the drug supplemented by certain purgative ceremonies will cure all cases. We know by the overwhelming relapses that this is not the truth. And we do nothing more about it. We let it go with three thousand futile arrests to the heroic credit of Doctor Simon and his New York police force.

If a doctor started prescribing castor oil for all broken legs, how long would his practice remain faithful? . . .

This much I have learned in six months investigation of dope—that it behooves us seriously to get past the witch burning stage in our attitude toward the addict of narcotic drugs. It behooves the law to unkink its operations and to exercise some judgment in its restrictions of doctors. It behooves the doctors to get rid of quackery and politics and to get busy on research. . . .

Perhaps we might do away with both "habit" and "addiction." Disease may come later. We can wait for that. In the meanwhile, we shall already have got somewhere if we can clarify our casual terminology. I submit the phrase "Narcotic dependence." It means more, it is as easy to say, and it is far less offensive.

So we can begin to consider the ways out. The present prospect of an intelligent cure humanely conducted and the utopian possibility of limiting the white poppy fields of India and Persia and the Near East.

This series of articles has described the criminal and the human side of drug addiction. In Hearst's International for June Mr. Howard will show how one small American City has solved the problem.

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The Play of the Month—Continued from page 95

The Seventh Heaven

CHICO—Now, why did I do that? Oh, what have I done? Why did I say that?

DIANE—Don't worry, I'll go away.

CHICO—But you can't. They will look up the books—find no records—then they'll come to my address and find I have no wife! Oh, I am ruined! I shall lose the hose! THE HOSE! Oh, Mon Dieu, what have I done? (He weeps and tears his hair) I shall have to have you for a wife! What a CATASTROPHE!

DIANE—Perhaps you could let me stay with you till the police came—to prove to them you had a wife. Then you could dismiss me. I would go away and not trouble you!

CHICO—But how can we explain our marriage is not on the records?

DIANE—We can say we were married in —Italy—or Belgium!

CHICO—That's an idea, that! You have a great head!

DIANE—You have a great heart! (She takes his hand to kiss it)

CHICO—Here, you mustn't do that! (He crosses to Boul who has just come from the Café) Hey, you, wind up your sewing machine.

BOUL—What do you mean, Chico?

CHICO—I mean you're to drive me home, me and my bride!

THREE days later Diane was at home, radiantly happy in her Seventh Heaven, Chico's rooms at the top of six long flights of stairs. Chico triumphantly returned with the marriage license—he had had some difficulty in getting it—and the wedding hour was fixed. At that instant war broke and the mobilization order was posted. Chico must bow to the inevitable and prepare to march at once. There was no time to go to the priest so they took matters into their own hands in accordance with Chico's inspiration:

Chico—I have it! We will marry now —here!

DIANE—Yes. (She points to two medals lying on the table) With these!

CHICO—We will marry ourselves. I am an atheist, but this time I must appeal to something. It's a good idea—this Bon Dieu—if it were only true!

DIANE—How do you know that it isn't?

CHICO—Yes. I'll give him one more test. (He takes her hand in his and they stand facing each other) Monsieur le Bon Dieu, perhaps You are here; perhaps not. Perhaps You give me this wife; perhaps not. But if there is any truth in the Idea of You, please make this a true marriage. (He places the chain with one medal about her neck) I take you, Diane, for my wife.

DIANE—(Picks up the other medal, kisses it and gives it to him) I take you, Chico, for my husband—forever!

CHICO—Now we're married!

DIANE—Yes. (The bands are now heard in the distance)

CHICO—Now I go!

DIANE—I'm—we're not afraid! (She turns to get her shawl)

CHICO—No—no—don't come with me. Don't follow me. Stand still! Don't move. I want to see you last like this. Let me fill my eyes with you. I shall come to you each morning at this hour. Every day you will feel me here with you. Au revoir, Heaven!

DIANE TURNED back into her Seventh Heaven, robbed now of all its joy, bravely determined to bear her burden heroically. At that moment of supreme suffering the door was pushed open and Nana, bearing a whip and her face livid with fury, burst into the room. But Diane no longer cringed. In a sudden storm of rage she tore the whip from her sister's hand and chased her from the room, down the stairs, out of the building and out of the play. During the next four years Diane stuck to her job of stoic endurance. Brissac was not idle. He tried to win her from the poor creature to whom she imagined herself married, but he tried in vain. Chico, apparently had disappeared. There was no word from him, but the faith that was in Diane did not falter. She would not doubt the man she loved, nor would she believe him dead. Then the crushing blow fell, delivered as gently as possible by Brissac: Chico was dead. His orderly had reported the death and Chico's few poor possessions were returned to Diane. Before she had sensed the meaning of this news, there sounded the booming of cannon and Recan, Brissac's aide, accompanied by the priest, entered:

RECAN—My Colonel—they've signed! They've signed!

DIANE—(The priest is telling his beads. Diane, in her fury, turns upon him) What are you doing, you? Praying? To what I'd like to know? Tell me!

BRISSAC—(Taking her in his arms) Diane, my poor girl, I know how you've suffered, but I'll care for you. I love you! I love you!

Diane stood unresisting in his arms and he was tenderly kissing her when Chico entered, joyfully pushing his way through the others, cluttered up in one corner of the room. He was hatless, disheveled and in rags.

CHICO—Diane! DIANE! (Groping for her) Bebè, where are you? (Slowly Diane realized that he was blind. With a great cry she dropped to her knees at his feet and put her arms around him) Ah, cherie, my eyes are still filled with you! It's all true, and I thought the Bon Dieu had failed me. He has not, bébé. At the hospital they thought I was dead. But when I woke up—in Paris—near YOU—snake of snakes, they couldn't hold me! Death? Bah! I've been hit by every shell that's made, but nothing can kill me! I'll NEVER die! And I'll see! They cannot keep ME blind! Because it's all true, cherie—those big thoughts I had were the Bon Dieu, after all. He is within us—now that I am blind, I see that. I tell you, I'm a very remarkable fellow!

[Curtain]

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Dice, Brassknuckles and Guitar

¶ *F. Scott Fitzgerald Holds the Mirror up to Youth—From page 13*

raised his voice. "Hugo," he called, "there's a new student here. Equip her with a pair of Powell's Defensive Brassknuckles—debutante size."

I regret to say that I never saw Jim Powell's famous Jazz School in action nor followed his personally conducted tours into the mysteries of Dice, Brassknuckles and Guitar. So I can give you only such details as were later reported to me by one of his admiring pupils. During all the discussion of it afterwards no one ever denied that it was an enormous success, and no pupil ever regretted having received its degree—Bachelor of Jazz.

THE parents innocently assumed that it was a sort of musical and dancing academy, but its real curriculum was transmitted from Santa Barbara to Biddeford Pool by that underground associated press which links up the so-called younger generation. Invitations to visit Southampton were at a premium—and Southampton generally is almost as dull for young people as Newport.

The Academy branched out with a small but well-groomed Jazz Orchestra.

"If I could keep it dark," Jim confided to Amanthis, "I'd have up Rastus Muldoon's Band from Savannah. That's the band I've always wanted to lead."

He was making money. His charges were not exorbitant—as a rule his pupils were not particularly flush—but he moved from his boarding-house to the Casino Hotel where he took a suite and had Hugo serve him his breakfast in bed.

The establishing of Amanthis as a member of Southampton's younger set was easier than he had expected. Within a week she was known to everyone in the school by her first name. Miss Genevieve Harlan took such a fancy to her that she was invited to a sub-deb dance at the Harlan house—and evidently acquitted herself with tact, for thereafter she was invited to almost every such entertainment in Southampton.

Jim saw less of her than he would have liked. Not that her manner toward him changed—she walked with him often in the mornings, she was always willing to listen to his plans—but after she was taken up by the fashionable her evenings seemed to be monopolized. Several times Jim arrived at her boarding-house to find her out of breath as if she had just come in at a run, presumably from some festivity in which he had no share.

So as the summer waned he found that one thing was lacking to complete the triumph of his enterprise. Despite the hospitality shown to Amanthis, the doors of Southampton were closed to him. Polite to, or rather, fascinated by him as his pupils were from three to five, after that hour they moved in another world.

His was the position of a golf professional who, though he may fraternize, and even command, on the links, loses his privileges with the sun-down. He may look in the club window but he cannot dance. And, likewise, it was not given to Jim to see his teachings put into effect. He could hear the gossip of the morning after—that was all.

But while the golf professional, being English, holds himself proudly below his patrons, Jim Powell, who "came from a right good family down there—pore though," lay awake many nights in his hotel bed and heard the music drifting into his window from the Katzby's house or the Beach Club, and turned over restlessly and wondered what was the matter. In the early days of his success he had bought himself a dress-suit, thinking that he would soon have a chance to wear it—but it still lay untouched in the box in which it had come from the tailor's.

Perhaps, he thought, there was some real gap which separated him from the rest. It worried him. One boy in particular, Martin Van Vleck, son of Van Vleck the ash-can King, made him conscious of the gap. Van Vleck was twenty-one, a tutoring-school product who still hoped to enter Yale. Several times Jim had heard him make remarks not intended for Jim's ear—once in regard to the suit with multiple buttons, again in reference to Jim's long, pointed shoes. Jim had passed these over.

He knew that Van Vleck was attending the school chiefly to monopolize the time of little Martha Katzby, who was just sixteen and too young to have attention of a boy of twenty-one—especially the attention of Van Vleck, who was so spiritually exhausted by his educational failures that he drew on the rather exhaustible innocence of sixteen.

IT WAS late in September, two days before the Harlan dance which was to be the last and biggest of the season for this younger crowd. Jim, as usual, was not invited. He had hoped that he would be. The two young Harlans, Ronald and Genevieve, had been his first patrons when he arrived at Southampton—and it was Genevieve who had taken such a fancy to Amanthis. To have been at their dance—the most magnificent dance of all—would have crowned and justified the success of the waning summer.

His class, gathering for the afternoon, was loudly anticipating the next day's revel with no more thought of him than if he had been the family butler. Hugo, standing beside Jim, chuckled suddenly and remarked:

"Look yonder that man Van Vleck. He paralyzed. He been havin' powerful lotta corn this evenin'."

Jim turned and stared at Van Vleck who had linked arms with little Martha Katzby and was saying something to her in a low voice. Jim saw her try to draw away.

He put his whistle to his mouth and blew it.

"All right," he cried, "Le's go! Group one tossin' the drumstick, high an' zig-zag, group two, test your mouth organs for the Riverboat Shuffle. Promise 'em sugar! Flatfoots this way! Orchestra—let's have



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the Florida Drag-Out played as a dirge."

There was an unaccustomed sharpness in his voice and the exercises began with a mutter of facetious protest.

With his smoldering grievance directing itself toward Van Vleck, Jim was walking here and there among the groups when Hugo tapped him suddenly on the arm. He looked around. Two participants had withdrawn from the mouth organ institute—one of them was Van Vleck and he was giving a drink out of his flask to fifteen-year-old Ronald Harlan.

Jim strode across the room. Van Vleck turned defiantly as he came up.

"ALL RIGHT," said Jim, trembling with anger, "you know the rules. You get out!"

The music died slowly away and there was a sudden drifting over in the direction of the trouble. Somebody snickered. An atmosphere of anticipation formed instantly. Despite the fact that they all liked Jim their sympathies were divided—Van Vleck was one of them.

"Get out!" repeated Jim, more quietly.

"Are you talking to me?" inquired Van Vleck coldly.

"Yes."

"Then you better say, sir."

"I wouldn't say, sir, to anybody that'd give a little boy whisky! You get out!"

"Look here!" said Van Vleck furiously. "You've butted in once too much. I've known Ronald since he was two years old. Ask *him* if he wants *you* to tell him what he can do!"

Ronald Harlan, his dignity offended, grew several years older and looked haughtily at Jim.

"Mind your own business!" he said defiantly, albeit a little guiltily.

"Hear that?" demanded Van Vleck. "My God, can't you see you're just a servant? Ronald here'd no more think of asking you to his party than he would his bootlegger."

"Youbettergetout!" cried Jim incoherently.

Van Vleck did not move. Reaching out suddenly Jim caught his wrist and jerking it behind his back forced his arm upward until Van Vleck bent forward in agony. Jim leaned and picked the flask from the floor with his free hand. Then he signed Hugo to open the hall-door, uttered an abrupt "You *step!*" and marched his helpless captive out into the hall where he literally *threw* him downstairs, head over heels bumping from wall to banister, and hurled his flask after him.

Then he reëntered his academy, closed the door behind him and stood with his back against it.

"It—it happens to be a rule that nobody drinks while in this Academy." He paused, looking from face to face, finding there sympathy, awe, disapproval, conflicting emotions. They stirred uneasily. He caught Amanthis's eye, fancied he saw a faint nod of encouragement and, with almost an effort, went on:

"I just *had* to throw that fella out an' you-all know it." Then he concluded with a transparent affectation of dismissing an unimportant matter—— "All right, let's go! Orchestra——!"

But no one felt exactly like going on. The spontaneity of the proceedings had been violently disturbed. Someone made a run or two on the sliding guitar and several of the girls began whamming at the leer on the punching bags, but Ronald Harlan, followed by two other boys got their hats and went silently out the door.

Jim and Hugo moved among the groups as usual until a certain measure of routine activity was restored but the enthusiasm was unrecapturable and Jim, shaken and discouraged, considered discontinuing school for the day. But he dared not. If they went home in this mood they might not come back. The whole thing depended on a mood. He must recreate it, he thought frantically—now, at once!

But try as he might, there was little response. He himself was not happy—he could communicate no gaiety to them. They watched his efforts listlessly and, he thought, a little contemptuously.

Then the tension snapped when the door burst suddenly open, precipitating a brace of middle-aged and excited women into the room. No person over twenty-one had ever entered the Academy before—but Van Vleck had gone direct to headquarters. The women were Mrs. Clifton Garneau and Mrs. Poindexter Katzby, two of the most fashionable and, at present, two of the most flurried women in Southampton. They were in search of their daughters as, in these days, so many women continually are.

THE business was over in about three minutes.

"And as for you!" cried Mrs. Clifton Garneau in an awful voice, "your idea is to run a bar and—and *opium* den for children! You ghastly, horrible, unspeakable man! I can smell morphin fumes! Don't tell me I can't smell morphin fumes. I can smell morphin fumes!"

"And," bellowed Mrs. Poindexter Katzby, "you have colored men around! You have colored girls hidden! I'm going to the police!"

Not content with herding their own daughters from the room they insisted on the exodus of their friends' daughters. Jim was not a little touched when several of them—including even little Martha Katzby, before she was snatched fiercely away by her mother—came up and shook hands with him. But they were all going, haughtily, regretfully or with shamefaced mutters of apology.

"Good-by," he told them wistfully. "In the morning I'll send you the money that's due you."

And, after all, they were not sorry to go. Outside, the sound of their starting motors, the triumphant put-put of their cut-outs cutting the warm September air, was a jubilant sound—a sound of youth and hopes high as the sun. Down to the ocean, to roll in the waves and forget—forget him and their discomfort at his humiliation.

They were gone—he was alone with Hugo in the room. He sat down suddenly with his face in his hands.

"Hugo," he said huskily. "They don't want us up here."

"Don't you care," said a voice.

He looked up to see Amanthis standing beside him.

"You better go with them," he told her. "You better not be seen here with me."

"Why?"

"Because you're in society now and I'm no better to those people than a servant. You're in society—I fixed that up. You better go or they won't invite you to any of their dances."

"They won't anyhow, Jim," she said gently. "They didn't invite me to the one tomorrow night."

He looked up indignantly.

"They *did*n't?"

She shook her head.

"I'll *make* 'em!" he said wildly, "I'll tell 'em they got to. I'll—I'll——"

She came close to him with shining eyes.

"Don't you mind, Jim," she soothed him. "Don't you mind. They don't matter. We'll have a party of our own tomorrow—just you and I."

"I come from right good folks," he said, defiantly. "Pore though."

She laid her hand softly on his shoulder.

"I understand. You're better than all of them put together, Jim."

He got up and went to the window and stared out mournfully into the late afternoon.

"I reckon I should have let you sleep in that hammock."

She laughed.

"I'm awfully glad you didn't."

He turned and faced the room, and his face was dark.

"Sweep up and lock up, Hugo," he said, his voice trembling. "The summer's over and we're going down home."

Autumn had come early. Jim Powell woke next morning to find his room cool, and the phenomenon of frosted breath in September absorbed him for a moment to the exclusion of the day before. Then the lines of his face drooped with unhappiness as he remembered the humiliation which had washed the cheery glitter from the summer. There was nothing left for him except to go back where he was known, where under no provocation were such things said to white people as had been said to him here.

After breakfast a measure of his customary light-heartedness returned. He was a child of the South—brooding was alien to his nature. He could conjure up an injury only a certain number of times before it faded into the great vacancy of the past.

BUT when, from force of habit he strolled over to his defunct establishment, already as obsolete as Snorkey's late sanitarium, melancholy again dwelt in his heart. Hugo was there, a specter of despair, deep in the lugubrious blues amidst his master's broken hopes.

Usually a few words from Jim were enough to raise him to an inarticulate ecstasy but this morning there were no words to utter. For two months Hugo had lived on a pinnacle of which he had never dreamed. He had enjoyed his work simply and passionately, arriving before school hours and lingering long after Mr. Powell's pupils had gone.

The day dragged toward a not too promising night. Amanthis did not appear and Jim wondered forlornly if she had not changed her mind about dining with him that night. Perhaps it would be better if she were not seen with them. But then, he reflected dismally, no one would see them anyhow—everybody was going to the big dance at the Harlans' house.

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When twilight threw unbearable shadows into the school hall he locked it up for the last time, took down the sign "James Powell, J. M., Dice, Brassknuckles and Guitar," and went back to his hotel. Looking over his scrawled accounts he saw that there was another month's rent to pay on his school and some bills for windows broken and new equipment that had hardly been used. Jim had lived in state, and he realized that financially he would have nothing to show for the summer after all.

When he had finished he took his new dress-suit out of its box and inspected it, running his hand over the satin of the lapels and lining. This, at least he owned and perhaps in Tarleton somebody would ask him to a party where he could wear it.

"Shucks!" he said scoffingly. "It was just a no account old academy, anyhow. Some of those boys round the garage down home could of beat it all hollow."

Whistling *Jeanne of Jelly-bean Town* to a not dispirited rhythm Jim encased himself in his first dress-suit and walked downtown.

"Orchids," he said to the clerk. He surveyed his purchase with some pride. He knew that no girl at the Harlan dance would wear anything lovelier than these exotic blossoms that leaned languorously backward against green ferns.

In a taxi-cab, carefully selected to look like a private car, he drove to Amanthis's boarding-house. She came down wearing a rose-colored evening dress into which the orchids melted like colors into a sunset.

"I reckon we'll go to the Casino Hotel," he suggested, "unless you got some other place——"

At their table, looking out over the dark ocean, his mood became a contented sadness. The windows were shut against the cool but the orchestra played *Kalula* and *South Sea Moon* and for awhile, with her young loveliness opposite him, he felt himself to be a romantic participant in the life around him. They did not dance, and he was glad—it would have reminded him of that other brighter and more radiant dance to which they could not go.

After dinner they took a taxi and followed the sandy roads for an hour, glimpsing the now starry ocean through the casual trees.

"I want to thank you," she said, "for all you've done for me, Jim."

"That's all right—we Powells ought to stick together."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to Tarleton tomorrow."

"I'm sorry," she said softly. "Are you going to drive down?"

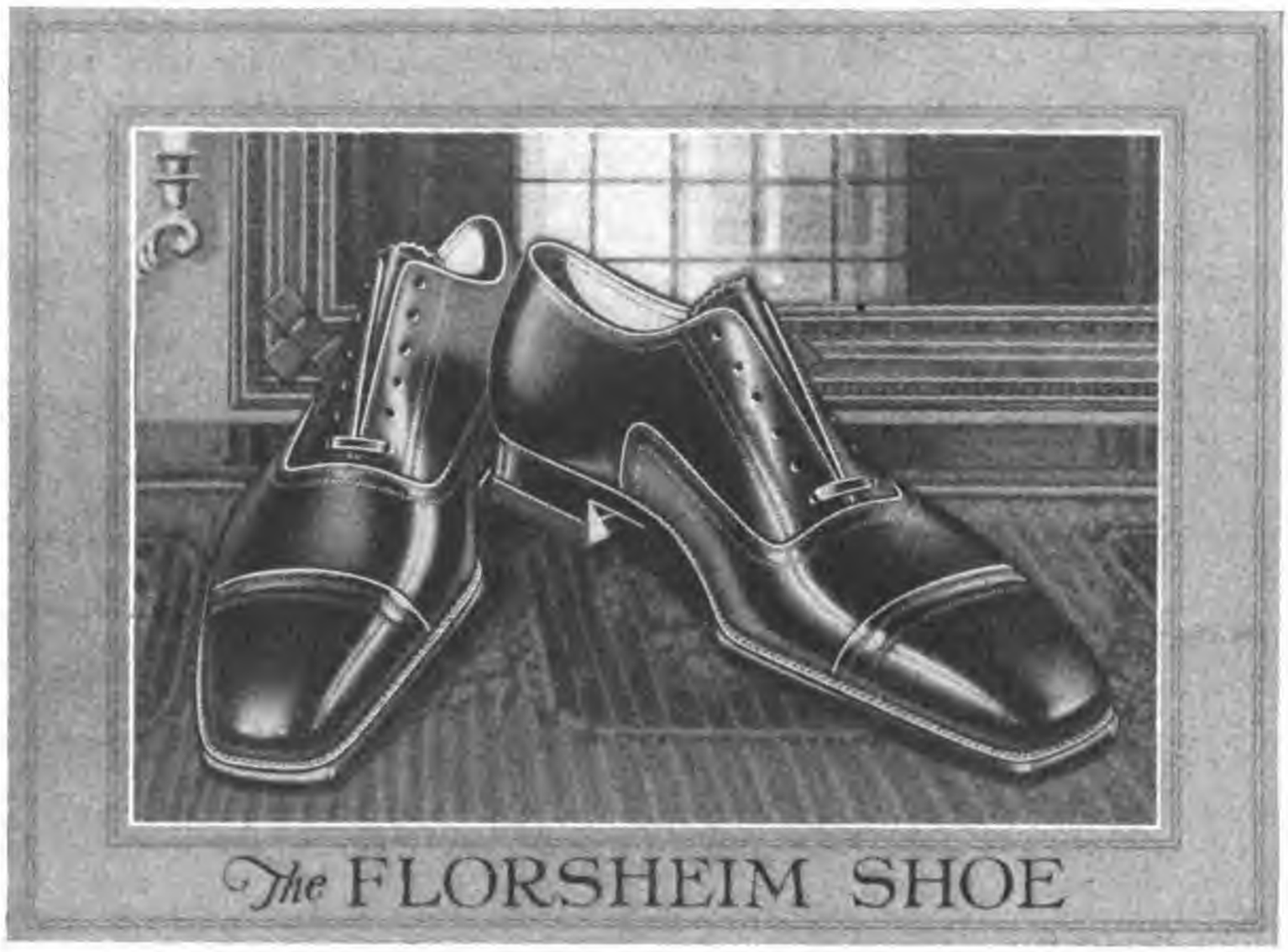
"I got to. I got to get the car south because I couldn't get what she was worth by sellin' it. You don't suppose anybody's stole my car out of your barn?" he asked in sudden alarm.

She repressed a smile.

"No."

"I'm sorry about this—about you," he went on huskily, "and—and I would like to have gone to just one of their dances. You shouldn't of stayed with me yesterday. Maybe it kept 'em from asking you."

"Jim," she suggested eagerly, "let's go and stand outside and listen to their old music. We don't care."



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"They'll be coming out," he objected.

"No, it's too cold. Besides there's nothing they could do to you any more than they *have* done."

She gave the chauffeur a direction and a few minutes later they stopped in front of the heavy Georgian beauty of the Madison Harlan house whence the windows cast their gaiety in bright patches on the lawn. There was laughter inside and the plaintive wind of fashionable horns, and now and again the slow, mysterious shuffle of dancing feet.

"Let's go up close," whispered Amanthis in an ecstatic trance, "I want to hear."

They walked toward the house, keeping in the shadow of the great trees. Jim proceeded with awe—suddenly he stopped and seized Amanthis's arm.

"Man!" he cried in an excited whisper. "Do you know what that is?"

"A night watchman?" Amanthis cast a startled look around.

"It's Rastus Muldoon's Band from Savannah! Boy! I heard 'em once, an I *know*. It's Rastus Muldoon's Band!"

THEY moved closer till they could see first pompadours, then slicked male heads, and high coiffures and finally even bobbed hair pressed under black ties. They could distinguish chatter below the ceaseless laughter. Two figures appeared on the porch, gulped something quickly from flasks and returned inside. But the music had bewitched Jim Powell. His eyes were fixed and he moved his feet like a blind man.

Pressed in close behind some dark bushes they listened. The number ended. A breeze from the ocean blew over them and Jim shivered slightly. Then, in a wistful whisper:

"I've always wanted to lead that band. Just once." His voice grew listless. "Come on. Let's go. I reckon I don't belong around here."

He held out his arm to her but instead of taking it she stepped suddenly out of the bushes and into a bright patch of light.

"Come on, Jim," she said startlingly, "Let's go inside."

"What——?"

She seized his arm and though he drew back in a sort of stupefied horror at her boldness she urged him persistently toward the great front door.

"Watch out!" he gasped. "Somebody's coming out of that house and see us."

"No, Jim," she said firmly, "Nobody's coming out of that house—but two people are going in."

"Why?" he demanded wildly, standing in full glare of the porte-cochére lamps. "Why?"

"Why?" she mocked him, "Why, just because this dance happens to be given for me."

He thought she was mad.

"Come home before they see us," he begged her.

The great doors swung open and a gentleman stepped out on the porch. In horror Jim recognized Mr. Madison Harlan. He made a movement as though to break away and run. But the man walked down the steps holding out both hands to Amanthis.

"Hello at last," he cried "Where on earth have you two been? Cousin Amanthis——" He kissed her, and turned cordially to Jim. "And for you, Mr. Powell," he went on, "to make up for being late you've got to promise that for just one number you're going to lead that band."

New Jersey was warm, all except the part that was under water, and that mattered only to the fishes. All the tourists who rode through the long green miles stopped their cars in front of a spreading old-fashioned country house and looked at the red swing on the lawn and the wide, shady porch, and sighed and drove on—swerving a little to avoid a jet-black body-servant in the road. The body-servant was applying a hammer and nails to a decayed flivver which flaunted from its rear the legend, "Tarleton, Ga."

A girl with yellow hair and a warm color to her face was lying in the hammock looking as though she could fall asleep any moment. Near her sat a gentleman in an extraordinarily tight suit. They had come down together the day before from the fashionable resort at Southampton.

"When you first appeared," she was explaining, "I never thought I'd see you again so I made that up about the barber and all. As a matter of fact I've been around quite a bit—with or without brass-knuckles. I'm coming out this autumn."

"I reckon I had a lot to learn," said Jim.

"And you see," went on Amanthis, looking at him rather anxiously, "I'd been invited up to Southampton to visit my cousins—and when you said you were going, I wanted to see what you'd do. I always slept at the Harlan's but I kept a room at the boarding-house so you wouldn't know. The reason I didn't get there on the right train was because I had to come early and warn a lot of people to pretend not to know me."

Jim got up, nodding his head in comprehension.

"I reckon I and Hugo had better be movin' along. We got to make Baltimore by night."

"That's a long way."

"I want to sleep south tonight," he said simply.

TOGETHER they walked down the path and past the idiotic statue of Diana on the lawn.

"You see," added Amanthis gently, "you don't have to be rich up here in order to—to go around, any more than you do in Georgia——" She broke off abruptly, "Won't you come back next year and start another Academy?"

"No mamm, not me. That Mr. Harlan told me I could go on with the one I had but I told him no."

"Haven't you——didn't you make money."

"No, mamm," he answered. "I got enough of my own income to just get me home. I didn't have my principal along. One time I was way ahead but I was livin' high and there was my rent an' apparatus and those musicians. Besides, there at the end I had to pay back what they'd advanced me for their lessons."

"You shouldn't have done that!" cried Amanthis indignantly.

"They didn't want me to, but I told 'em they'd have to take it."

He didn't consider it necessary to mention that Mr. Harlan had tried to present him with a check.

They reached the automobile just as

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Hugo drove in his last nail. Jim opened a pocket of the door and took from it an unlabeled bottle containing a whitish-yellow liquid.

"I intended to get you a present," he told her awkwardly, "But my money got away before I could, so I thought I'd send you something from Georgia. This here's just a personal remembrance. It won't do for you to drink but maybe after you come out into society you might want to show some of those young fellas what good old corn tastes like."

She took the bottle.

"Thank you, Jim."

"That's all right." He turned to Hugo. "I reckon we'll go along now. Give the lady the hammer."

"Oh, you can have the hammer," said Amanthis tearfully. "Oh, won't you promise to come back?"

"Someday—maybe."

He looked for a moment at her yellow hair and her blue eyes misty with sleep and tears. Then he got into his car and as his foot found the clutch his whole manner underwent a change.

"I'll say good-by mamm," he announced with impressive dignity, "we're goin' south for the winter."

The gesture of his straw hat indicated Palm Beach, St. Augustine, Miami. His body-servant spun the crank, gained his seat and became part of the intense vibration into which the automobile was thrown.

"South for the winter," repeated Jim, and then he added softly, "You're the prettiest girl I ever knew. You go back up there and lie down in that hammock and sleep—sle-eep——"

It was almost a lullaby, as he said it. He bowed to her, magnificently, profoundly, including the whole North in the splendor of his obeisance——

Then they were gone down the road in quite a preposterous cloud of dust. Just before they reached the first bend Amanthis saw them come to a full stop, dismount and shove the top part of the car on to the bottom part. They took their seats again without looking around. Then the bend—and they were out of sight, leaving only a faint brown mist to show that they had passed.

Jews in American Colleges

[*Continued from page 39*]

There is a difference, but it is human and excellent. No charge can stand that Jews are not loyal to the United States. They are loyal in peace and loyal in war. The records show it, and can be produced. If percentages are the test, their percentages in difficult and dangerous public service outrun their numbers in the general population.

The best of them wish to be good Americans and at the same time to remain good Jews. It is this steadfast loyalty to a past, so often misunderstood, that makes them seem diverse in the eyes of those whose conception of Americanism is rigid, narrow and one-sided.

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"I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
That prisoners call the sky."
—*The Ballad of Reading Gaol*

FREE-"The Story of Oscar Wilde"

This fascinating brochure gives some idea of Wilde's sensational career; it contains "the most pathetic confession in all literature." Read, below, why it is being distributed free.

"I FEAR I am dying as I lived, beyond my means," said Oscar Wilde, before he passed away. It was his last *bon mot*, so many of which have become famous and it was characteristic of his irrepressible good humor. He died with his name under a cloud, but not before he had written *De Profundis*, "a work that has no counterpart in English literature"; *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, which critics acclaim as the greatest ballad in the English language; *The Importance of Being Earnest*, which dramatists themselves assert is the wittiest of all English comedies; *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, a haunting novel, translated into seventeen languages; not before he had spun, for adults as well as children, some of the tenderest fairy tales written in all the ages. Never was there such a variegated genius as Oscar Wilde, and certainly never in the history of literature a more sensational career.

Wilde's case is parallel with that of Poe, DeMaupassant, Rousseau, Coleridge, Dequincey, and many other great masters who lived within the shadows, but whose work is immortal. Since his death, there has been an unceasing and *ever-increasing* demand for his complete works.

A new edition of Wilde is in process that possesses two very unusual features. One is the distinguished company of famous men who have contributed introductions. To list their names is enough. They are: Richard Le Gallienne, Padraic Colum, John Drinkwater, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Richard Butler Glaenzer, Coulson Kernahan, Michael Monahan, W. F. Morse, Walter Pater, John Cowper Powys, Edgar Saltus, Clifford Smyth, Arthur Symons, A. B. Walkley, and William Butler Yeats.

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many points. Their brilliance is dramatized, when to one who lives in a large West Side colony of them what is impressive is their quality of massive mediocrity and domesticity.

Their radicalism is emphasized. And yet in a club of 300, with which I was long familiar, there was one lonely socialist. In short, they are so much like the rest of the human race that if we did not let our imagination flare we should have no material for world conspiracies. They have men of distinction. So have the Scots. They have revolutionaries. So have the Irish.

One thing is certain. From centuries of hurt, they are amazingly sensitive. To criticism they flame back with nationalism. To discrimination they reply with separatism. Of that sensitiveness of theirs when added to the sensitiveness of the artist, no one has written more accurately than Ludwig Lewisohn in a letter to me in which he says:

> "On the insanely intricate subject of the precise psychology of Jewish social isolation and non-intermarriage, reject any explanation that is not maddeningly intricate—wheels within wheels within wheels: yearning for the Gentile, both spiritual and physical, inhibited by a terror of non-responsiveness, the strangest, most unbelievable blending of humility and pride, disappointed love masking itself as hatred, surrendering dreams and visions for fear of a slight; a sensitiveness on this point so wounded into morbid vigilance as to render practically impossible in many cases any sane rapprochement. And often in these very cases the secret desire for it is most burning. Remember the ages. The thing is in blood and nerves."

Will the large blocs of Jews be permitted to live in peace, or will they be ordered to lose themselves in the mixed blood of the nation? They have always struggled and swung between the isolation of race purity and the assimilation of race disappearance. The old American answer was intermarriage, and by that path we made the "Anglo-Celtic-Germanic-Scandinavian stock." But the will-to-persist of the Jews is not going to die overnight. The idea of democracy must expand enough to include them.

Let the American colleges teach a philosophy of assimilation and make the deliberate effort to understand diversity. The percentage of toleration will rise like the mercury in genial spring. There is an ideal for Harvard. Differences are adventurous and challenging: they make the human story.

When I was a boy of ten, I had a friend named Lowenthal. One day as we were "fooling" after hours in the school-room, I called him "Sheeny." He stopped his playing, and sat very quiet. I tried to go on as if nothing had happened, but his silence made me look at him. His eyes were filled with tears. He was not excited nor angry, only hurt to the heart with the lonesome hurt of a child. So I lost him. But because of him, I have gained other friends of his race.

Next month there will be an article by Frazier Hunt, showing the terrible plight in which Jewish Students in Central Europe find themselves. See Hearst's International for June.

What to Do About Coal

Henry Ford Tackles a Big Problem—From page 99

prices, coal is the highest commodity on the face of the earth.

What is the remedy? The remedy is for the people to become concerned in an intelligent, constructive way. Grumbling does no good. Nor does it do any good to elect public officials who do not interfere with the robbery.

We shall never get anywhere until we place the coal business on a proper basis and take it out of the hands of the banking group who use it as a means of exploitation. It is the people themselves who are to blame. They do not pay enough attention to the job of self-government. Part of the job of governing oneself is to provide conditions that will enable him to get a sufficient amount of coal at a fair price. Until we are doing at least that it cannot be truthfully said that we are governing ourselves. If we are equal to the task of self-government, it is high time that we began to show it.

One of the greatest evils is corporate indebtedness. Just as soon as a corporation bond is issued, somebody begins to consume without producing anything. The banking interests that control the railroads and other great corporations have issued so many bonds and other forms of indebtedness that a tremendous burden is imposed upon those who work.

Corporate debts always mean one or both of two things—bad management or a method of enabling drawers of interest to live without working, or both of these things. The Ford interests are fairly large, yet we have not a dollar of debt. We do not require our customers to pay a price that represents a penny of interest paid to anybody.

A bad manager should not be permitted to remain in business—nor should one whose chief consideration is to exploit the public whose real duty it is to serve. A bad manager involves a train of evils that the public cannot afford to bear. A bad manager cannot pay good wages because his lack of ability wastes labor and materials. Poor wages mean starved lives, unhappiness and often sickness for innocent victims. It is just as hard to work for a bad manager as it is for a good one—in fact, it is harder. A man who does faithful, intelligent work should not be made to suffer because those who are at the head of the business of which he is an employe do not know their business. Bad management causes, but is no excuse for corporate debts, poor wages and so forth. And so far as the mere exploiter is concerned, who issues bonds and pays poor wages, there should be no place for him in any community.

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Albert Payson Terhune Presents—From page 85—

A Bag of Tricks

this time it's *I* who am going to stampede into the boss's office, without his sending for me. I've got big news for him."

Anian & Rosel was a cautious firm. In this instance, caution seemed needless. But a great sum of money was likely to be involved. Wherefore the looking up of the facsimile signature and the questioning of Barry as to the speed wherewith it and the rest of the check (in precisely the same handwriting) had been filled in. Wherefore, too, a surreptitious telephoning to the manager of the St. Croesus.

The hotel manager said that this was Mr. Mansur's first visit to the hotel; but that he had engaged the suite by telegraph, from Denver. The cashier of the Harriman Bank was next telephoned to. The cashier said that Mr. Mansur had an amount of money on deposit there; that he himself had personally seen the Denverite several times, though not on his present visit to New York. He described Mansur as big and jolly and blond, with light eyes and a high forehead. The description tallied with that of Rourke's customer. And the whole process of identification was deemed perfect.

At ten minutes before two, Barry Rourke, carrying a padlocked black bag, sent up his name to the Mansur suite at the St. Croesus. Close beside him stood Fingal, the firm's staunchest messenger; an automatic pistol in each of his two coat pockets. For, though Rourke had made the short trip from store to hotel in a taxicab, it seemed wise to have a second guard for the jewelry.

Word came, asking Mr. Rourke to come up at once to the suite. Fingal accompanied him to the door of it; nor departed until Mansur in person had answered Barry's knock. Then, alone and jubilant, Rourke bore his black bag into the presence of his exalted customers.

INTO the suite's pretty drawing-room, Mansur ushered his guest. A bedroom opened out from either side; connecting with it by short passageways. The door leading to one sunlit bedroom stood wide open. The door leading to the other bedroom was but slightly ajar; and the room beyond was darkened. In there, reflected Barry, must be lying the old lady with the stomach trouble.

At a desk in the drawing-room a woman was sitting, busily writing letters. Her back was to Rourke as he came in; nor did she trouble to glance up, until Mansur said gaily to her:

"Finish your letter some other time, sweetheart. Here's all the wealth of Ind, waiting for you to say you'll take it. Come take a look."

Unwillingly, the woman got up and turned to face the newcomer. Her back was to the glare from the window. Rourke could not get a good look at her face. She nodded with a certain indifferent haughtiness to the newcomer, as Mansur said:

"Little woman, this is the boy who helped me choose these dandy things for you. And he is going to make you like them, whether you want to or not. Mr. Rourke, meet my wife. Now, then, let's take a look at all the tricks in that black bag you're grabbing so tight."

The woman had resumed her seat, as Mansur talked. Her manner was of complete indifference.

The big man frowned. Evidently he was hurt at her lack of interest. Then, with an apologetic smile to Barry, he crossed to the table on which Rourke had just set the black bag. Barry was fumbling with the padlock's key, preparatory to unlocking the satchel. Playfully taking the key from the salesman, Mansur as playfully tossed it into his wife's lap.

"There you are dearie!" he announced. "There's the key to the treasure. Open it, yourself. It'll be like digging into a Christmas stocking."

"I asked you not to get them," said the woman, sullenly. "You know well enough I've more jewelry than I can ever wear."

CARELESSLY, she fingered the key her husband had tossed to her. Mansur looked like a child whose hand has been spatted. Perhaps the sight of his chagrin touched her. For, in a less repelling voice, she went on:

"Mother may be amused at looking them over. She may even take a fancy to some of them. I'll carry them in to her. Perhaps it'll make her forget to groan every five seconds."

Indeed, several times, from the darkened bedchamber, had issued muffled sighs and one or two moans as of pain. As she spoke, Mrs. Mansur got lazily to her feet again and came over to the table where stood the black bag. She reached out one beringed white hand for it; to carry it into the sick room.

But her finger had scarce closed around the bag's handle, when Barry Rourke came out of a brief stupor of bewilderment. He also gripped the handle and strove with all his might to wrench it away from her.

With unexpected strength and access of vigor, Mrs. Mansur seized the steel-lined satchel with both hands, fiercely resisting his effort to deprive her of it. Her red lips parted, as for furious speech. Mansur, too, strode forward, with an exclamation of amazement.

But before Mansur could reach the two, and before the woman's first word of expostulation or of rebuke could be uttered, Barry made the second move in his dumbfounding new tactics.

Still grasping the disputed bag-strap with his right hand, he shot his left fist forward, with dull force and with all his scientific skill. His fist caught the unprepared woman on the jaw-point.

She released her frantic double grip of the satchel; and slumped heavily to the floor. As she fell, her head struck against the table-corner.

The loose-piled masses of brown hair came away; revealing beneath them a head as bald as Mont Blanc's. By that same vanishing of hirsute magic, the stunned woman was no longer a woman,



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nor tall. Instead, she was a somewhat undersized man, hairless except for a non-descript fringe at ears and nape of neck; thickly rouged and powdered; and of small but distinctly masculine features.

The pseudo-wife was to have taken the bag into the darkened bedroom, to her pseudo-mother. The latter—Mansur's own wife—was to have objected, loudly and querulously, to being disturbed. Then the pseudo-wife was to have begun a long and soothing harangue; seeking to coax the old woman into consenting to look at the bag's contents. At the first word of this monologue, the invalid was to have taken the bag and let herself noiselessly out into the corridor; the room's outer door having been greased to silence.

THENCE, she was to have made her way openly to the adjacent elevator—being already hatted and coated—and to have departed from the hotel with the plunder, while the supposed wife was still cajoling her into looking at the satchel's treasure. Then with an artistic catch of alarm in her contralto voice, the "wife" was to have called back to Mansur.

"Come here a minute! Quick! I'm afraid she's fainted."

Mansur was to have rushed into the darkened room, talkingly loudly and excitedly. Whereat, the connecting door was to have swung nearly shut. His entrance into the bedroom was to have been the signal for the "wife" to follow the first accomplice to the elevator shaft; having, as she talked, slipped out of her negligee and wig and into a waiting suit of men's clothes. Mansur was to have rushed back, distractedly, to the drawing-room, entreating Barry to telephone at once to a purely fictitious number, for a physician.

While Rourke was doing so, Mansur was to rush back into the bedroom and thence silently out into the hall and down the service stairway, next it, to the floor below. On the way, certain deft changes in appearance were to make it safe for him to take the elevator, boldly, from that floor. All this, in the time it should take tender-hearted Barry to telephone the supposed doctor and to learn by degrees that he had been hoaxed.

Three minutes start, at most, was all Mansur desired. The getaway had been planned for in every detail, from the boarding of the elevator to the final safe meeting place with his two assistants.

The big Mansur was never at a loss. He did not know how Barry had discovered the hoax. Nor did it matter. The game of diplomacy was up. Either he must get the bag and make his escape; or else the venture would not only turn out a failure, but he and his confederates stood a bright chance of prison. Rourke must be got rid of; and the bag regained. There could be no gunplay in so crowded a hotel. Brute strength alone must suffice; and with as little racket and as much speed as might be.

"Run for it, Min!" he called into the darkened room.

Than he launched himself upon Barry; almost as soon as the baldheaded man's body struck the floor.

Rourke was staring, goggle-eyed, at the miracle of a brown-haired woman changing into a hairless man. The instant of delay gave Mansur time to snatch a metal water-carafe from the table and to strike. Straight for the base of the brain he smote. Such a blow, heavily struck, tends to long incapacity on the part of its victim.

To nearly every trained boxer there is given a queer sixth sense which warns him of his opponent's next move, even if not always in time to block it. And this sixth sense came now to the aid of Barry Rourke; or else he heard subconsciously the forward leap of his assailant.

He wheeled, just in time to avoid the blow on his brainbase. Deflected, the heavy carafe smote him glancingly on the right elbow, numbing for a second his whole arm, from biceps to fingertips.

From his paralyzed fingers the black bag clanked to the floor. Mansur, lurching past him, made a football dive for it. Barry, with a lucky kick, sent the heavy satchel rolling far out of the big man's clawing reach.

Together, the two rushed for it. Barry's outstretched left hand closed upon its strap a fraction of a second ahead of Mansur's. But it was Mansur who recovered himself the sooner, for this reason. And Barry, seeking to rise from his stooping posture, found himself garroted from behind by two huge and powerful arms.

Backward his head was jerked, in resistless pressure; while Mansur's knee drove obliquely into the small of Rourke's back. This is an excellent method for breaking an adversary's neck. And, had Mansur's free foot been more securely braced, it must have served its desired turn.

But the big man had secured his hold with awkward haste and before getting set for such a balance-needed stunt. Thus, while the knee-jolt at the small of Barry's back was agonizing, it was not demolishing; nor was it synchronous with the climax of throat pressure, as such punishment must be in order to gain full efficiency.

Strangling, jarred to the spinal cord, Barry yet was able to swing the heavy bag in air, backward over his shoulder in the direction of his foe's head. To the center of Mansur's face crashed the satchel, with the force of a mammoth blackjack.

Half-blinded, half-dazed, the big man loosed his hold and staggered back. Before he could regain his balance, Rourke was upon him.

BARRY'S numbed right arm was beginning to tingle agonizingly. He disregarded the pain of it; knowing the tingle meant its paralyzed powers were returning. Still using the satchel as a club, he smote ferociously at Mansur's head. Mansur sought to dodge. The bag's force was halved by this move; but it struck him hard enough to make him reel backward.

Again Rourke smote. This time, Mansur ducked lower and quicker and ran in under the blow, which landed harmlessly on his hip. In he ran, and caught Rourke around the body, seeking by this leverage to hurl the lighter man over his head.

Then, for the first time in his athletic career, Barry made use of a foul. It had been described to him by his old gym instructor as a street-fight ruse. In those walks of life it is known as "kneeing." For his own safety Barry would never have thought to use such a maneuver. But he was not fighting for himself. He was fighting for many thousand dollars'

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worth of his employer's property—property entrusted to his care and wellnigh lost through his gullibility.

As Mansur, head down, caught him about the middle, Rourke's doubled right knee shot upward. It landed on Mansur's face, in approximately the same general territory recently covered by the swat of the bag; and with even sharper force.

Back reeled Mansur, grogging and blinking. After him sprang Barry, hurdling the body of the baldheaded man, as he went. In midair, he felt himself jerked sideways. Against the table-edge he crashed; clinging to that swaying surface to avoid pitching headlong.

THE baldheaded man had recovered so far from the knockout punch to the jaw as to reach up and grasp one of Rourke's flying ankles. Now, as Barry regained his balance, the baldheaded man was scrambling to his feet; and, in the same set of gestures, was hauling from an inner pocket an efficient looking knife.

Mansur, too, was coming on again, encouraged apparently by his confederate's reëntrance into the fray.

Still clinging to the bag, Rourke vaulted the wide table, giving it a shove toward his pursuers; and sprang back against the wall, close beside the telephone. Knocking the receiver from its hook he awaited the double onset of his foes.

They came on, in silent swiftness; approaching him from different sides. It was well planned.

"Robbers in here!" bawled Rourke, into the transmitter.

Then he jumped to the nearest corner of the room; hoping the hotel operator had noted the signal of the knocked-down receiver in time to get his shouted words.

Mansur gave a mumbled command to the baldheaded man, who advanced on Barry, knife poised. Mansur himself ran to the telephone.

"Oh, operator!" he called suavely into the transmitter, "That was just a——"

He got no further. Down came the bag on the crown of his head; bringing him to the rug on all fours. Barry had abandoned the protection of his corner to strike the blow, before his own warning could go for nothing.

Then, standing astride the half-arisen Mansur and exerting all his force and skill, Barry smote thrice, with the bag. Every blow crashed with nauseous force on the crook's unprotected head. Before the third was struck, Calvin Q. Mansur lay prone on the floor; his scalp bleeding.

Barry, in his cold fury, would have gone on striking indefinitely; but the baldheaded man had cleared the obstacle of the overturned settee and was at his throat. Rourke made a belated snatch at the descending knife. Its blade cut his fingers to the bone, as he thrust aside its sweeping stroke. Then, with his mangled hand, he managed to seize the knifer's wrist. And the two opponents closed in a death-grapple.

Still Rourke clung to the bag and to the knife-wrist. Only with the hand that held the bag could he fend off his adversary. The latter was fighting like a tiger; struggling to free his knife-arm or to bring the weapon's point into contact with Barry's ribs. In the close-locked wrestle, the two men's heads came together. The thief drove his teeth deep into Rourke's throat. Barry sought in vain to shorten his own arm, to bring the lethal bag into play.

Then the wrecked drawing-room was full of people. The baldheaded man seemed to sense rather than to see their surging advent. Tearing free his wrist, he dived headlong past snarled rugs and demolished chairs among the crowd, wriggling doorward.

Lunging after him, Barry caught him by the collar. The thief wheeled like a striking snake; and stabbed. By instinct, Barry flung up the bag to ward off the blow. The blade snapped short against its metallic contents.

Then, hotel officials and two policemen grasped both combatants and, impartially, bore them to the floor by sheer weight of numbers.

Said the office boy—this time wide-eyed and respectful—as Barry Rourke limped into the store, next morning:

"Mr. Rosel wants you, *sir*."

Lame and sore and aching, Barry made his way into the sacred Spartan office. He felt no fear, this time, no emotion at all. He had looked somewhat closely into the eyes of death not thirty hours earlier. After that, there was scant room for dread or for thrill in the mere summons to go to a peaceful little old man. Rosel motioned him to a seat.

"Rourke," said he, "there's one point you didn't clear up in your report to me yesterday. You said you knocked that baldheaded man down, as he started to take the bag to his confederate in the next room, and that's how the fight started?"

"Yes," answered Barry, too listless with reaction to remember to say "sir."

"H'm!" commented Rosel. "Yet he was dressed like a woman. The police tell me he is one of the best female impersonators known to the Underworld. Do you mean to say you knocked him down, while you still believed he was a woman?"

"NO," RETURNED the listless Rourke. "I knew it was a man, all right. That's what made me know the whole thing was crooked. The chap who called himself 'Mansur' had just said it was his wife. I knew it was a man. So I knew there was a swindle in it. And I——"

"But *how* did you know it was a man?" insisted Rosel. "If the get-up and the voice and the manner were a woman's——"

"Mansur tossed the bag-key into her—his, I mean—lap," explained Barry, weary of talking. "She—I mean he—closed his—her—no—his—knees, to catch it. Women don't do that. They open their knees to make a lap, when things are tossed to them. Men shut their knees together, because they haven't any skirts."

"I—I—why, I believe they do!" exclaimed Rosel; adding in admiration, "And you were Sherlock Holmes enough to figure that out, all in a moment? Good boy! I'd——"

"No," denied Rourke. "I didn't discover it. A girl told me."

"A girl, eh?" bantered Rosel. "And you knew it must be true—just because a girl said it?"

"No," corrected Barry. "Not *a* girl. The Girl. The girl I'm engaged to."

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He stopped; vexed that he had said so much. But Rosel was not satisfied.

"Engaged to her, are you?" he asked. "When are you planning to marry?"

Rourke hesitated. This personal examination of his affairs seemed to be going rather far.

"That depends," he smiled back with an effort, "upon one thing mostly—when I can figure out that my pay will be enough to——"

"Go home!" interrupted Rosel, sternly. "Go home, and rest up. You're a wreck,"

Rourke got to his feet.

"And," continued Rosel as Barry made for the door, "on the way home, stop at that girl's house and set a date for the wedding. We need brains like hers here; if only by marriage. Do as I say. It's an office order. And—oh, just tell her, for me, that Anian & Rosel's share of the deal will be to see that matrimony doesn't go on the rocks for lack of fuel to keep the ship going. Run on, now. I'm busy.'

¶ *Senator Capper Sees Rural Revival—From page 80*

The Farmers Are Waking Up

come in all things at once, but I believe it will come in time.

One thing is certain. It is economically unsound to permit anybody to derive a living except as he shall perform service for one or more of his fellow men that shall entitle him to receive what he consumes.

This means that every useless man between the producer and the consumer should be eliminated. Some of those who are between the producer and the consumer are useful. Whoever assists in distribution is useful and should remain. But whoever merely levies a tax upon the goods that pass through his hands is a parasite and should be cut off. This rule can and should be applied inexorably—whoever derives a living without performing a corresponding public service should be compelled to turn from his task and take up something useful.

In considering whether coöperation is what we need, we may well look to Denmark, the only really prosperous nation in Europe. It has none of the great advantages that are possessed by some of the European nations that are in distress. Its soil is not naturally fertile. But the people who live on this soil are fertile in ideas. Long ago, they turned to coöperation. Coöperation has progressed until now the industries that are based upon raw materials produced on the farms are operated coöperatively.

Denmark is wise. Everybody has an opportunity to work. Nobody has an opportunity to exploit the workers. Everybody is employed, everybody is as happy as a sufficiency of material things can make him, and nobody who goes to Copenhagen is required to pay as much for a mutton chop as was received for the sheep from which it was cut.

Leaners—*by John V. A. Weaver*

So Pa yells out, "Why ain't the dinner ready?"
And Ma says, "they was a fire down the block,
And fourteen fire engines. It was excitin'!"
And Pa yells louder; "Oh, for the love of God!
You and them other rubbernecks around!
Ain't you got nothing to do but be a leaner?
That's what the whole bunch of you are—just leaners."
He said a whole lot more, and so did Ma.
He's always naggin' her about bein' a leaner.

But Ma and me don't care. In the afternoons
We got a pillow apiece, and rest it down
On the window, and Ma puts her arm around me,
And we can see everything, like a reglar movie.
The L trains whizzin' by, chuck full of people,
And I wave, and they wave back to me again.
And the day the dog bit Frankie across the street
I seen it, and it was awful. And Mr. Blake
Come along another time, and hit Miz Blake,
And fell down in a mud puddle. And the scissors man,
And the rags-a-lion comes by, and the grind organ,
And a wop funeral, with a great big band;
And Ma says, "Did you see Miz Glibbick, Sally?
She's havin' chicken tonight. Look in the basket."
And one time when I was gettin' the pillow fixed,
There was that stuck up Johnny Lane, that's only
Just fifteen, and he thinks he's awful smart
Because he got long pants. And there he was
Right underneath the window, with that girl
That just moved in at the corner. And he kissed her,
And I told Ma, and I ran and got a glass
Of water, and throwed it on 'em. And was he mad!
And yestiddy, a poor old horse fell down,
And it took all afternoon to get him up.

What do we care if Pa does call us leaners?

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Jay Gelzer's Story of a Lonely Woman—From page 51

Loser's End

I cannot see why she should risk it."

Her eyes, mockingly shrewd, rested upon his.

He colored, a rich flushing which stained even his forehead.

"You *do* see," disputed Fanny Meredith. "Yes, it's to meet *you*, junior partner of the largest fruit exporting company in Central America. Elena's an old friend of mine, closer even than that——" her thin lips twisted. "Seton would have married her if she had had eyes for anybody but the Virginian."

"Oh, I say, Fanny!" protested Seton Meredith, genuinely distressed. "I must say I think it's cruel, tipping Elena's hand like that. Suppose we did arrange to give her a chance to meet Collingwood? It was our planning, not hers. Elena only acquiesced."

"ELENA acquiesced . . ." repeated his wife, a flame of malice lighting in her pale eyes. "Yes, my dear. And acquiescence is about all Elena contributes toward the furthering of her own welfare. It's really her indifference which stands in her way."

"Oh, well . . ." muttered Seton Meredith sulkily. "She loved young Clyde. It—well, it was beautiful to see the way she loved him."

"And you'd have given your eyes to have been in his shoes!" cried Fanny Meredith.

A tiny pulse of emotion throbbed in her throat, and at the controlled agony of her tone, Seton Meredith softened.

"Old girl!" he said gently. "All that is over and done with now. Let's not bore our guests with our affairs."

Fanny Meredith's lips quivered.

"Seton . . ." she appealed apologetically. "I'm sorry. They say a wife always cherishes a spite against her husband's first love. And Elena's so lovely!"

He smiled at her.

"There are two excellent reasons upstairs in the nursery, Fanny, why you need not cherish a spite against Elena Ordway. Poor girl, I'd like to see her securely settled. In her way, she's a pathetic figure."

Collingwood leaned back in his chair.

So they feel things after all, these apparently lifeless people! Fanny Meredith, with her tormenting love for her husband, that other tall lovely girl in cloth of gold concealing her agony of loss . . . in spite of their bored sophistication the familiar emotions rioted as close to the surface as in more primitive peoples.

Collingwood shoved back his chair.

"I'm dropping out for a few minutes, if you'll excuse me."

Fanny Meredith's blue eyes studied him speculatively.

"Cer-tainly."

He walked away, her final comment impinging upon ears sensitive to ridicule.

"Perhaps Elena's investment in fine feathers is going to pay dividends this time."

Oh, well . . . Collingwood reassured himself, walking into the conservatory . . . he didn't really belong with this crowd, and their rudeness couldn't touch him if he ruled against it. His own life and tastes were much simpler. Give him dawn in Central America, with the sun rising above a banana grove and a line of Jamaicans loaded with yellow fruit singing down toward the waiting freighter, in preference to dawn in New York and a circle of jaded faces around a poker table.

The merest chance, his being there tonight. An old pre-success college acquaintance with Seton Meredith, his accidental meeting with him in the lobby of the hotel, and then Seton Meredith's urgent invitation:

"You must come out to dinner, old man. I want you to see my babies, both of them. And if you'll promise to rave over them, *I'll* promise to have a very lovely lady there to smile at you."

Well . . . reflected John Collingwood, stopping a few feet away from Elena Ordway . . . she was indeed a very lovely lady.

Heart-stirring, the picture she made, seated upon a marble bench, her glimmering gown and white face in sharp relief against the dark green foliage back of her.

She didn't, he perceived, use rouge at all, and that in itself was unique in a civilization so passionately devoted to the artificial. And her hair was entirely free of the tortured whirls and undulations so universally popular. Just brushed back loosely, its dark surface glossy with health, the lobes of two small pink ears showing.

Flawless . . . he decided, with a sigh of appreciation. The sort of woman of whom every romantic man dreams. He pondered over her perfection, wondering what lay beneath that enchanting surface, knowing only that she had once deeply loved a man. But perhaps her capacity for emotion had died with that man. . . .

She was nearly at the end of her rope . . . the Meredith woman had said that, and the Meredith woman was shrewd. Probably she was right.

If this were true, underneath that imperturbable calm must be despair and a certain amount of desperation.

AN IMMENSE pity welled up in him, standing there regarding the magnificence that was Elena Ordway. A tragic figure . . . yes, she was that. All tragic figures, these delicate women bred to luxury and security, who somehow failed to achieve their objective.

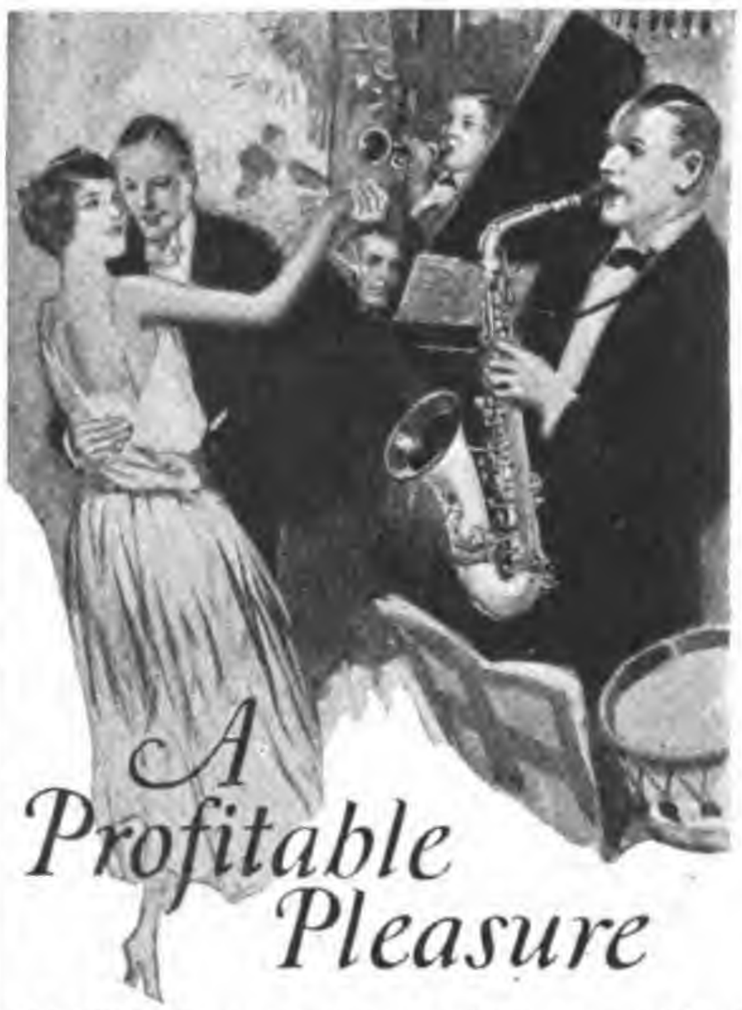
Elena Ordway, glancing up, silently gestured toward the seat beside her.

He sat down awkwardly, feeling a sense of unreality in the presence of this exquisite woman.

A faint fragrance reached him, exciting him to imaginative folly. This was what his life had lacked, he told himself unsteadily—a woman like this to be the final seal of successful enterprise.

"Steady!" he admonished himself sternly. "Play safe . . . don't rush things. This woman has to marry, and you can pay the price. But is that what you want?"

It was not, he decided restlessly, a pulse



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of resentment against Elena Ordway hammering in his temple at the thought that she was cheating him by withholding the one thing that would make his life perfect. Love, that was what a man wanted, and apparently it was not hers to give. Yet . . . how be sure that her capacity for emotion had gone dead and withered within her after one brief flowering? He'd chance it.

EXULTANTLY Collingwood raised his head. Yes, he'd chance it. This woman on the veranda of his splendid villa in Limon . . . she fitted into the picture as exactly as a peg for the space intended. This woman, leaning over the side of his yacht on the homeward journey, dreaming down at silver foam . . . he had been cheated during all his years of futile accomplishment, he decided with a sense of outrage. The one vital thing denied him.

Outwardly his impassive face showed nothing of his mad thoughts.

Elena Ordway stirred.

Her violet eyes lifted to his, and at the expression in their depths, Collingwood experienced an overwhelming tenderness.

Dead, her capacity for emotion, while she suffered like this?

"I hear," Elena Ordway interrupted his thoughts, "that you are almost a king in your own country."

She must, she told herself, show more interest in this man or Fanny Meredith would not ask her again. Inappreciative, her friends called her, insisting that she failed to appreciate their efforts in her behalf. Perhaps it was true. . . .

There was, for instance, the shoe manufacturer from St. Louis Elsie Clifford had secured for her. He had wanted to marry her, the shoe manufacturer from St. Louis.

Only she couldn't marry him. It was too soon, oh, much too soon after Henry Clyde's death.

Proximity to this heavy-jowled, small-eyed burgher brought Henry Clyde in his clean eager youth back to her with such agonizing vividness that she had refused the shoe manufacturer precipitately.

And Elsie Clifford had been angry.

A good match . . . yes, the man had been that. Or would have been for anyone never loving Henry Clyde. Security. . . .

Elena Ordway forced herself to smile at the man beside her. She must be cordial, must seem interested. This was, perhaps, her last chance.

"Not exactly a king," John Collingwood replied. "I've been lucky, that's all."

Infinitely pitiful, that forced, lovely brightening of her face into a smile. Yes, a tragic figure in her way, Elena Ordway. Tragic in her doomed magnificence, tragic in her defiant loyalty to yesterday's love.

"You've lost rather heavily tonight," he said gently. "Of course you understand that I'm paying your losses? We're partners for the evening."

Her eyes met his. She flicked the fan tranquilly.

"Fanny Meredith has been talking, has she not?"

His flush betrayed him.

"It's quite true," she acknowledged calmly. "I'm nearly done. Even this——" she lifted a fold of cloth of gold delicately. "——not paid for. And you'll notice that I wear no jewels!"

"Why——" he stammered unhappily.

"Why are there women like myself?" she took up the question wistfully. "I ask myself that a thousand times. Why must I be extravagant, why must I pawn my future in order to do a lot of things I don't care about really. Absurd—this clinging to what I've always had, regardless of the cost. But I suppose it's because it is the only life I've ever known. One clings to the familiar, you know. Once I thought a different life was going to open for me—but that's over!"

He saw that her eyes were heavy with tears.

"*Don't,*" he urged.

She smiled, a smile infinitely winning and appealing.

"It is foolish to keep remembering, isn't it? But it's as though I only learned one song and I have to keep singing it—sort of a music box with one tune affair!"

So *this* was what lay beneath her flawless exterior. . . .

"Perhaps there'll be somebody else for you," he suggested.

She caught at the suggestion eagerly.

"If only there would be! You don't know how empty life has been for me since——" she swallowed. "That's the worst about loving anyone tremendously. It leaves . . . such a gap. That's why I go around, why I do this——" she gestured toward the card table. "I have to! There's a constant gnawing ache——"

A constant gnawing ache . . . but that was what he felt himself! It was, in fact, what had driven him North. The business matter which had been his pretext could have been handled by a subordinate just as well.

New York, however, had not helped. And contact with New York's social life had deepened his discontent if anything.

Now it became slowly clear to him what he had wanted. He wanted Elena Ordway; had wanted her without really knowing of her existence.

A pause.

"You've been lucky?" said Elena Ordway then.

Men liked to talk about themselves and their exploits. It was the one topic calculated to unfailingly interest them.

SAFELY launched in that direction, this man would entertain himself, and she could occupy her thoughts with the memory of Henry Clyde. It had, she realized vaguely, become an obsession with her, this escaping in secret to the place in her heart held captive by the image of Henry Clyde.

"I've been lucky," repeated John Collingwood simply. "My luck began on a morning in early spring when I went down to the harbor of an insignificant Southern port. I was discouraged, smarting beneath a sense of failure, and heavy with a profound belief in the futility of all things . . ." he paused, soberly reviewing that long distant morning.

"It was scarcely daybreak; a freighter at the dock was scheduled to sail at dawn; and out beyond the harbor the sea looked blue."

At dawn . . . Elena Ordway stirred. Henry Clyde had gone away at dawn. Something fateful and momentous about dawn! A time for vast and far-reaching decisions. . . .

"And you went?"

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"I went," he agreed. "I was at a loose end anyway. There was nothing to keep me, and I'd nothing to lose."

At a loose end . . . nothing to lose!

Elena Ordway traced the steps of his conversation laboriously.

At a loose end . . . wasn't *she?* And had *she* anything to lose?

She looked up at the bronzed man beside her with awakening interest. Not like those others bent over the card table, this man. No . . . there was a difference here.

"Tell me about your place," she demanded restlessly.

"A green and white and gold city rising out of a blue sea—that's Limon. People in bright colors in the parks, singing, laughing, loving, and, sometimes, like a scarlet predominating thread in a tapestry, hating—that's the people. Vast groves of glossy green trees with tiptilted yellow fruit, black men with soft voices singing at dawn, sunlight, hot and intolerable, an immense white building—that's my plantation," he described whimsically.

"And now *you?*"

"Myself?" he hesitated. "A vast, consuming loneliness. A need of love. A hunger for something I've never known."

Tears slid down over Elena Ordway's white cheeks.

"That's not you—that's a description of *me!*"

"And did you think," said Collingwood very gently, "that you were the only love hungry person in the world? That no other life had been smitten in twain?"

"Our love—we were to have made a little walled garden for it, in which to keep it safe!" Elena Ordway explained pitifully.

His face softened at that childish picture, so beloved by lovers.

"The world is full of them, those little gardens."

He sat then, listening to the sound of her repressed sobbing.

"It's almost daylight," he said at last. "And my yacht is scheduled to sail at dawn. . . ."

HE PAUSED, wondering at his own daring. Would she get the significance of his words? And would she resent them? Yet she herself had acknowledged that she was at a loose end. . . .

A long pause.

"Perhaps out beyond the harbor the sea is blue," murmured Elena Ordway raptly.

Their eyes met.

A quiver of expectancy ran through Elena Ordway. She had a curious, glowing sense of barriers going down and of new hope arising. Some such feeling young trees must experience at the onrush of spring after a long winter, she thought dreamily.

"We'll build a new garden, Elena," promised John Collingwood unsteadily.

In the other room Fanny Meredith turned from the table. She was losing, one plump foot in its silken web and buckled shoe tapping the floor irritably.

"Aren't you ready to come back to the game?" she called.

"For heaven's sake, Fanny, can't you see they've found a game of their own to play?" silenced Seton Meredith hastily.

Fanny Meredith stared, surprised eyes upon Elena Ordway's happy face.

"For the loser's end . . . I'd say Elena hasn't done badly."



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